PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1997 • $4.95

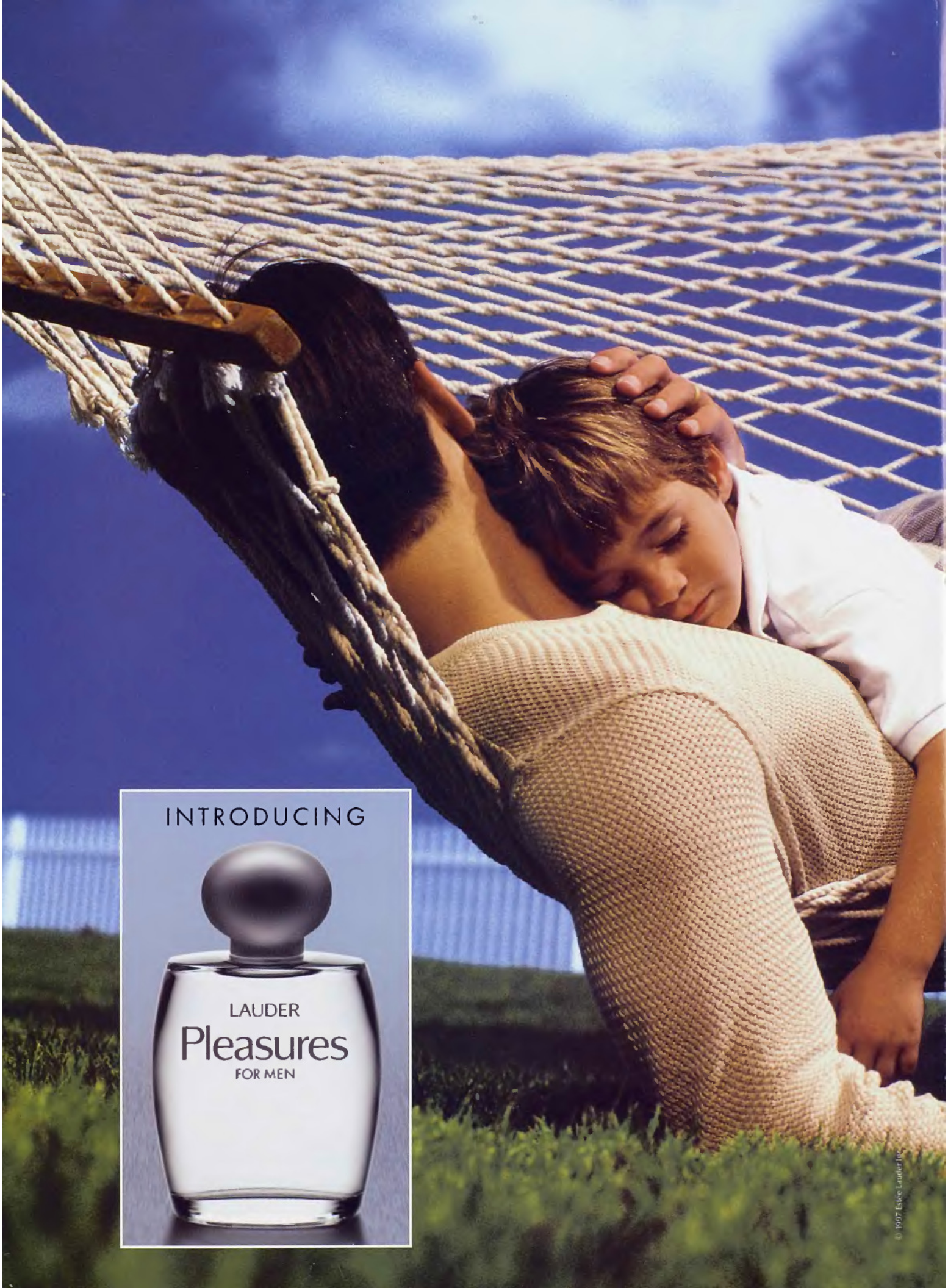
BIKER BABES
TALK ABOUT HOG HEAVEN

LONDON COOL
IT'S HIP AND IT'S HOT

BILL MAHER
A POLITICALLY INCORRECT INTERVIEW

MARS
THE HOTTEST TICKET IN SPACE

08
35270
0 300955 0


INTRODUCING
LAUDER
Pleasures
FOR MEN
© 1997 Estée Lauder Inc.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© Philip Morris Inc 1997
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Marlboro
TEAM PENSKE
Marlboro
SPONSORED BY
Marlboro
CIGARETTES

ZENITH

Presents

THE THRILL IS BACK!

1997 BLUES MUSIC FESTIVAL

B.B. King

Jonny Lang

the Robert Cray Band & the Memphis Horns

Jimmie Vaughan

Tower of Power

Jay Geils & the Magic Black bluesTIME

ZENITH HAS YOUR CURE FOR THE SUMMERTIME BLUES

1997 TOUR DATES

June

June 9	Saratoga Springs, NY	Fairground
June 10	Hartford, CT	Oakdale Music
June 11	Vienna, VA	Wolf Trap
June 12	New York, NY	Beacon Theater
June 13	Augusta, NJ	Skylands Stadium
June 14	Baltimore, MD	Pier Six
June 15	Greensboro, NC	The Coliseum
June 17	Rochester, NY	Frontier Stadium
June 19	Huntsville, AL	Von Braun Center
June 20	Tampa, FL	Vinoy Park
June 21	Live Oak, FL	Suwannee Amphitheater
June 22	Pompano Beach, FL	P.B. Amphitheater
June 25	Atlanta, GA	Chastain Park
June 26	Bowling Green, KY	Corvette Amphitheater
June 27	Hampton, VA	Hampton Coliseum
June 28	Danbury, CT	Charles Ives Center
June 29	Waterford, CT	Harkness Amphitheater

August

August 20	Reno, NV	Hilton Hotel Amphitheater
August 21	Las Vegas, NV	Star of the Desert
August 22	Los Angeles, CA	Universal Amphitheater
August 23	San Francisco, CA	Shoreline Amphitheater
August 24	Concord, CA	Concord Pavilion
August 28	Detroit, MI	Pine Nob Amphitheater
August 29	St. Louis, MO	Fox Theater
August 30	Kansas City, MO	Liberty Park
August 31	Sioux City, IA	Lewis & Clark Stadium

September

September 1	Minneapolis, MN	Mill City Festival
September 3	Toronto, Canada	MCA Molson
September 4	Cleveland, OH	Nautica Stage
September 5	Holmdel, NJ	P.N.C. Bank Arts
September 6	Long Island, NY	Jones Beach Amphitheater
September 7	Boston, MA	Great Woods Amphitheater
September 10	Philadelphia, PA	Electric Factory
September 11	Charlotte, NC	UNCC Activity Center
September 12	Charleston, SC	Brittle Bank Park
September 13	Nashville, TN	Nashville Arena
September 14	Lexington, KY	Kentucky Horse Farm
September 16	Chicago, IL	The Riviera
September 18	Houston, TX	Arena Theater
September 19	San Antonio, TX	Sea World Amphitheater
September 20	Dallas, TX	Starplex Amphitheater
September 21	Tulsa, OK	Riverwest Festival Park

www.zenith.com/blues1997

*Please note that Dates and Locations are subject to change.

Gibson Strings & Accessories

IT'S TIME TO SHOOT past the moon and land a man on Mars. An expedition would take six months less time than it took Magellan to circumnavigate the globe and would cost far less than the *Apollo* project—and no one disputes the tangible benefits wrought by those trips. In *Houston, We Have Landed on Mars*, **Mark Bowden** hangs loose with a bunch of hippie visionaries who are making a high-tech dream a low-budget reality. Bowden's Martian chronicle (illustrated by **Donato Giancola**) shows what a long, strange trip it will be.

Just say it ain't so. Of all the side effects from America's unsuccessful war on drugs, the most painful is opiophobia—the fear of medicinal narcotics. If you are facing a life of crippling pain, chances are the government sees you as a potential junkie. As a result, doctors are getting busted and cancer patients aren't getting adequate pain relief. In *Deadly Morals* (illustrated by **Guy Billout**), **Katherine Eban Finkelstein** gives voice to the bedridden. A Rhodes scholar and a former circus performer who endured a long hospital stay after an ill-timed backflip, Finkelstein finds that government pressure on pain clinics is making patients suicidal.

Whether his guests are right-wing political weenies or lefty vegetarians, **Bill Maher** pulls out his skewer and gets ready to roast. Recently, the pukka pundit who hosts *Politically Incorrect* took his movable feast from Comedy Central to ABC. Since we knew him back when, we asked him to submit to a grilling from Contributing Editor **David Sheff**, and in this month's *Playboy Interview*, Maher proves he's our funniest equal opportunity offender.

Now for some real outlaws. When it comes to our chain-driven *Biker Babes* pictorial, tough has never been so tender. Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** and Senior Photo Editor **Jim Larson** cruised down to Daytona Beach for Biker Week. They found a pack of riders who are rough on the leather and easy on the eyes. Bobby Squared and Sheila, the heroes in this month's short story, *Beyond Dog* by **Pat Jordan**, are two tanned and toned Floridians who would be right at home with the biker crowd. Unfortunately, they find themselves running guns between white supremacists and Cuban exiles. The kick-ass artwork is by **Pat Andrea**. While we're walking the walk, we may as well give a good-natured shove to all those who let fitness get in the way of fun. Our parody *Men's Help!* by **Robert S. Wieder** is a wicked spoof of a certain health magazine. It has all you ever wanted to know about building a colon of steel or dealing with a woody at the gym.

Jason Alexander, martial artist? Would you believe the guy who plays George on *Seinfeld* can do a flip? There's much about Alexander you probably don't know. As **Bob Daily** reports in *Alexander the Great*, there is big talent behind TV's most obnoxious sidekick. A few days and hours later on the same channel, **Norm Macdonald** has *Saturday Night Live* audiences roaring over his fake news. **Warren Kalbacker** caught him for *20 Questions*. First he describes his flaccid penis, then he disses Everyman's lesbian fantasy. The oddest bulletin: Despite his scathing impersonation, he likes Bob Dole.

Brits are back—home, that is. London is burning with talent and has the clothes, movies and music to prove it. In *London Calling*, **Lisa Hamlin** tells you where to go, and in *Rubber Soul*, **Dean Kuipers** tells you how to wrap it in latex when you get there. Our package is also tailored to include *London Cool*, which features the hottest menswear. The problem with London: It's not Los Angeles. Which is where you'll want to move when you see DJ **Ellen K.** in the flesh. She's talented, beautiful and funny—and she gives great voice.

BOWDEN

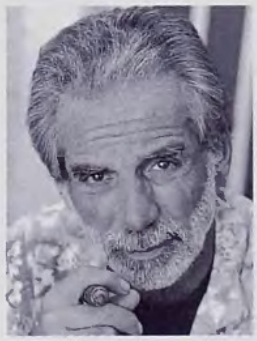
GIANCOLA

BILLOUT

FINKELSTEIN

SHEFF

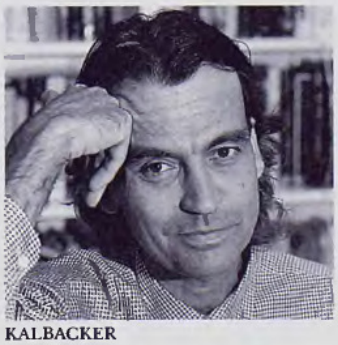
LARSON, FEGLEY


JORDAN

ANDREA

WIEDER

DAILY


KALBACKER

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), August 1997, volume 44, number 8. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Periodicals postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. E-mail: edit@playboy.com.

So Much Better Than Soap, You'll Be Hooked.
Introducing Gillette® Series Body Wash for Men
There's a brand new feeling of clean out there. Gillette's new Body Wash. Hang it up. Squeeze some out. No matter how many times you shower, your skin won't get all dried out. So why reach for a bar when you can get hooked on something so refreshing. New Gillette Series Body Wash.
Gillette
SERIES
New!
Body Wash
Refreshing
for Showering
Cool Wave
Look for all 3 formulas in the Body Wash section.
Gillette
The Best a Man Can Get™

PLAYBOY

vol. 44, no. 8—august 1997

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		15
MUSIC		18
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	20
VIDEO		23
WIRED		24
STYLE		28
TRAVEL		30
BOOKS		32
HEALTH & FITNESS		34
MEN	ASA BABER	36
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	37
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		39
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		41
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BILL MAHER—candid conversation		51
HOUSTON, WE HAVE LANDED ON MARS—article	MARK BOWDEN	62
DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL—pictorial		66
ALEXANDER THE GREAT—playboy profile	BOB DAILY	72
LONDON COOL—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	76
DEADLY MORALS—article	KATHERINE EBAN FINKELSTEIN	80
PLAYBOY GALLERY: SOPHIA LOREN		83
KALIN'S HOPE—playboy's playmate of the month		86
PARTY JOKES—humor		98
LONDON CALLING—article	LISA HAMLIN	100
RUBBER SOUL—sexploit	DEAN KUIPERS	102
PLAYMATE REVISITED: HELENA ANTONACCIO		109
MEN'S HELP!—humor	ROBERT S. WIEDER	115
NIGHT CLASS—going out		123
20 QUESTIONS: NORM MACDONALD		124
BEYOND DOG—fiction	PAT JORDAN	126
BIKER BABES—pictorial		130
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		155
PLAYMATE NEWS		163
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		167

Vroom P. 130

Doggy P. 126

Kalin P. 86

Mars P. 62

COVER STORY

Rev up for the ride of your life with PLAYBOY's biker babes. The art direction for our cover was done by Senior Art Director Len Willis; it wos produced by Senior Photo Editor Jim Larson and shot by Contributing Photogropher Richard Fegley. Thanks to Alexis Vogel for styling model Nikki Ziering's hair and makeup, and to Lane Coyle-Dunn and Nicole Liaigre for wardrobe styling. Nikki's corset-vest and jewelry are courtesy of Chrome Hearts in New York. Our Rabbit gets tanked.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY. DATE OF PRODUCTION: JUNE 1997. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TERRONES. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611.

CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1997 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 135. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. ESTÉE LAUDER INSERT BETWEEN PAGES COVER 2-PAGE 1. FRANZISKANER INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 154-155 IN SELECTED SUBSCRIPTION AND NEWSSTAND COPIES.

CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN. MÉXICO. RESERVA DE TÍTULO EN TRÁMITE.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

The Critics' Choice Video Catalog

Your Complete Source for Movies on DIGITAL VIDEO DISC!

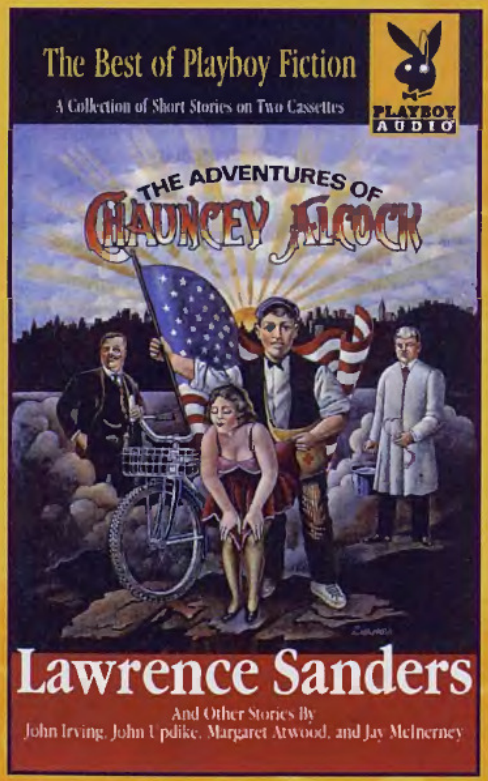
Critics' Choice Video is the place to find the complete selection of movies on digital video disc. Experience picture quality twice as good as VHS, theater-quality sound, plus choices in audio track, language, subtitles, closed captioning and widescreen format.

Every catalog has prices slashed 25% on over 250 VHS movies! Receive $5 off your first order.

For a FREE 1-year subscription

Send your name and address to:
Critics' Choice Video, P. O. Box 749, Dept. 70199, Itasca, IL 60143-0749

Or call 630-736-0088


The Best of Playboy Fiction
A Collection of Short Stories on Two Cassettes
PLAYBOY AUDIO
THE ADVENTURES OF CHAUNCEY ALCOCK
Lawrence Sanders
And Other Stories By
John Irving, John Updike, Margaret Atwood, and Jay McInerney

Do It In Your Car!

Listen While You Drive—*Playboy Magazine* Stories on Audiocassette!

Call Bookcassette Sales to order Playboy Audio Short Stories:

1-616-846-5256

Or visit your local bookstore

The Best of Playboy Fiction
Volumes 1-5 available

2 cassettes each volume

$16.95 EACH

Playboy, Playboy Audio and Rabbit Head Design are marks of Playboy and used with permission.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY *executive editor*
JOHN REZEK *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: STEPHEN RANDALL *editor;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* CHIP ROWE *associate editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *editor;* BETH TOMKIW *associate editor;* **STAFF:** BRUCE KLUGER *senior editor;* CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO, BARBARA NELLIS *associate editors;* ALISON LUNDGREN *junior editor;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* JENNIFER RYAN JONES *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* ARLAN BUSHMAN, ANNE SHERMAN *assistant editors;* REMA SMITH *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, GEORGE HODAK, LISA ROBBINS, SARALYN WILSON *researchers;* MARK DURAN *research librarian;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, KEVIN COOK, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS (*automotive*), CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WARREN KALBACKER, D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*)

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* KRISTIN KORJENEK *associate director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/pasteup;* PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant;* JASON SIMONS *art assistant*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JIM LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *senior editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *associate editor;* STEPHANIE BARNETT, BETH MULLINS *assistant editors;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* TIM HAWKINS *manager, photo services;* ELIZABETH GEORGIOU *photo archivist;* GERALD SENN *correspondent—paris*

RICHARD KINSLER *publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* KATHERINE CAMPION, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers*

CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

ERNIE RENZULLI *advertising director;* JAMES DIMONEKAS, *new york manager;* JEFF KIMMEL, *sales development manager;* JOE HOFFER *midwest ad sales manager;* IRV KORNBLAU *marketing director;* LISA NATALE *research director*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

EILEEN KENT *new media director;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions manager*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

Get out, Get on, and Go for a ride!

Yamaha Jet-Powered Excitement!

EXCITER

220 hp • 55 mph

Exciter 220
$16,999 MSRP
Payments as low as $209 per month!*
Includes Trailer

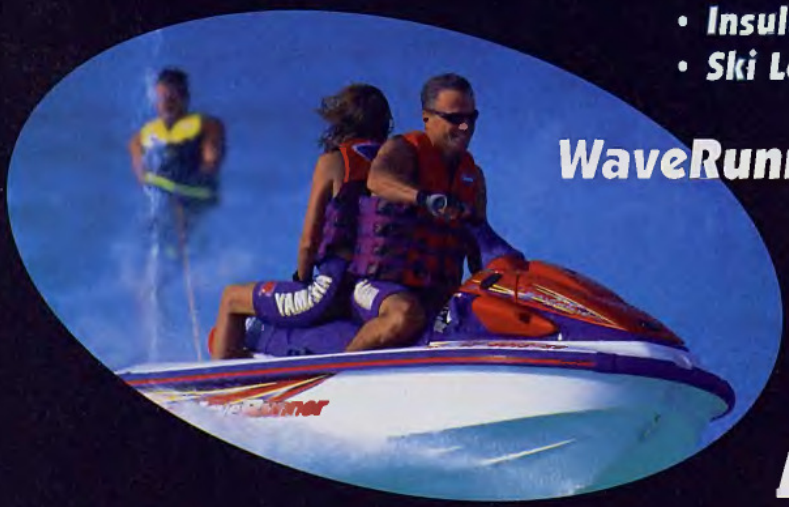
Get 2 Year Yamaha Extended Service Warranty FREE if purchased before August 1st!

Exciter SE
$12,999 MSRP
Payments as low as $162 per month!*
Includes Trailer

New Model SE 135

135 hp • 45 mph

- 5 Passenger
- Pulls a Skier
- 34 gal Fuel Capacity
- 16'7" Length
- Insulated 32 Quart Cooler
- Ski Locker



WaveRunners

- 1-3 Passengers
- High Performance
- Full Line-up of Vehicles
- Pricing Starting at $5,299 MSRP

Sets You In Motion • Sets You In Motion •
YAMAHA
YAMAHA

Nothing else is a **WaveRunner**®

Yamaha Watercraft . . . maker of WaveRunners and Jet Boats.

YAMAHA

Call 1-800-88-YAMAHA for your nearest dealer.
Cruise our home page at www.yamahausa.com

Follow all instructional materials. Always wear recommended protective apparel. Don't Drink and ride.

*On approved credit. Exciter EXT1100V-TLRP MSRP $16,999 with 10% down payment at 10.75% APR for 120 months. Exciter EXF1200W-TLRP MSRP $12,999 with 10% down payment at 10.99% APR for 120 months. Excludes tax, license, and any optional accessories. Some restrictions apply. See your dealer for details.

COMING SOON FROM
PLAYBOY HOME VIDEO

FARRAH FAWCETT

ALL OF ME

Now for the first time on video, one of America's all-time favorite actresses electrifies the screen in an entertaining and intimate portrayal that's more provocative, more revealing, more erotic than ever before. This collector's edition showcases her art, her talent and her endless appeal. Including unreleased behind-the-scenes footage from her two breathtaking PLAYBOY pictorials, it's all you need to experience the ultimate Farrah. Running time 72 minutes.

Available at your local music and video stores on August 12.

RECORD TOWN · SECOND SPIN · SATURDAY MATINEE · F.Y.E. For Your Entertainment

$19.98 Item# PT1722V

TO PLACE YOUR ORDER CALL TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover/NOVUS. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 70165)

TO PRE-ORDER BY MAIL
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 70165, Itasca, IL 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1997 Infinite Variety, Inc. All rights reserved.

DEAR PLAYBOY

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
FAX 312-649-9534
E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR DAYTIME PHONE NUMBER

SAUL BELLOW

The *Playboy Interview* with Saul Bellow (May) is a welcome jolt of worldly, caustic wit. For decades, the supercerebral cloud-covering of Bellow's reputation has obscured the fact that he's one of our most wicked comedians. He's a sly fox who has been around the block. I treasure his line about Norman Mailer's quest for the Nobel Prize ("Well, I'd give it to him—if he had anything to trade") and the word-picture of Truman Capote as a midget Nazi commandant swinging a swagger stick. Bellow is one of the few writers to retain dignity in this age of cheap celebrity and has done so without becoming a stuffed owl. The interview will no doubt bug the politically correct, but they're easily bugged.

James Wolcott
New York, New York

The interview with Bellow is about as close as one can get to transcendent conversation this side of Mount Sinai. Bellow says, about Sigmund Freud, that "He went into business using himself as stock." And so has Bellow. Lawrence Grobel's interview—reverent, knowledgeable and tough—engrossed me. Our great age of fiction is over: This interview stands as its abstract and brief chronicle. PLAYBOY should be proud.

D. Keith Mano
New York, New York

ÜBERMODEL

One need not look any further than the May 1997 cover to be sure there is a God and that Claudia Schiffer has descended from heaven.

Stephen Jay Harris
Fairfield, Iowa

STRIKEOUT

I applaud Kevin Cook's dead-on comments regarding Jerry Reinsdorf's irresponsible actions (*Playboy's 1997 Baseball Preview*, May), but I disagree with him about the Pirates' raw deal in the Denny Neagle trade. What Cook overlooked is that the Pirates were a last-place team. An infusion of young players was absolutely necessary. Plus, a good number of the players in the Pirates' system already have star potential. I'd like to see Cook's face when the Pirates challenge for the division title in 1999 or 2000 with a team full of nobodies.

Jeffrey Magwood
cabal@nb.net
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

MISS MAY

Just when the dogwoods reach their magnificent peak in Virginia, Miss May, Lynn Thomas (*Our Kind of Spirit*), comes along and overshadows them.

Alan Myrick
Chesterfield, Virginia

I graduated from high school with Lynn Thomas. We knew each other, but I never took the time to get close to her. Now I'm kicking myself for missing that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Thanks for presenting Lynn to the world in all her glory.

Brian Mulhall
bdm5f@virginia.edu
Charlottesville, Virginia

JOHN GRAY IS OUT OF THIS WORLD

Thanks for David Sheff's informative dialogue with "relationship expert" John Gray (*When No Doesn't Mean No*, May). I guess I haven't been tending to my husband's needs very well all these years. I never knew he wanted to forgo the deep-throating, prostate-tickling, twice-a-week mega blow jobs that had him praying to strange gods and having visions that rivaled a mescaline trip. To think, all I had to do was pull his penis for two minutes a day.

Mary Williams
Chicago, Illinois

The reason Gray's books have sold millions is that they play to the confusion

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), AUGUST 1997, VOLUME 44, NUMBER 8, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: U.S., $28.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $46 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019 (212-261-5000); CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611 (312-751-8000); WEST COAST: SO MEDIA, 2001 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, SUITE 200, SANTA MONICA, CA 90403 (310-264-7575); SOUTHEAST: COLEMAN & BENTZ, INC., 4651 ROSWELL ROAD NE, ATLANTA, GA 30342 (404-256-3800); BOSTON: NORTHEAST MEDIA SALES, 8 FANEUIL HALL MARKETPLACE, BOSTON 02109 (617-973-5050). FOR SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES, CALL 800-999-4438.

Property of Playboy
T-Shirt

Proclaim yourself "property" of the world's most popular men's magazine with our "Property of Playboy" T-shirt. Heather grey with black screen print.
100% cotton. USA. Sizes L, XL.
T-Shirt# QA4863 $17.00

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494 Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 70173)

Order By Mail Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 70173, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1997 Playboy

between the sexes. As the father of a son and three daughters, I'm inspired by how alike girls and boys are. As we age, sexual differentiation makes us more interesting to one another. All those years of celibacy taught Gray little about the values of true intimacy—which have to do with mutual caring and respect, not contemplating one's erection.

Tim Boland
Lake Stevens, Washington

I'd like to comment on the sex-on-demand notion that Gray espouses: "Women make a big deal out of a two-minute hand job." It's a shame he has chosen to perpetuate the stereotypes of the wife with the headache and the unsatisfied, perennially horny husband. Men and women may be from different planets, but Gray appears to be lost in space.

Ashley Davis
Memphis, Tennessee

My idea of the perfect guys' night out would include *Men* columnist Asa Baber and author John Gray—two men who aren't afraid to act like men. Your May cover line for the Gray interview reads SHOCKING ADVICE FOR WOMEN. The truth should never come as a shock.

Rob Kay
Spruce Grove, Alberta

WARRIOR PRINCESS

I love Lucy Lawless (*20 Questions*, May), but I have one nit to pick on question five. Xena, like the ancient Greeks, is a polytheist, not a pantheist. Pantheism is the belief that God is in everything. Lawless is correct about one thing, though: Monotheism is a lot simpler.

Rudy Robles
rudy924@cioncentric.net
New York, New York

With eyebrows raised and teeth clenched in a smile, Lawless makes my heart thunder. She's a goddess.

William Cobb
Santee, California

I was thrilled to see Lucy Lawless in PLAYBOY, but I was quite disappointed that you didn't show us what Xena, the warrior princess, looks like under her armor.

David Brinkmann
Phoenix, Arizona

WOMEN

Cynthia Heimel should consider these comments from a "smiling babe" who works as a flight attendant: Your behavior during your first-class experience ("Another Scoop of Caviar, Please," May) is better suited for a zoo exhibit titled Women Who Are Rude, Insecure and Self-Absorbed. My experience in the first-class cabin has been, thankfully, void of people like you. I'm especially disappointed to read your tirade in PLAYBOY. Why would you perpetuate the stereotypical "hateful" woman to a predominantly male readership?

Julie Seeman
Cincinnati, Ohio

Cynthia Heimel's MGM flight memoir was a lot of pointless swaggering in a rail against the tourist class. It's hard to believe that she's the same person who wrote *My Dad* in the March issue, which was a raw and compassionate column that brought tears to my eyes.

John Pierce
Jacksonville, Florida

MORE TIMES FOUR

As a longtime subscriber, I've enjoyed countless pictorials. But I and my fellow shipmates on deployment here in the Persian Gulf agree that the Morrell sisters pictorial (May) is PLAYBOY's finest.

We would certainly be proud to have them as honorary shipmates.

The Radio Gang
hmt@salts.icpphil.navy.mil
USS Paul Hamilton

The Morrell sisters have left me with three words: What Barbi twins?

Jeff Roland
Whitmore Lake, Michigan

Any one of the Morrell sisters would make a scintillating subject for a pictorial. Together, the pleasure is four times as great.

Patrick Burnell
New Fairfield, Connecticut

Screw Michelangelo's work in the Sistine Chapel. I want to know how to get a life-size copy of a Morrell sisters photo to place on my bedroom ceiling.

C. Stroud
Independence, Missouri

MEN

I'm a disabled American veteran who served in the Army both in the U.S. and overseas. My husband and I met in the service and screwed like rabbits, in combat zones, tents and barracks. Men and women who enter the military are bombarded with the politically correct speech that Asa Baber describes ("The PC Military Quiz," May). However, anyone who joins the military should realize it's not a country club. My advice to the men is to keep it in your pants. My advice to the women is to understand the difference between sexual harassment and a bunch of guys telling dirty jokes in the motor pool. Though Baber is blunt, he is on the mark.

Ericka Thompson
Tahlequah, Oklahoma

KNOCK ON WOOD

Cyndi Wood is my all-time favorite Playmate. My eyes popped out of my head when I saw her photos in *Playmate Revisited* (May). Cyndi refers to herself as "ordinary." If this is ordinary, I'd like it 365 days a year.

John Howard
Greenville, North Carolina

It is great to see Cyndi Wood again. We attended junior high school together, and even then she was one of the nicest people you'd ever want to meet.

Greg Peirce
Burbank, California

THE RETURN OF 007

I'm delighted at the return of James Bond to PLAYBOY. The peeks into *Zero Minus Ten* (April, May) and *Blast From the Past* (January) prove that Raymond Benson has captured Ian Fleming's Bond and brought him back to life once more.

Moana Re
Dallas, Texas

PLAYMATE NEWS

After reading about May 1976 Playmate Patti McClain and her ordeal (*Playmate News*, May), I couldn't believe this kind of discrimination still happens in the workplace and that a company can fire someone for what "might happen." I hope she owns that company when her legal battle ends. Until then, I commend PLAYBOY for helping Patti.

Mike Linneer
Lubbock, Texas

A BOONE TO PICK

I'd like to commend music critics Vic Garbarini and Charles M. Young on their psychic abilities. How else could they have known I'd read their "Rockmeter" ratings of Pat Boone's *In a Metal Mood* (*Music*, May) on April Fools' Day?

Walt Mistler
Coupeville, Washington

GRAND MARNIER® MARGARITA

1 OZ. SUPER-PREMIUM TEQUILA
1 OZ. GRAND MARNIER
1 OZ. FRESH-SQUEEZED LIME JUICE
SUGAR TO TASTE

ADDING **GRAND MARNIER** TO A MARGARITA IS ALSO QUITE ENTICING.

Grand Marnier®
IT CHANGES EVERYTHING.

From Hollywood to Main Street, it's being heralded as the beginning of a home entertainment revolution. It's called DVD Video. With a digital picture that's better than laser disc, and state-of-the-art digital audio, DVD is destined to change your home into a, well, you get the picture. Now movies meet the digital age. And Philips Magnavox is there to help make the introductions.

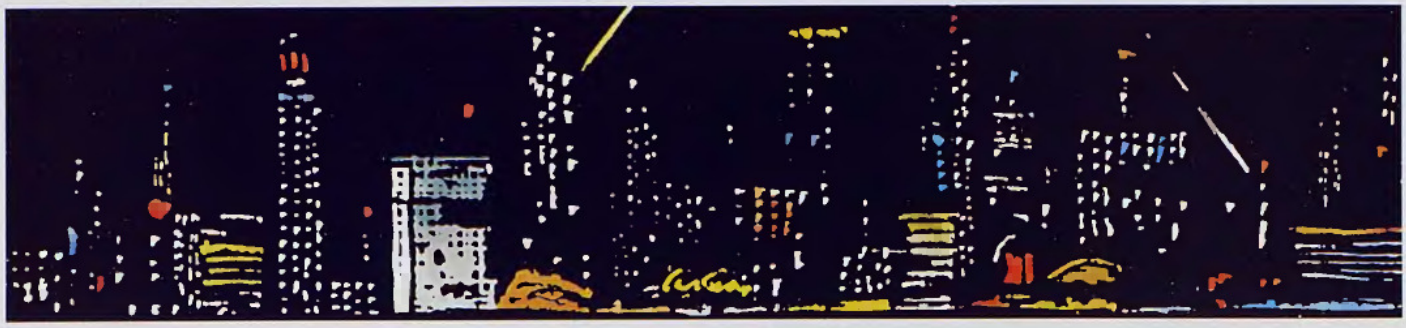
DVD Video from Philips Magnavox.
Technology for the heart, the spirit and the imagination.

Let's make things better.

PHILIPS MAGNAVOX

© 1997 Philips Electronics North America Corporation

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



MAD MAXIMS

Unwritten Laws (Crown) by Hugh Rawson traces the origin of more than 500 sayings and offers alternative readings to turns of phrase, including, "Absinthe makes the tart grow fonder." The book includes adages for young bachelors (Conran's Law of Cooking: "Life is too short to stuff a mushroom") and sayings for men of a more contemplative age (Hensley's Law, attributed to the owner of Schooner Wharf Bar on Key West Bight: "The fewer teeth the women have, the better the bar"). From 2 B.C. comes Ovid's Observation: "Whether a pretty woman grants or withholds her favors, she always likes to be asked for them." Finally, PLAYBOY's own pages provided Reagan's Rule, a bit of advice President Reagan shared with his son Ron, who repeated it for us in January 1984: "Never sleep with a girl if you're going to be embarrassed to be seen on the street with her the next day."

THE OPEN PLAIN OFFICE

Favorite expression of the month: prairie dogging. It's when people's heads pop up over the walls in response to someone making a disturbance in an office filled with shoulder-high cubicles (a cube farm).

RAISIN' HELL

Further proof that Social Security doesn't go far these days: Eighty-one-year-old Mario Dulceno of New Orleans plans to continue his gig as a male stripper for another "two, three years. My buns are doing OK, and last week I found a $5 bill in my bikini," he told the *Times-Picayune*. The AP reported that though "time has wrinkled his skin, there's little flab." The club owner where he works added, "The women go crazy over him. I call him Super Mario." We imagine his favorite performance number would be *Staying Alive*.

KING OF THE ROAD

Sweden's King Carl XVI Gustaf became our favorite sovereign when we learned that his personal car is a 1966 cherry-red Pontiac GTO convertible. But what truly won our fealty was news that the royal cruiser failed its annual safety inspection because of bad brakes, faulty steering and six other defects that put the Crown Princess just one rain-slicked curve away from the throne. King Carl was given 30 days to make the regal wheels legal wheels.

EMBRACING THE LIGHT

Attention, Michael Jackson. Walgreens drugstores celebrated Black History Month in February by distributing a brochure that included a coupon for skin bleaching cream.

NOT READY FOR PRIME TIME

When the producer who handles Stupid Pet Tricks and Stupid Human Tricks for *Late Show With David Letterman* held auditions at Indiana University, she attracted the weirdest Hoosiers the school could offer. Tricks you may or may not see on *Late Show* include a sophomore who put her pet hamster in her mouth and a junior called Frog Boy who fired a string of saliva at bits of paper and sucked them back into his mouth all in one go. If we were in charge, we would have signed up a junior who lay on her belly, put a cracker on her foot and fed herself the treat by arching her head back. "I could always put my foot in my mouth," she told *The Indianapolis Star*, "but then my ex-boyfriend's dad suggested I do more with it." Bless you, father.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

ROAD TO HELL

Bumper sticker of the month: BLASPHEMY IS A VICTIMLESS CRIME.

A SPLINTER GROUP FOR TREE HUGGERS

Activism sometimes means giving a little piece of yourself. Wisconsin's extreme ecological action group, the bn–ELF (butt naked–Earth Liberation Front) felt the need to warn its members of some of the drawbacks to nude protest. One gingerly worded communiqué read: "Warning: Just as a spongy tongue adheres to metal, so do other fleshy body parts. Nothing is harder to explain to a security guard than why your genitalia is [sic] bonded to the innards of a dozer."

PORTA-JEAN

Elton John was resplendent at his 50th birthday party, adorned in 18th century silver brocade finery, a yard-high wig and a 35-foot ostrich-feather train. Even so, he was upstaged by designer Jean-Paul Gaultier, who attended, according to the *Telegraph* of London, "without trousers or underpants but proudly brandishing a black sink plunger." Exactly what the *Telegraph* meant by brandishing isn't clear, and we were in no rush to find out.

PACHYDERM'S PAPYRUS

Kenya artist and conservationist Mike Bugara has figured out how to turn elephant poop into paper. According to *New Scientist*, Bugara was inspired by the ancient Egyptian process of transforming

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"The difference between a hero and a coward is one step sideways."—GENE HACKMAN, FROM THE NEW COMPENDIUM *Quotable Quotes* (*Reader's Digest*)

GOLDEN NEWT

Amount spent to restore the gold-leaf ceiling in Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich's office: $40,000.

COUNTRY COOL

Number of country music recordings shipped in 1995: 76 million. The number that were shipped in 1996: 67 million.

BORIS DIEFENBACH

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to the state health department, Nevada prostitutes have sex about 105 times a month. The average sexually active woman in North America has sex 83 times a year.

COMMON GROUND

According to the Alan Guttmacher Institute, the percentage of women having abortions who identified themselves as born-again or evangelical Christians: 20. Percentage who were Catholic: 31. Percentage who were Protestant: 37.

ONE STEP FORWARD, ONE STEP BACKWARD

According to *Consumer Reports*, the amount Americans spend annually on their baby walkers: $100 million. The amount spent to treat children injured while in baby walkers: $100 million.

SEATS AT THE TABLE

Number of the 6123 corporate board seats at Fortune 500 firms occupied by women: 626. Number of the 1216 internal directors at these companies who are women: 11. Ratio of executive women who believe their chances of advancement at their companies have improved in the past five years: 3 out of 5.

FOREIGN STUDIES

Number of foreign students who were attending U.S. universities in 1995–1996: 453,787. The country with the most citizens studying in the U.S.: Japan.

BROKEN RECORD

Number of Americans who filed for personal bankruptcy last year: 1.2 million. Number who filed in 1995: 919,000.

YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS

Based on a study at Washington University in St. Louis, ratio of adults who can be encouraged to remember childhood events that did not occur: 1 in 4.

ARTFUL DODGERS

According to the IRS, number of Americans who earned more than $200,000 and paid no federal income tax in 1977: 85. Number who earned $200,000 or more who paid no taxes in 1993: 2392. From 1977 to 1993, percentage increase in number of Americans who earned more than $200,000 a year: 1500. During the same period, percentage increase of Americans who earned more than $200,000 and paid no taxes: 2800.

BOWL GAMES

According to *Chore Wars* by James Thornton, percentage of women who think toilets should be cleaned weekly: 96. Percentage of men who think bowls should be cleaned weekly: 89. Percentage of women who say their husbands never clean the bowl: 59. Percentage of men who admit they never clean the toilet: 17.

DOG DAY AFTERNOONS

Of the 317 shootings by New York City police officers last year, percentage of the victims that were dogs: 27. Percentage of dogs shot by cops that were pit bulls: 69; rottweilers: 14.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

maize, banana and eucalyptus into papyrus. He boils the dung patties and washes them, then pounds the fibers into a texture resembling oatmeal. He soaks it, spreads it on screens and lets it dry in the sun. The finished paper is an appropriate medium on which Bugara paints his wildlife scenes. The Kenya Wildlife Service fully supports Bugara, supplying him with dung, and is planning to use the paper for the invitations to its 50th anniversary celebration (Bugara also designed the invite).

STRANGE CHARACTERS

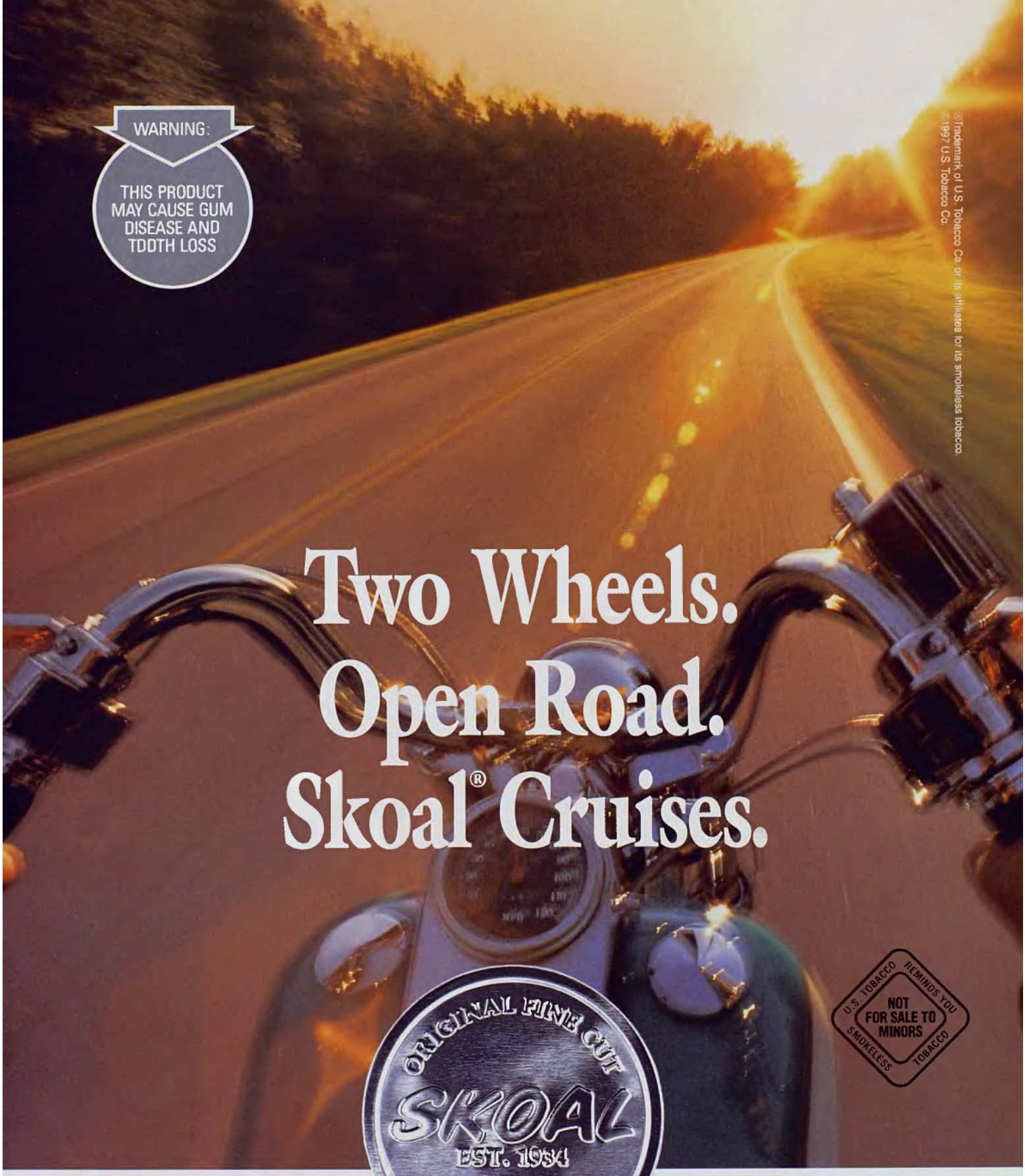
An ideal way to print the poison-pen letter you've been itching to write: Killer Fonts is a computerized font package that reproduces the handwriting of famous murderers. The fonts are the bad-seed brainchild of film producer Stuart Shapiro and can be purchased from his Web site (www.killerfonts.com). As far as styles go, John Dillinger's letters look like he's scribbling on the run, Lee Harvey Oswald's print is so choppy it looks as if there could have been a second writer and Jeffrey Dahmer's hesitant script appears to have been penned by a guy who often ate his words.

HURLEY BURLY

She's the face of Estée Lauder with the bottom of Beefeaters. It was reported in *Los Angeles* magazine that Elizabeth Hurley hangs out with a group of naughty British expatriates called the Viles who enjoy playing something called the Spanking Game. In a ritual that harks back to their school days, Hurley and such friends as Henry Dent-Brocklehurst take turns bending over a sofa, baring their bums and trying to guess the identity of whoever steps up and spanks their behinds. "It's all very British," says Hurley. Psychologist Glenn Wilson told *The Times* of London "there's another school of thought that says the appeal of bottom-smacking goes back to the days when we were apes and having a red bottom was a mark of sexual attraction." We're blushing already.

NEW LEECH ON LIFE

According to the *Utne Reader*, leeches are making a medical comeback, especially in reconstructive surgery. When a severed finger is reattached, vein damage sometimes makes blood circulation difficult. When this happens, the area turns black-and-blue and the finger sometimes needs to be detached and reconnected. But a special breed of leeches that are five to six inches long and sport 300 teeth are used to loosen the ends of veins and to suck away the blood that collects. Leech therapy is apparently painless—leeches inject an anesthetic into their hosts. After 30 minutes or so of feeding, the leech simply drops off.



®Trademark of U.S. Tobacco Co. or its affiliates for its smokeless tobacco.
©1997 U.S. Tobacco Co.

Six Flavors. Two Cuts. A pinch is all it takes to get that great Skoal taste.

MUSIC

RAP

NINE ALBUMS and ten years into his career, KRS-One shows no signs of slowing down. ***I Got Next*** (Jive) is full of street corner philosophy, witty rhymes and the toughness that always defines his work. By staying true to his vision of himself as the teacher, KRS-One has survived rap fads. So when he explains a rapper's role in *The MC* or chastises crossover rap stars in *Rapture's Delight* or critiques friendship in *A Friend*, he does so with confidence. His spiritual heir, Redman, joins him on two cuts, *Heartbeat* and *Blowe*, on which the two trade verses with a vicious swagger. —NELSON GEORGE

If you're looking for answers to the murder of Biggie Smalls in his two-disc second album, ***Life After Death*** by the Notorious B.I.G. (Bad Boy), please get lost. There's plenty of gangsta representation here, though it's not so high-spirited as the stuff on his first album. Before he became a rapper, Biggie was a real criminal, the kind Tupac only pretended to be. But *Life After Death* is a work of art, not prophecy, social science or criminology. Smalls rapped about pleasure, profit, sex and drugs. Yet, in the end, like every other hip-hop record of merit, this album is about beats and vocal delivery.

—DAVE MARSH

ROCK

For 20 years after the MC5's demise, Wayne Kramer probably spent more time in jail than in recording studios. But he returned with wry maturity, a stronger voice and a vengeful guitar on last year's *Dangerous Madness*. ***Citizen Wayne*** (Epitaph) emphasizes all the hallmarks of Kramer's artistry: off-kilter humor, guitar sounds from the other side of the universe and the ability to look at his achievements and fuckups. The music is less direct than the MC5 or *Dangerous Madness*, but the best of it still burns. Kramer remains one of rock's great raconteurs, as on *Back When Dogs Could Talk*, his account of the MC5's rise and fall. He also bravely faces his own demons on the junkie confessional *No Easy Way Out*. —DAVE MARSH

The Cunninghams have been heralded as the new sound of Seattle, a sort of cross between Nirvana and Oasis. The band's debut, ***Zeroed Out*** (Revolution), is crammed with roaring guitars and Beatlesque melodies. The problem is, they sound like a band designed by a committee. Hard-core grunge choruses are cobbled onto cheery Britpop verses. The Cunninghams have talent—now they need to make something distinctive from their half-digested influences.

FRED HARPER

KRS-One's *I Got Next*.

Rappers, bluesmen, Ani DiFranco and a tribute to Jack Kerouac.

Ex–American Music Club leader Mark Eitzel's second solo album, ***West*** (Warners), is a much more successful Seattle hybrid. Eitzel is provided with life-affirming music by his collaborator, R.E.M. guitarist Peter Buck. On the haunting *If You Have to Ask* and *Helium*, Eitzel recalls a young Elvis Costello. The duo is ably assisted by a number of top Seattle players, including Mike McCready of Pearl Jam and Barrett Martin of Screaming Trees.

Are you still feeling technophobic about British electronica? Check out the soundtrack for ***The Saint*** (Virgin), which features eight singles and six album tracks from current masters of the genre. As the clang and thump of the Chemical Brothers and the beauty of Dreadzone indicate, these bands know how to make drums, machines and computers sound human and fresh.

—VIC GARBARINI

As a strong-voiced diva of blue-eyed British soul, Lisa Stansfield has had some success in the U.S. ***Lisa Stansfield*** (Arista) is an entertaining 14-cut collection dominated by her deep, urgent delivery. She does a memorable cover of Barry White's *Never Never Gonna Give You Up* and a well-intentioned tribute to Phyllis Hyman on *You Know How to Love Me*. But *I Cried My Last Tear Last Night* has the best chance of getting played on the radio. —NELSON GEORGE

I hope my daughter turns out to be as feisty and smart as Ani DiFranco. I hope when she's 18 she'll have the confidence to say: "Smile pretty and watch your back." And I hope when she's 25, she'll know "We lose sight of everything when we have to keep checking our backs." Both lines are from ***Living in Clip*** (Righteous Babe, P.O. Box 95, Ellicott Station, Buffalo, NY 14205), a live double-CD that draws liberally on DiFranco's folk-punk years. Fronting a loose-limbed bass-and-drums duo here, she is never boring.

That Dog's Anna Waronker comes with a daunting pedigree. Her dad is a fabled record exec, and her two sidewomen are daughters of jazz bassist Charlie Haden. These connections didn't hurt when she was shopping for a contract, but they're one reason 1995's winsome *Totally Crushed Out* went almost unnoticed. The new ***Retreat From the Sun*** (DGC) isn't so charming, but Waronker's romantic pop radiates credibility in a cynical world. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

SPOKEN WORD

If you harbor the slightest hope that you will ever get along with your girlfriend, Maggie Estep will relieve you of all such delusions on ***Love Is a Dog From Hell*** (Mercury). Estep, who's sort of a poet and sort of a comedian, rants over techno and industrial weirdness. When you're not laughing, she'll make you sorry you were ever born. At the center of her vision is attraction alternated with revulsion, love alternated with stalking, and the boyfriend ideal alternated with bohemian dirtbag reality. All these are governed by the arbitrariness of mood. "What am I, your fucking cat? Don't touch me like that!" she snarls. It won't make you comfortable, but you will be utterly, completely cleansed.

Hero to all who aspire to free their spirits, Jack Kerouac damn well deserves an official tribute from his artistic descendants, and he gets it with ***Kerouac—Kicks Joy Darkness*** (Ryko). A diverse group, including Steven Tyler, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Morphine and Hunter S. Thompson, reads Kerouac's letters, poetry and published prose, plus original tributes. It takes you back to the birth of the beatniks, which was the birth of almost everything cool.—CHARLES M. YOUNG

BLUES

Angola Prisoners' Blues (Arhoolie) was recorded in the Fifties at Louisiana's notorious prison. It features the first recordings of the great Robert Pete Williams, a bone-chilling singer and

wildly original guitarist. Williams' *Prisoner's Talking Blues* might make you vow never to do anything that could get you sent to jail. Then again, these songs may also make you realize how little it takes to get thrown into the clink. A portion of the royalties goes to the Inmate Welfare Fund at Angola, "which is responsible for recreation and providing musical instruments." —DAVE MARSH

JAZZ

Gen X reedman Ken Vandermark looks like teen spirit in his crewcut, flannel shirt and jeans. But he's heard the siren call of Sixties sax players John Coltrane and Albert Ayler. Vandermark's throaty tenor easily erupts into screams and shrieks, which leap from his quintet's infectious rhythms and sharp themes. ***Single Piece Flow*** (Atavistic, P.O. Box 578266, Chicago, IL 60657) marks the Vandermark Five among the best bands of its kind. —NEIL TESSER

CLASSICAL

J.S. Bach is, of course, the greatest composer. Three recent releases demonstrate his transcendent genius. Ton Koopman's ambitious 36-volume project of Bach's ***Complete Cantatas*** (Erato) has reached its fourth volume. This three-CD set of secular cantatas will become the new standard. Violinist Andrew Manze is already known as a baroque master. But his vital recordings of Bach's ***Violin Concertos*** (Harmonia Mundi) are surprisingly vigorous. Valery Afanassiev's two-volume ***Well-Tempered Clavier*** (Denon) shows the grandeur of Bach's 1722 masterpiece. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

COUNTRY

Joy Lynn White, a former Nashville hotel shoeshine worker, cut a remarkable roots record for Columbia in the early Nineties, but it was ignored. Now White is back with a fury on ***The Lucky Few*** (Little Dog). Dwight Yoakam guests on a duet of Jim Lauderdale's traditional weeper *It's Better This Way*, while White completely throws her gospel-rooted vibrato into Lauderdale's ballad *Why Do I Love You*. Likewise, her take on the Lucinda Williams rocker *I Just Wanted to See You So Bad* is in good hands. Good fortune awaits this kind of conviction.

On ***Livin' or Dyin'*** (Rising Tide Records), roots rocker Jack Ingram sounds like Steve Earle. Maybe that's because the album was produced by Earle and his partner. Ingram's *Nothing Wrong With That* carries the infectious rhythms of Earle's *I Ain't Ever Satisfied*. But more adventurous is a cover of Joe and Rose Lee Maphis' *Dim Lights, Thick Smoke (And Loud, Loud Music)*. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
The Cunninghams *Zeroed Out*	4	6	7	6	6
Ani DiFranco *Living in Clip*	8	6	8	9	9
Maggie Estep *Love Is o Dog From Hell*	7	7	7	7	8
Wayne Kramer *Citizen Wayne*	8	6	9	8	9
KRS-One *I Got Next*	7	7	8	8	8

LIKE THE REAL VIRGIN DEPARTMENT: The curator of an art display at a Catholic college in California admits this show on Mary isn't what some people on campus expected. The show, which features artwork from 1450 to the present, includes a piece called *My Size Barbie*. It mixes pop and religious images by using a crowned Barbie doll that appears against flashing neon circles with skulls littering the ground in front of it. If a visitor kneels before the display, it triggers recordings of **Madonna** singing *Material Girl* and *Like a Virgin*.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Jon Bon Jovi's** next movie is **Ed Burns'** *Long Time Nothing New*, in which the men and **Lauren Holly** form a love triangle. . . . **Harvey Keitel** and **Bridget Fonda** star in the indie film *The Road to Graceland*, about a drifter who claims to be **Elvis. Priscilla Presley** and Elvis Presley Enterprises are actively participating in the movie, making it possible for the filmmakers to shoot in and around Graceland.

NEWSBREAKS: Tours continued: The House of Blues Smokin' Grooves tour will be at an outdoor venue near you this month. This year's groovers include **George Clinton** and the **P-Funk All Stars, Cypress Hill, Erykah Badu,** the **Roots** and **Foxy Brown.** . . . **Sarah McLachlan's** Lilith Fair Festival continues through the end of August with a lineup that includes **Mary Chapin Carpenter, Paula Cole, Suzanne Vega,** the **Indigo Girls** and the **Cardigans.** . . . **Pat Nelson, Eric Olsen** and **Dawn Darling** have constructed a Web site called the Encyclopedia of Record Producers (www.mojavemusic.com). It consists of a huge database currently containing the histories of the 1000 most important record producers in pop music. Elements of the encyclopedia will be published next spring by Billboard Books. . . . **Seal, k.d. lang, Rod Stewart, Steve Winwood,** Jon Bon Jovi and surprise guests are set to perform a concert in London this month to celebrate the greatest international stars of rock, from Elvis to **Oasis,** one song per year. Projection screens will run video and still images to accompany the performance of each tune. . . . This fall **LeAnn Rimes** will release her third album. She also has a Christmas novel, *Holiday in Your Heart*, coming from Doubleday. . . . A new **Aaron Neville** CD is due this fall. . . . The tenth anniversary of the release of **Paul Simon's** *Graceland* was observed with an enhanced version that will replace the regular CDs. It includes footage from the recording session, handwritten lyrics, track-by-track comments and interviews. . . . **Fleetwood Mac—Stevie Nicks, Lindsey Buckingham, Christine McVie, John McVie** and **Mick Fleetwood**—has an *Unplugged* that was filmed for MTV and VH-1 specials and possible home video release. The disc should be out right now, before the late-summer tour begins. . . . The search continues for new ways to sell records: A New York retailer and a music promoter are teaming up to install listening booths in clubs that will feature the recent releases of the night's headliners. . . . **Marty Callner,** who directed music videos for **Aerosmith, Bette Midler** and the **Cranberries,** has launched his own record label and presented the first interactive music competition held on the Internet. The Demo Derby (in conjunction with Ticketmaster) accepted submissions in late spring, then Net surfers voted on the songs. The artists won prizes, including studio time and college radio promotion. Finalists will perform on a live cybercast this month. That's a pretty cool idea.

—BARBARA NELLIS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

IN ***Star Maps*** (Fox Searchlight), young men prostitute themselves while supposedly pointing out the locations of Hollywood celebrity homes. Handsome 18-year-old Carlos (Douglas Spain) is an aspiring film actor whose father (Efrain Figueroa) recruits him to pick up affluent customers of either sex. In director Miguel Arteta's gritty debut feature, Carlos lucks out with a horny TV star (Kandeyce Jensen) whose husband and child don't seem to inhibit her predatory habits. His favorite trick promises him a TV role that could free him from his tangled family ties. Of course, things don't work out that neatly. But Arteta's well-played picture of the rank corruption underlying Tinseltown is apt to hold your interest. ¥¥½

•

Life in Cuba today has a bright side—at least according to ***Guantanamera*** (Cinepix), an earthy romantic fable co-directed by Juan Carlos Tabio and the late Tomas Gutierrez Alea—makers of the 1994 Oscar-nominated *Strawberry and Chocolate*. Much less political but no less vibrant, the movie begins with the return, after 50 years, of a world-famous singer who evidently dies of love for an old beau shortly after coming back to visit family in Guantanamera. The singer's niece Georgina (Mirta Ibarra) and her husband, Adolfo, an unimaginative bureaucrat (Carlos Cruz), accompany the singer's body back to her native Havana. En route, the burial party keeps crossing paths with a virile truck driver named Mariano (Jorge Perugorría), a student of Georgina's when she was a teacher. The growing attraction between Ibarra and Perugorría (he was the gay freethinker in *Strawberry and Chocolate*) makes this a breezy sexual odyssey about love and breaking the rules. ¥¥¥

•

Terry, portrayed by David Arquette in ***Dream With the Fishes*** (Sony Classics), is a nervous voyeur contemplating suicide when he meets Nick (Brad Hunt). Before Terry can leap off a bridge, he is conned by Nick into enjoying his existence to the max—which turns out to mean psychedelics, stealing a car, robbing a bank and bowling nude with a couple of prostitutes. Nick ultimately reveals that he is dying—from one of those nameless movie diseases—and the lads move in with his Aunt Elise (Cathy Moriarty), an exotic dancer. In the end, Nick marries his girlfriend (Kathryn Erbe) and comes to terms with death while Terry learns to love life. No big surprise, yet writer-director Finn Taylor's off beat first feature puts a surprisingly positive spin on a downbeat subject. ¥¥

Hennigan, Nelson are *Bloomers*.

Love triumphs in Cuba, sexual tendencies revised and death wishes rerouted.

•

Though reminiscent of a *Masterpiece Theater* TV epic, ***Mrs. Brown*** (Miramax) emerges absorbing and vibrant. It's a hearty slice of British history, chronicling the long relationship of Queen Victoria and a Scottish manservant, John Brown. After her husband Albert's death, Victoria became a virtual recluse, so deeply grieved that she ignored her official duties until Brown, the royal family's hunting guide at Balmoral Castle, was summoned in 1864 to coax her out of mourning. He not only pries the proud queen from her shell but also becomes a kind of bossy Rasputin, ruling the household, calling Her Majesty "woman" and making himself indispensable to her. Before she is lured back to public life by Prime Minister Disraeli (cunningly played by Antony Sher), scandalmongers openly refer to Victoria as Mrs. Brown. Judi Dench, a commanding English star, and Scottish comedian Billy Connolly have volatile chemistry as the principals in an intimate, rarely dramatized relationship, directed by John Madden with intelligence and style. ¥¥¥

•

It's more than coincidence that ***Late Bloomers*** (Strand Releasing), set in a Bible Belt town, happens largely in and around a high school named for Eleanor Roosevelt. Latent lesbianism, love and tolerance are the themes, and this humane, subtle movie says more than such cultural milestones as the coming-out of Ellen. The flawlessly acted story concerns a geometry teacher and girls' basketball coach named Dinah (Connie Nelson) and Carly (Dee Hennigan), a married mother who works in the principal's office. Dinah initially seems asexual, Carly merely bored with her indifferent husband and trying to cope with her young son and sexually precocious teenage daughter. After the two women slowly see and accept their love for each other, they suffer public humiliation, including a heated PTA debate about their baleful effect on youngsters. Before it's over, they lose their jobs but win back some respect and get "married" in a ceremony attended by colleagues, students, family and friends. If a few scenes seem sentimental, many others ring true—including those in which the two women shoot baskets in their bridal gowns and in the nude, and Carly's unaffected overtures to her husband and kids. *Late Bloomers* is a slam-dunk sleeper. ¥¥¥½

•

Actors love to play wicked characters. Still, there ought to be someone to root for. Not in ***This World, Then the Fireworks*** (Orion Classics), a typically bleak film noir set in the Fifties and littered with implications of incest. Gina Gershon plays a voluptuous hooker who finishes off one client flagrante delicto and murders her cranky mother (Rue McClanahan). Her fiercely protective, psychopathic brother (Billy Zane) is an allegedly brilliant reporter who knocks off a private eye (piercing his brain with a desktop spindle) and is cruelly abusive to a blonde cop (Sheryl Lee). She's a horny dame with poor self-worth, always willing to ignore the law so long as she gets laid. According to production notes, the film is based on a Jim Thompson story. It's nice nasty work for the performers but not a hell of a lot of fun for the rest of us. ¥½

•

The actors are better than the screenplay of ***Trial and Error*** (New Line), a farcical courtroom romp starring Jeff Daniels and scene-stealer Michael Richards (a.k.a. Kramer on *Seinfeld*). Daniels plays a hot Los Angeles lawyer named Charlie, who is engaged to his boss' daughter and is ordered to a desolate Nevada town to defend a local scoundrel (Rip Torn in top form) accused of fraud. Charlie is feted by his best friend, an unemployed actor (Richards), at a surprise bachelor party on the eve of the trial and wakes up so wasted that his thespian chum

Bowlers

Spats

Straw Boaters

Zoot Suits

Fedoras

Grey Flannel Suits

Leisure Suits

Casual Fridays

http://www.budweiser.com ©1997 Anheuser-Busch, Inc. Budweiser® Beer, St. Louis, MO.

The Classic American Lager Since 1876.

Budweiser
CLASSIC AMERICAN LAGER

Kilpatrick: Perennial punching bag.

OFF CAMERA

He'll be fighting a whale in the forthcoming *Free Willy 3*, but **Patrick Kilpatrick**, a 6'2" 39-year-old, has made a name in Hollywood for being bumped off by virtually every major action star in the business. Shot full of lead by Bruce Willis, he calls himself "the first man falling in *Last Man Standing*." In last year's *Eraser*, he was Schwarzenegger's nemesis. He has done battle with Tom Selleck in TNT's *Last Stand at Saber River*, with Steven Seagal in *Under Siege 2* and most notably with Jean-Claude Van Damme in 1990's *Death Warrant*. "I became known for that one, as a serial killer called the Sandman," Kilpatrick recalls. Having fought Sean Connery and Chuck Norris, the only hero he hasn't faced is Stallone. "I was sorry to hear Sly has given up violent roles. I wanted to complete the set."

Kilpatrick lives in Santa Barbara with his English wife, Kerrie, and their two young sons. He was born in Virginia, grew up in Connecticut and went to the University of Richmond after a near-fatal auto accident at 17 interfered with his athletic future. To compensate, he turned to journalism. Later, he made his movie debut in Nicolas Roeg's *Insignificance*. "Starting with him was a great privilege. When I got to Hollywood, I told Nick, 'I'm walking around here like a virgin, waiting for someone to fuck me as well as you did.'" Kilpatrick's goal is to play Lucas Davenport, a Minneapolis detective in one of John Sandford's *Prey* novels, onscreen. "But the rights are always getting bought by people who never make a movie." Meanwhile, he's going bad again in a flick called *Replacement Killers*, starring Mira Sorvino and martial-arts star Chow Yun-Fat. While he has no complaints, Kilpatrick notes wryly: "They usually pay the good guys much more, which can get irritating after a while."

pinch-hits for him in front of the judge, pretending he's Charlie. While the role-swapping gets out of hand, Charlie meets a wayward blonde (Charlize Theron) much more to his liking than the girl he's about to marry. All in all, it's featherbrained and slapstick, but with ditzy sex appeal. ¥¥½

•

What's memorable about ***Ponette*** (Arrow Releasing) is the performance of Victoire Thivisol, justifiably named best actress at the 1996 Venice Film Festival. Not yet five when she made the movie, Victoire subsequently enrolled in kindergarten. She is, indeed, astonishingly believable as a child racked by grief over her mother's death in a car accident. Playing the mother who returns as a ghost in a schmaltzy episode, Marie Trintignant is effective but inevitably upstaged. Whether you like the film or not, credit must go to French director Jacques Doillon, whose sensitive handling of his amazing young star results in one of the best screen achievements by a child prodigy. ¥¥¥

•

A gay theme surfaces in ***Alive and Kicking*** (First Look), a British peek into the ballet world. Jason Flemyng stars as an HIV-positive dancer. His sardonic lover (Antony Sher) is a doctor who treats AIDS patients. Both actors are highly accomplished and persuasive in a flamboyant movie directed by Nancy Meckler and written by Martin Sherman. ¥¥

•

The title role in ***Mondo*** (Shadow Distribution) is played by a Romanian gypsy boy, 11-year-old Ovidiu Balan. French filmmaker Tony Gatlif's effort exudes considerable charm as a fable about a lad who seems as much a wraith as a waif. Homeless, he appears and disappears in the streets of Nice, encountering a magician, a vagrant, a fisherman and an old Vietnamese woman. "Would you like to adopt me?" he asks everyone. Such picaresque tales seem precious, but Mondo is a character so delicately drawn, he vanishes before the audience has a chance to get tired of him. ¥¥½

•

In ***Box of Moonlight*** (Trimark Pictures), a married, uptight electrical engineer (John Turturro) loosens up after a roadside encounter with a free-spirited dropout (Sam Rockwell). The cloying title should be a warning to you: Writer-director Tom DiCillo's *Moonlight* can't hold a candle to his *Living in Oblivion*. Turturro is a hell of a good interpreter of stifled impulses, though, and is well matched by Rockwell as the Kid—who steals lawn ornaments to make a living. DiCillo's effort to please is palpable, but his idea is overdone. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Alive and Kicking (See review) Ballet gay and his guy strut their stuff. ¥¥
Box of Moonlight (See review) Precious, but still casts a glow. ¥¥
Brassed Off (Reviewed 5/97) Canned British coal miners band together. ¥¥¥
Chasing Amy (6/97) A lesbian's hetero exploits bug her boyfriend. ¥¥¥
Children of the Revolution (6/97) Judy Davis as a zealot who was impregnated by Stalin. ¥¥
Dream With the Fishes (See review) Better to kill yourself or to live a little? ¥¥
Grind (7/97) Billy Crudup warms up as a bad boy who fools around with his sister-in-law. ¥¥½
Guantanamera (See review) Signs of life from a burial party in Cuba. ¥¥¥
Intimate Relations (6/97) British mom and daughter abed with a dodgy lodger. ¥¥¥
Kissed (6/97) She likes doing it with young dead guys. ¥
Late Bloomers (See review) Liberated look at lesbian's coming-out. ¥¥¥½
Love! Valour! Compassion! (7/97) Sad but witty weekends with gay guys who have already been around the block. ¥¥¥½
Mondo (See review) That old Gallic magic—despite its semiprecious spell. ¥¥½
Mrs. Brown (See review) Another man takes charge of Queen Victoria after Prince Albert kicks the can. ¥¥¥
Nightwatch (6/97) Serial killer has his work cut out for him in a morgue. Hold tight. ¥¥¥
The Pillow Book (7/97) Kinky as ever, director Peter Greenaway studies the dark art of body painting. ¥¥
Ponette (See review) Breathtaking acting job by a French child prodigy. ¥¥¥
Shall We Dance (6/97) For a tired Japanese clerk, life finally begins with the two-step. ¥¥¥
Star Maps (See review) Hollywood tours with a hustling boy-toy. ¥¥½
This World, Then the Fireworks (See review) A film-noir misfire. ¥½
Trial and Error (See review) Funny stuff in a courtroom fiasco. ¥¥½
Ulee's Gold (7/97) As a beekeeper in jeopardy, Peter Fonda has never seemed so much like his father. ¥¥¥¥
The Van (7/97) Two Irish chums sell and squabble while toiling in a fast-food wagon. ¥¥¥
Wedding Bell Blues (7/97) Three Vegas husband hunters try to luck out. ¥¥
When the Cat's Away (7/97) Searching for her pet, French girl finds love. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Clint Eastwood devotee **Montel Williams** likes to relax in his new in-home movie theater, where he savors spaghetti Westerns such as *A Fistful of Dollars* and *For a Few Dollars More*. But the fast-talking TV host hasn't always enjoyed such luxury. In the Navy, Montel spent 300 days on a submarine—so he appreciates the choppy realism of *Das Boot* and *The Hunt for Red October*. Still, it's the Civil War epic *Glory* that remains at the top of Williams' list. "From a historical perspective, it's the finest film ever done. And it's accurate, right down to the canteens." Every evening, however, Williams turns over control of the VCR to his three-year-old son, who pops in one of the *Star Wars* movies. "What can I say?" asks Dad. "It's our little ritual." —DONNA COE

VIDBITS

On the heels of the Oscar-winning documentary *When We Were Kings* comes the six-tape ***Muhammad Ali: The Whole Story*** (Warner; $110). The title isn't hyperbole. Weighing in at almost six hours, the bio tells the tale of the Greatest—from Clay to Ali—including his boyhood in Louisville, the 1960 Olympics, his best bouts (notably the Rumble and the Thrilla) and his transformation from three-time champ to global goodwill ambassador. . . . Alan Hale and Tom Bopp have discovered that having a comet named after them is a rare occupational perk. Usually, those who study the skies are kept behind the scenes. Not anymore. ***The Astronomers*** (MPI; $80) brings forward the scientists who look up for a living to explain what in the heavens is going on. Included in the six-part series: the story of the stars, the search for black holes, understanding cosmology and a crash course on the planets. It is narrated by Richard Chamberlain.

VIDEO WHO'S WHO

Every picture tells a story—and a few are even true. Some solid biopics:

Coal Miner's Daughter (1980): Sissy Spacek found the perfect twang—and won an Oscar—as Loretta Lynn, who left poverty in Butcher Hollow, Kentucky to find stardom in Nashville.

Man of a Thousand Faces (1957): James Cagney, himself often imitated ("you dirty rat"), impersonates silent-film actor Lon Chaney, the original Hunchback and Phantom of the Opera.

The Pride of the Yankees (1942): Gary Cooper bats a thou in grand-slam recap of the short life of Lou "Iron Horse" Gehrig. Babe Ruth cameos as himself.

Patton (1970): George C. Scott perfectly captured General George Patton's lust for glory—then turned down his Oscar for it. Go figure.

8½ (1963): Federico Fellini hired Marcello Mastroianni to play him, a director so hounded by adoring fans (read: women) that he can't create his art.

Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story (1993): The script doesn't let facts get in the way of good chop-socky, as martial artist Lee (Jason Scott Lee) kicks his way to a too-brief stardom.

Ed Wood (1994): Johnny Depp shines in Tim Burton's homage to the talentless, cross-dressing director of *Plan 9 From Outer Space*. Martin Landau won an Oscar as a defanged Bela Lugosi.

Lenny (1974): Dustin Hoffman captured troubled comedian Lenny Bruce to scatological perfection. But Valerie Perrine almost steals it as Bruce's stripper wife, Honey Harlowe.

Malcolm X (1992): The film Spike Lee was born to direct. Bespectacled Denzel Washington doesn't miss a beat as the outspoken Muslim separatist.

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942): Cagney again, this time as star-spangled song-and-dance man George M. Cohan. Directed by Michael (*Casablanca*) Curtiz.

Great Balls of Fire! (1989): Dennis Quaid does Jerry Lee Lewis by way of the Tasmanian devil. And, by the way, we'd marry Winona Ryder too, even if she were our 13-year-old cousin. Goodness gracious! —BUZZ MCCLAIN

VIDEO COMEBACK OF THE MONTH

Dune (1984), David Lynch's spin on the Frank Herbert science fiction epic, was a huge undertaking. Filming lasted six years, cost more than $40 million and featured 20,000 extras. The punch line? The thing bombed. So Universal is giving it another shot with a reissue ($14.98) featuring a wide-screen format and the original trailer. The cast includes Patrick Stewart, Sean Young and Sting. You be the judge.

LASER FARE

Calling all Coenheads: In the wake of *Fargo* mania, two earlier films by Joel and Ethan Coen—***Miller's Crossing*** (1990) and ***Barton Fink*** (1991)—have been issued in wide-screen by Twentieth Century Fox ($40 each). Packages include no extras, but the Coens' trademark mix of striking visuals, crackling dialogue and odd characters make the platters keepers all the same. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
LITERARY	***Hamlet*** (the melancholy Dane gets his due: four hours of Branagh's splendid Elsinore sinks in), ***The Portrait of a Lady*** (Piano director Campian paints James' novel with feminist strokes; bit players outshine Kidman).
ACTION	***Dante's Peak*** (Brosnan, Hamilton and sleepy town take on nasty lava spitter; spellbindingly empty), ***Jackie Chan's First Strike*** (Chan thwarts evil nuke traders; brilliant stepladder fight scene recalls Astaire).
SATIRE	***Citizen Ruth*** (abortion-issue vultures battle over Laura Dern's unborn bundle; best for fence-sitters), ***Waiting for Guffman*** (goofy NY theater artiste leads hapless heartland troupe; another C. Guest tour de force).
DRAMA	***Marvin's Room*** (surly single mom Streep returns home to console dying goody-goody sis Keaton; top-notch acting leavens soapy script), ***Breaking the Waves*** (paralyzed hubby coaxes Emily Watson into cuckoldry; erotically complex).
COMEDY	***Cannes Man*** (spot-on send-up of annual French filmfest's hustle and horse hooey; loads of star cameos), ***Fierce Creatures*** (Aussie mogul tries to tart up John Cleese's zoo; Wanda vets' decent, if disappointing, follow-up).

WIRED

DVD UPDATE

The digital video disc has arrived—sort of. The new five-inch CD-style movie, music and multimedia format is currently available in seven U.S. cities as part of a test to see how the rest of the world will accept yet another digital entertainment medium. If software sales are good in

ROBERT MESSYASZ

the initial markets—Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco, Seattle and Washington, D.C.—you can bet DVD will quickly make its way out across the country. Meanwhile, here are a few things to keep in mind. • DVD players—priced from $500 to $1000—are available nationwide from RCA, Toshiba, Panasonic, Pioneer and others. The differences among the lower-priced machines are minimal. At the higher end of the scale, check out Pioneer's DVL-700 LD/DVD ($1000), a machine that plays both DVDs and laser discs, and Sony's DVP-S7000, which has been praised for its exceptional audio reproduction capabilities. • Only time—and holiday sales—will tell whether movie studios will expand distribution beyond the seven test cities. We're predicting it will happen, as more than 50 DVD movies have already been pressed and at least 50 more are expected before January. Plus, at only $20 to $30 each, they're a bargain. Among our early favorites: *Batman*, *Goodfellas*, *Lethal Weapon* and *Blade Runner: The Director's Cut* (Warner Home Video), *Goldeneye*, *Raging Bull*, *Rocky* and *Midnight Cowboy* (MGM/UA), *The Mask* and *Seven* (New Line), *The Terminator* (Image Entertainment), *Taxi Driver* (Columbia/Tristar) and *Fargo* (Polygram). • DVD's picture lives up to the hype—it's far better than VHS and at least as good as laser disc. Some of the initial releases offer the choice of letterbox and pan-and-scan formatting, and a few, including *The Mask* and *Blade Runner*, offer director's comments and additional footage. All combine the feature film with multiple language options and subtitles. • To get a true feel for DVD's picture-perfect potential, track down Lumivision's Imax transfers, particularly *Africa: The Serengeti*. It's incredible! • PLAYBOY is releasing about 15 of its home-video titles on DVD this year, including the *1997 Playmate of the Year*, *The Best of Pamela Anderson* and *The Best of Jenny McCarthy*. • Finally, if you want to bypass the seven-city test, DVD releases are available through the *Critics' Choice Video* catalog. Call 800-367-7765 for more information.

HEAD—AND SHOULDERS—ABOVE THE REST

Choosing stereo headphones used to be easy. Either they were comfortable and sounded good—or not. But these days there are all kinds of technological twists to consider. You can cut the cord between you and your home entertainment system, for example, by going with a pair of wireless headphones. Rated among the best by audio critics, Recoton's top-of-the-line model WP525 ($180) operates via 900-megahertz radio frequencies, allowing you to roam up to 150 feet from your TV or stereo, indoors or out. For a less expensive version, check out Emerson's AV2800 wireless headphones—the only model on the market with a built-in FM radio ($80). If you like your music on the go, Emerson also offers a line of headphones called Ear Huggers. Priced at $12 per pair, these bud-style speakers will stay in place through the most vigorous workout, thanks to wraparound plastic earpieces. And for something truly original, Sony's SRS-GS70s rest on your shoulders (as illustrated here) with speakers that pump the sound up toward your ears. They even vibrate for extra effect during movie viewing and video game play. The price: about $100.

TIM BOWER

WILD THINGS

Hitachi's superslick MP-EG1A (pictured here) is the first digital camcorder to store video on a PC card (in MPEG-1 format) rather than on tape. Recordings up to 20 minutes are easily transferred to a computer drive for editing, or to add moving images to your Web site. The price: about $2500. • ADT, the nation's largest security company, and Atlanta-based Mobile Security Communications are teaming up to put auto thieves out of business. Their new vehicle security system, Car Cop, uses cellular and global positioning satellite technology to tap into ADT's monitoring network whenever an attempt is made to steal or carjack your vehicle. You get a cellular phone that doubles as a security keypad and is preprogrammed to provide instant access to ADT, as well as a GPS receiver for helping ADT and law enforcement agencies track your automobile. Other cool features: a "valet" mode that disables the cell phone yet still notifies ADT if the car is driven more than two miles from where you dropped it off, and automatic battery monitoring, which notifies ADT when your voltage gets critically low. Car Cop is available in Atlanta, southern Florida, southern California, the Bay Area, New York and New England, with additional metropolitan areas slated for rollout later this year. The price: $700, plus $19.95 per month for ADT monitoring.

MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

FUN AND GAMES

For some non-PC fun for your PC, check out ***Redneck Rampage.*** Loaded with hillbilly humor, this first-person combat game is set in rural landscapes filled with chickens, pickup trucks and homicidal aliens. Disguised as your overall-clad kith and kin, the beer-swilling aliens have kidnapped your prize pig, Bessie, and it's up to you to get her back. With the help of your sidekick, Bubba, you choose from an arsenal of alien butt-kicking weapons. Pork rinds and cheap-ass whiskey provide additional power. (By Interplay, for DOS, about $50.)

CYBER SCOOP

Recent computer-themed movies have pretty much sucked—with the exception of ***Ghost in the Shell.*** This animated cyberthriller from Manga Entertainment beat out more than 1500 entries to win best theatrical feature film at this year's World Animation Celebration in Pasadena, California. Check it out on video.

Speaking of movies, several video games are headed to the big screen. Among the most anticipated is Capcom Entertainment's action and horror blockbuster ***Resident Evil.*** Look for it as early as next summer from Germany-based Constantin Films.

The shooting action in ***Turok: Dinosaur Hunter*** is anything but primitive. The game delivers great 64-bit graphics, eight gargantuan levels, complex, fluid game play and hordes of prehistoric and extraterrestrial enemies begging to be blasted. Your entry-level arsenal includes bowie knives and explosive arrows. But once your skills progress, you can make dinosaur soup with the ultimate weapon—a nuclear-fusion cannon. (By Acclaim, for Nintendo 64, about $80.)

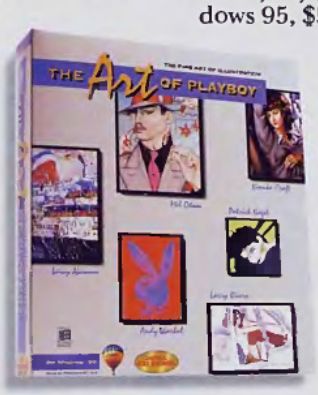
Turok: Comic turned N64 thriller

One of the first games to take advantage of Intel's new MMX technology, ***Pod*** proves that the hype surrounding this supercharged chip is justified. Racing fanatics will be blown away by the graphics, which run at speeds up to 80 frames per second (compared with 32 frames per second with a standard Pentium chip). Set in a futuristic world, the game challenges you to a death match in which only the winner escapes a doomed planet. Pod's 20-plus tracks, advanced artificial intelligence, Dolby Surround and broad range of multiplayer options combine with the MMX chip to make it the best racing game yet. (By Ubi Soft, for Windows 95, $50.)

Many movie-based games used to be little more than veiled attempts to cash in on the mass appeal of popular films. ***Independence Day*** is an exception because it does an excellent job of capturing the action of its box-office brother. The arcade shooter spans 13 explosive levels, which include airborne missions over 12 international cities and the finale inside the alien mother ship. (By Fox Interactive, for Playstation, Saturn and Windows, $50.) ***The Arrival*** makes a better game than it did a movie, thanks to the exclusion of some bad dialogue—and Charlie Sheen. This three-disc adventure, designed as a continuation of the film, opens with the player trapped inside the aliens' space station. The task before you: to escape undetected by solving well-integrated puzzles and by exploring high-resolution 3D environments. (By Live Interactive, for Windows 95 and Mac, $50.) Lastly, ***City of Lost Children*** is less notable for its graphic adventure elements (standard point-and-click exploration) than for its roots. The film is pure art house, scripted in French and Russian with English subtitles. The bizarre story is set in a dark town where an evil genius, six cloned henchmen and a disembodied brain (floating in an electrified aquarium) abduct kids in order to steal their dreams. Rent the movie, then play the game. Both are riveting. (By Psygnosis, for DOS and Playstation, $50.)

BRAIN BRAWN

Until recently, you had to tour PLAYBOY's offices in Chicago, New York and Los Angeles to appreciate the range of sculptures, paintings and illustrations that make up our art collection. Now you simply have to pop ***The Art of Playboy*** into your CD-ROM drive. This PC title is an entertaining and informative look at the artwork that has illustrated the magazine's articles and fiction over the past four decades. It also sheds light on the long-standing relationships we've had with some of the world's finest talents. You'll find works by Salvador Dalí, Ed Paschke, LeRoy Neiman and Patrick Nagel among the hundreds featured in this disc, as well as biographies of the more than 200 artists represented. There's also a trivia game and a screen saver for transforming your monitor into your own Playboy gallery. (By Corel, for Windows 95, $50.)



PLAYBOY's digital gallery

SURF CENTRAL

Why thumb through the telephone book or waste money dialing 411 when you can point your Web browser to one of these free Internet directories? ***GTE Superpages*** (cg.gte.net): In addition to providing phone numbers and addresses of businesses nationwide, this digital directory features the *Consumer Guide*, with reviews of cars, electronics and other new products. ***Big Book*** (www.bigbook.com): This nationwide online business directory gets personal, helping you zero in on local establishments and providing maps on how to get to them. ***Bigfoot*** (www.bigfoot.com): Need to locate an old flame? Just plug in her name and the city in which you think she lives, and this directory will try to track down her telephone number and e-mail address. ***Four11.com*** (www.four11.com): Just as the name suggests, this site offers directory assistance online. ***AT&T Toll-Free Internet Directory*** (www.tollfree.att.net/dir800): A guide to 800 numbers. ***The Playboy Ultimate Directory*** (www.playboy.com): Our own one-stop site for individual and business listings, e-mail addresses and more.

DIGITAL DUDS

Cruisin' USA: This arcade crossover crashes and burns as the first outright wreck in the Nintendo-64 lineup.

Duke Screw 'Em: The name gave us a laugh, but the first-person shooting action in this adult CD-ROM drags the erotic game genre to a new low.

Leisure Suit Larry 7—Love for Sail: It's more of the same from this tired lounge lizard. Time to hang up the leisure suit, Larry.

See what's happening on Playboy's Home Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1997

Ultima: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: 5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine—Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

You can switch down
to lower tar and still find
satisfying taste.
See for yourself.

that right!

You've
got
MERIT

STYLE

BUCKLE UP

In yet another fashion flashback, designers are taking cues from the decade of greed, slapping Eighties-style logos and initials on sportswear and belts. If you're into keeping your pants up with status initials, there are both elegant and casual looks to select from. On the dressy side, upscale shoe manufacturer J.M. Weston offers a calfskin leather belt in brown or black with lighter contrast stitching. The buckle? A silver-plate W ($280, pictured bottom left). British designer Nicole Farhi has an embossed brown leather belt with a chrome N buckle ($101). Donna Karan makes a sterling silver D signature belt for DKNY in chocolate brown or black leather ($150), as well as a more casual washed-leather version with a slick DKNY grill plaque (about $60). Fans of Ralph Lauren can opt for an Italian saddle leather belt in brown or black from the Polo Jeans Company line ($33). The dull nickel slide buckle on this model is stamped with the RL logo—sufficiently rugged. Prefer to emulate those emaciated CK models? Strap on one of Calvin Klein's distressed or shiny brown, black or olive leather belts with a plate buckle in brass or nickel (from $30 to $50, top left). The Italian label D&G, by Dolce & Gabbana, puts a silver-tone embossed logo buckle on a camel stretch-fabric belt ($100, top center). Offering extra mileage, the shiny black calfskin strap on Hermés' initial belt reverses to gold grainy leather ($425, middle). An H alternative is Hugo Boss' leather belt with a silver buckle ($145, top right). And for iconoclasts, Vivienne Westwood decorates her black or baby blue leather belts with a gold-plated buckle covered in pavé rhinestones ($200 to $300).

HOT SHOPPING: PHILADELPHIA

Center City Philly is flourishing, and South Street is loaded with great buys: Inferno (618 South St.): Sporty urban threads, loose-fitting action lines, tight rave wear and futuristic Android watches. • Neo Deco (414 South St.): An upscale boutique featuring Gene Meyer suits and ties, and jeans by Todd Oldham and Gaultier. • Time Zone (535 South St.): Funky shoes and boots and colorful bowling shirts. • Trash and Vaudeville (628 South St.): A spin-off from the East Village offering many styles of vinyl and poly print shirts, cool shoes, and English pillows and backpacks that are made of spiked rubber. • Ishkabibbles Eatery (337 South St.): Where visiting recording artists and actors (including native Will Smith) fuel up on classic Philly cheese steaks and french fries.

CLOTHES LINE

Stephen Collins plays a man of the cloth in Aaron Spelling's *Seventh Heaven*, but off camera, the cloth the actor most adores is his Armani suits. "I'll never forget my first one," he says of the single-breasted navy wool ensemble. "It was a whole new experience." Collins is equally fond of his white cotton Banana Republic shirt. "It's so simple. It looks great with jeans or a jacket or with my Banana Republic khakis." As for footwear, "I'm a complete sucker for Fratelli Rossetti shoes. They fit perfectly." And although Collins says he used to prefer plain, "safe socks," he now likes to experiment with patterned looks by Jhane Barnes and Calvin Klein.

CHEMICAL BALANCE

Swimming is great exercise, but doing it daily wreaks havoc on your head. The chemicals that keep pools and hot tubs clean oxidize on your hair, making it dry and discolored. To avoid the "chlorine green" look, try Aubrey Organics Swimmers Shampoo and Swimmers Conditioner, Matrix Essentials Alternative Action or Aquia, a one-step shampoo conditioner from goggle-maker Barracuda. Once a week, treat your hair with Chlorine-Away Booster Additives and Quickin Demineralizer from Malibu 2000. The antioxidants in these products remove discoloring minerals such as calcium and chlorine.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

T-SHIRTS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Lean fits; high V-necks; crewnecks with contrasting trim; neat-looking plain fronts	Anything outsize or oversize; cropped muscle shirts; chest pockets; iron-on logos
COLORS AND FABRICS	Basic black or white; light aqua or baby blue; bold hues; cotton with spandex for stretch	Day-Glo; camouflage; tie-dyes; faded or bleached-out looks; silk or rayon
HOW TO WEAR THEM	Under a suit; tucked in or untucked with flat-front pants; layered with another fitted T	Fonzie-style with rolled-up sleeves; under a basketball jersey

Where & How to Buy on page 155.

H·I·S®

It's a guys' thing.

©1997 Chic by H·I·S, Inc.

Made to fit your life.

WAYFARER'S HAUL

If sailing aboard a copra steamer out of Tahiti seems more appealing than shuffleboard, talent night or queuing up for a macarena contest on a cruise ship, freighter travel may be for you. Freighters have been carrying passengers since before the days of Joseph Conrad, but the conditions aboard today's ships are anything but spartan. According to *Travltips* magazine, "A spacious outside cabin with a large window and separate sitting area is a typical stateroom," and ports of call include faraway places with strange-sounding names. (When's the last time a cruise ship visited Takapoto in French Polynesia?) Of course, flexibility regarding departure and return dates, duration of voyage and intended stopovers is necessary, because the main objective of freighters is moving freight, not people. First-time passengers may want to get their sea legs on a relatively short getaway—say, 12 days aboard the *MV Santa Paula*, which sails from Miami and stops in the Dominican Republic and Venezuela before returning to Port Everglades. Price: $1400, single occupancy—and that's for the owner's cabin. Or, if you've come up short in a corporate downsizing and have time to spare, Germany's NSB Line offers a 104-day round-the-world trip from New York to Australia, Asia, the Middle East, Europe and back to the States for $9700 to $12,500, double occupancy. (Segments are also available.) For more info, subscribe to *Travltips* ($20 a year) or the biweekly newsletter from Freighter World Cruises, Inc. for $29.

ABBE SENNETT

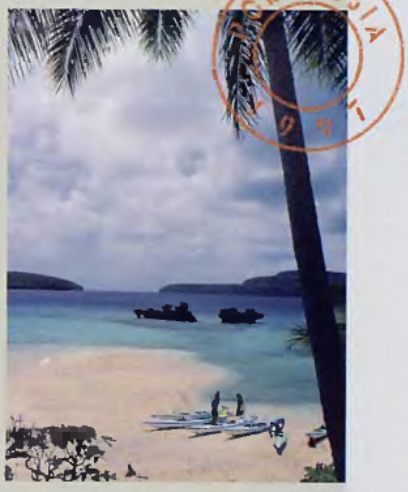
NIGHT MOVES: PRAGUE

Of course you're going to Prague. Everyone's going to Prague, and the city is up to the challenge—particularly after dark. The place is best explored on foot, especially in fall when tourism wanes and there's more breathing space. Start your evening at Jo's Bar (Malostranské námesti 7) with a shot of Becherovka (Jagermeister à la Prague) or, if you're game, a glass of absinthe, an anise-flavored liqueur that's banned elsewhere in Europe—and for good reason. Too much of it can drive you nuts. Next head to Prague's famous beer hall, U Fleků (Křemencova 11), for local dark beer served in the outdoor garden. Most cafés and bars offer food, but we recommend the *guláš* (goulash) and *smažený syr* (fried cheese) at Red Seven (Na Kampě 7). U Dlouhé (Dlouhá 35) boasts great Czech soul food, and the roasted duck and coq au vin at La Provance (Štupartská 9) are delicious. If it's mellow after-dinner entertainment you want, follow an espresso at the St. Nicholas Café (Tržiště 10) with blues and jazz at the nearby Blue Light (Josefská 22). Or join the wild crowd at Chapeau Rouge (Jakubská 2), a backstreet bar with a fun atmosphere, or Radost F/X (Bělehradská 120), a dance club where models congregate. (If you cab it to Radost, negotiate the fare first. Prague taxi drivers are notorious for charging exorbitant rates.) At dawn, cross the Charles Bridge for a great view of the city. Then start the day with breakfast at Kampa Park's waterside patio.

GREAT ESCAPE

SEA KAYAKING IN TONGA

In the heart of the South Pacific sits Tonga, a miniature Polynesian kingdom with an attitude that's as laid-back as a Jimmy Buffett album. Tonga comprises 170 islands, and Pacific Rim Paddling Co. offers the most intimate way to discover its culture and wildlife: in a kayak, on a guided ten-day tour through the Vavau Island group. The trip begins with an orientation and two-night stay at a hotel in Vavau's capital city, Neiafu. For the next eight days your sleek, two-man kayak can be maneuvered through sea caves and shallow inlets that are otherwise inaccessible, giving you a close view of the islands' turtles, dolphins, whales, birds and bats. When you're not kayaking, there's plenty of time to snorkel, fish, hunt for shells or bum around the coral beaches. Exotic meals include local fruits and produce and, often, the catch of the day. After a few nights of camping under the southern hemisphere's canopy of stars, you may not want to go home. Price: about $1500, not including your air transportation to Vavau. Call 250-384-6103 for more info.



ROAD STUFF

Swiss Army Brand has just introduced the Victorinox Swiss Card (pictured below), a credit card–sized tool that incorporates eight implements (knife, ruler, scissors, screwdriver file, tweezers, toothpick, spike and pen). Price: $30. For an additional $30 you can own the company's Victorinox Swiss Lite pocketknife (also shown below), which shoots a red beam when you press the cross and shield. • If you've read "Night Moves: Prague" on this page and are bound for the "new Paris" (or just want some great armchair reading), order a copy of Lori Shafton's *The Coffeehouses of Prague*. It's a spiral-bound guide to 22 of the city's cafés and cozy taverns where caffeine lovers congregate. Black-and-white photos reveal each establishment's ambience, and the book contains maps and pages for notes. Price: $18; call 310-393-1149. *The Coffeehouses of Paris* and *The Coffeehouses of Los Angeles* are in the works.

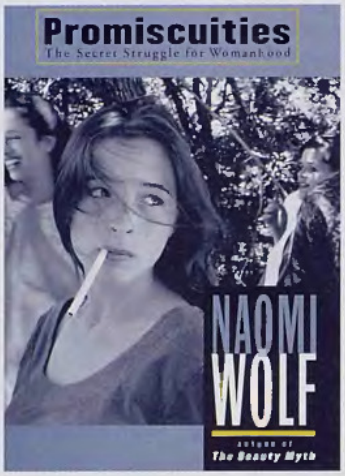
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

It's clear who's got the spice!
Captain Morgan
750 ML
SILVER SPICED RUM
Captain Morgan
SILVER
SPICED RUM
Puerto Rican Rum with Spice
and Other Natural Flavors
Captain Morgan brings you the only Silver Spiced Rum.
The Captain was here
Cybership: http://www.rum.com
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

BOOKS

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

Naomi Wolf, who caused a ruckus when she wrote *The Beauty Myth*, will surely cause another with ***Promiscuities*** (Random House). Wolf is a writer who mines her own experiences and isn't afraid to be contradictory. She says, "Women long to be attentively touched, gazed at, caressed, deeply kissed and surrounded with sensuality." Then she recounts candidly her experience with a boyfriend who smacked her around. On one hand, she champions women's sexual freedom, but she sees the hypocrisy of wearing a short skirt and then complaining that men are looking at her legs. These insights into the female psyche will give men something to think about. Also worth a look: ***In the Garden of Desire: The Intimate World of Women's Sexual Fantasies*** (Broadway), by Wendy Maltz and Suzie Boss, offers vivid accounts of the erotic lives of contemporary women who are frank, but not prurient, about their sexual fantasies.

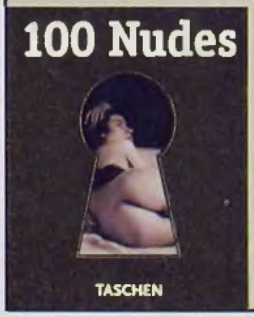


Are We Having Fun Yet?: The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Sex (Hyperion), by Marcia and Lisa Douglass, is a handbook for women who are seeking to bridge the "orgasm gap" and bring equality and greater pleasure into the bedroom. Men can learn how to navigate the white water of female sexual desire. Just bring your paddle.

—DIGBY DIEHL

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Are you turned on by stiletto heels, sheer stockings, white ponties or pin-ups? The internotional publisher Taschen has erotic little picture books, lobeled "amusegueules" ("munchies" to you), thot ore mode just for you. These minioture softcover samplings of Taschen's larger, more expensive volumes cover the sexual front from John Willie's sado-masochist comic art and photogrophs to Richard Kern's ***New York Girls***, which was described by the publisher as "hard-core photographs by a practiced Peeping Tom." They're exotic, erotic, fun and, in on easily portoble size, they're designed to keep your obsessions, however mognificent, close to the chest.



—DICK LOCHTE

BOOKS INTO MOVIES

Novelists are kings in Hollywood. In what has been nicknamed the Jurassic Shark deal, Disney set aside $1.5 million for film rights to Steve Alten's ***Meg*** (reviewed last month) after reading just the first hundred pages of manuscript. The *Jaws*-like fish story is about a megalodon that terrorizes Hawaii. Martin Cruz Smith's Victorian thriller ***Rose*** (Random House) sold to Miramax Films for $600,000. Screenwriter Ted (*Silence of the Lambs*) Tally will pick up nearly three times that to adapt it. Scott Frank, the film writer who turned Elmore Leonard's ***Get Shorty*** into a hit movie, is adapting that author's bank robber–lady marshal romance ***Out of Sight***. And Quentin Tarantino is scripting Leonard's ***Rum Punch***, about a bail bondsman and flight attendant trying to lift an arms dealer's loot. Reversing the cash flow, Simon & Schuster has handed moviemaker Wes (*Scream*) Craven a reported $1 million for his first novel, a medical thriller he sold before he put one word on paper.

THE PRESIDENT MUGGED IN PRINT

Bill Clinton may be the biggest fan suspense novelists have ever had in the White House. But that doesn't mean he or the presidency is getting a free ride from fiction writers. ***Primary Colors***, by Joe Klein, bashed Bubba and struck best-seller gold, along with David Baldacci's ***Absolute Power***, wherein a presidential rough-sex romp leads to murder. Now there are at least a dozen new travails of the chief, including Michael Weaver's ***The Lie*** (Warner), in which the big guy is taken hostage, and David Callahan's ***State of the Union*** (Little Brown), which has him at the top of an assassin's hit list. And this month's ***First Victim*** (M. Evans), by former Reagan–Bush scribe Douglas MacKinnon, features a prez so loutish he uses the first lady as a punching bag. It might just be enough to send Clinton to a Star Trek convention.

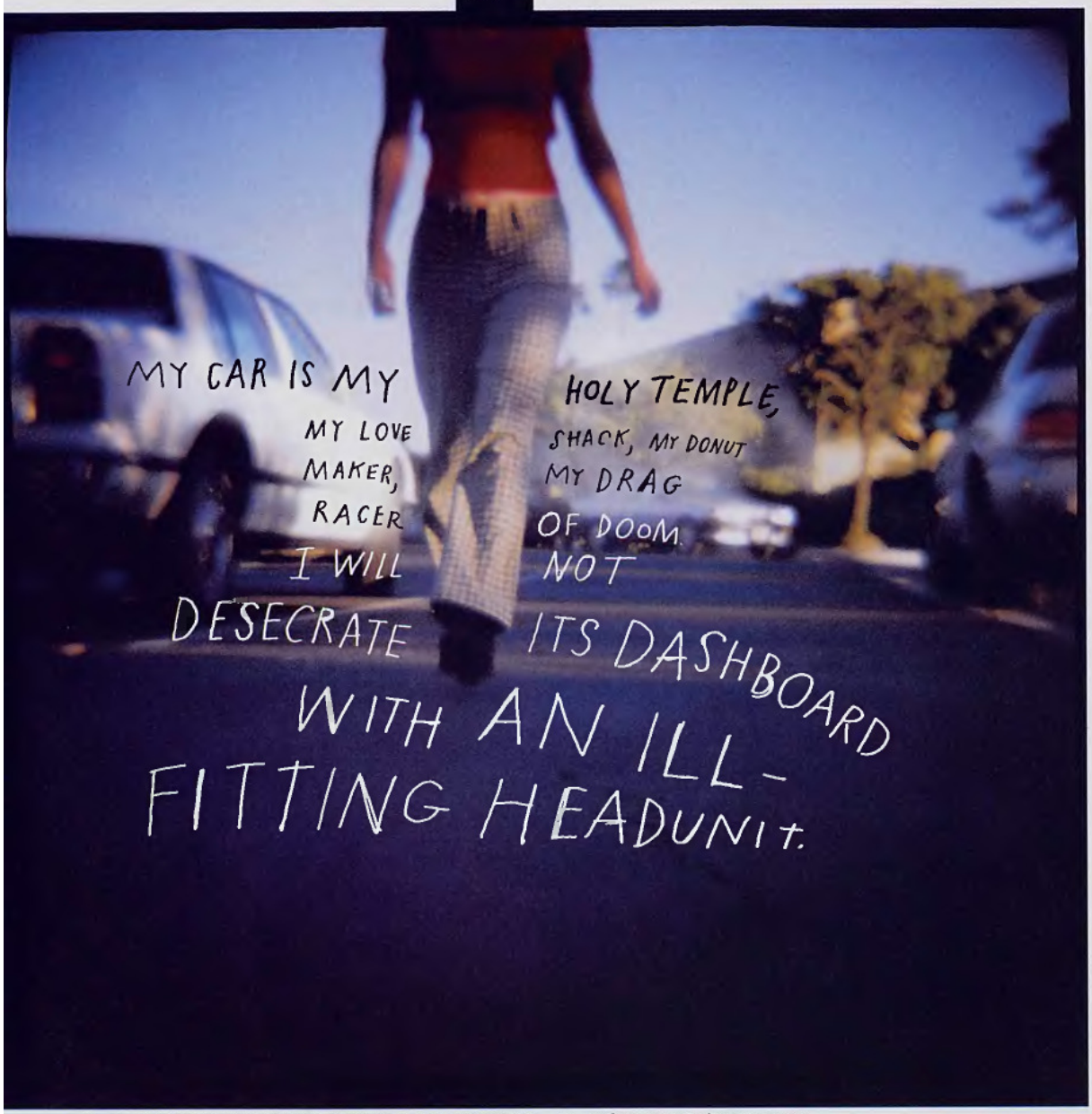
—DICK LOCHTE

BASKETBALL JONES:

Some of the greotest ployers in the history of the gome are coptured in flight, under the basket, at the foul line and one-on-one with their opponents in ***Basketball Stars*** (Black Dog & Leventhol) by Nick Dolin, Chris Dolin and Dovid Check. This towering book (7½"x18") features 200 in-your-foce photos and o courtside view of, omong others, Kareem Abdul-Jabbor, Larry Bird, Wilt Chamberloin and MJ, as well as on inside look at legendary coaches. Let's give *Basketball Stars* o well-deserved hoop-de-do.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS

PIONEER
The Art of Entertainment



© 1997 PIONEER ELECTRONICS (USA) INC., LONG BEACH, CA. www.pioneerelectronics.com

PIONEER'S NEW CUSTOM-FIT GM/CHRYSLER HEADUNITS GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IN A CAR STEREO WITHOUT SACRIFICING THE BEAUTY OF YOUR DASH. THAT'S BECAUSE THEY ACTUALLY FIT. IN THE PAST, GM/CHRYSLER OWNERS WHO WANTED A CD PLAYER OR AN IMPROVED DISPLAY HAD TO BUY A STANDARD-SIZE HEADUNIT AND "FORCE THE FIT" WITH EXTRA INSTALLATION KITS. FRANKLY, THEY LOOKED LIKE HELL. OUR CUSTOM-FIT HEADUNITS ARE DESIGNED TO LOOK AND WORK BETTER THAN STANDARD-SIZE HEADUNITS IN THE LARGER DASH OPENING COMMON TO MOST GM AND CHRYSLER CARS. PLUS, YOU BENEFIT FROM THE LARGER, STATE-OF-THE-ART DISPLAY AND BIGGER BUTTONS UNIQUE TO THESE HEADUNITS. NOT TO MENTION THE FEATURES AND PERFORMANCE THAT HAVE MADE PIONEER CAR STEREOS FAMOUS. DON'T LET SOMEONE SELL YOU SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T FIT. NOT YOUR PANTS. NOT YOUR SHOES. NOT YOUR CAR STEREO.

HEALTH & FITNESS

888-NOT-2-LATE

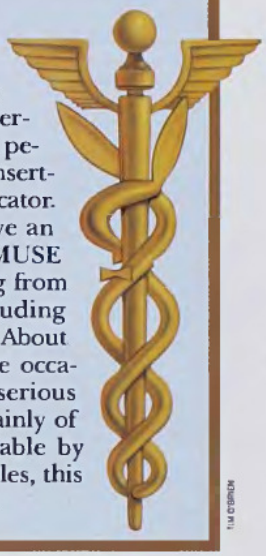
Keep this number next to the condom in your wallet, because if the condom breaks it's the easiest way your partner can find a doctor who prescribes a morning-after pill. There are several methods of postcoital contraception that have nothing to do with the French abortion pill RU-486. Unfortunately, most women—and some doctors—get them confused. Emergency contraception comes in three forms: specific brands of ordinary estrogen-progestin birth control pills; "minipills," which contain only progestin; and the copper-T IUD, which can be used up to seven days after unprotected sex. With 3.5 million unwanted pregnancies a year—half of which result from the failure of contraceptives—it's imperative that every woman have a reliable backup. These methods are actually 20 years old, but they didn't attract notice until the FDA gave its official blessing this past February—giving companies the green light to market regular birth control pills as emergency contraceptives. Since then reproductive rights advocates have been spreading the word through public-service ads. For more information, check out the Emergency Contraception Web site at http://opr.princeton.edu/ec.

DAN CLYNE

DR. PLAYBOY

Q: I recently heard about a new treatment for erectile dysfunction. Every other aid I've seen has involved an injection and has sounded both scary and tricky. My fingers are crossed: What's the good news?

A: Impotence is a distressing fact of life for as many as 20 million American men . In the old days, an impotent man had to inject medication into his penis to achieve an erection. Fortunately, scientists at Vivus, a California-based pharmaceutical company, recently introduced a solution called MUSE. It's a synthetic prostaglandin called Alprostadil, which relaxes the vascular smooth muscle and thereby permits a surge of arterial blood into the penis. It comes in a suppository that is inserted into the urethra via a plastic applicator. In as little as ten minutes, you'll have an erection—without breaking any skin. MUSE can treat erectile dysfunction resulting from a variety of medical conditions, including surgery, diabetes and vascular disease. About one third of MUSE users experience occasional penile discomfort; however, serious complications are rare and consist mainly of prolonged erections. MUSE is available by prescription only, but if you hate needles, this is your chance to get back into the act.

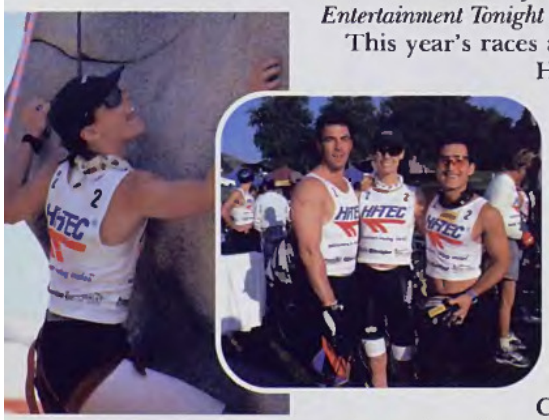


TIM O'BRIEN

DO YOU HAVE THE RACER'S EDGE?

Think you're in great shape? OK, macho man, give the Hi-Tec Adventure Race a whirl. "It's not a walk in the park," warns race director Michael Epstein. "It's a sprint adventure race modeled after longer endurance races such as the Raid Gauloises and X Games, only it's more affordable and accessible."

Teams of three, including at least one woman, must complete a combination of sports events, including six to ten miles of trail running, ten to 15 miles of mountain biking, about an hour of flat-water kayaking and a few surprise events (hint: Think bows and arrows, climbing ropes and jigsaw puzzles). The course isn't revealed until the day of the race but is designed to be completed in three to five hours. And if you're lucky you'll bump into some interesting competitors: Alexandra Paul from *Baywatch* raced on the *Entertainment Tonight* team last year.



Paul in top form.

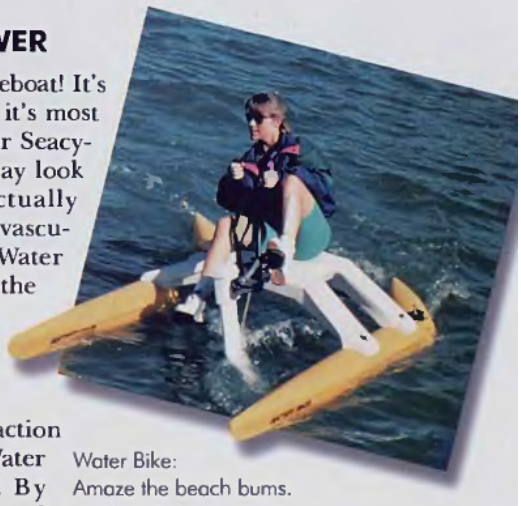
This year's races are scheduled for Hartford, Connecticut on July 13, Miami on September 14, Pittsburgh (at Moraine State Park) on October 5 and Los Angeles (at California's Castaic Lake Recreation Area) on November 2. Check-in for all locations takes place the night before the race. The entry fee is $150 per team; winners receive a $10,000 cash purse. Registration is limited. Call 818-707-8867 for an entry form, or check out the Web page at www.mesp.com.

WEB SITE OF THE MONTH

Our nod goes to the Testosterone Source, which offers a terrific tour of a sensitive subject. What's the function of this male hormone? Do I have a deficiency? What does age have to do with it? Find the answers to these and hundreds of other questions at www.testosteronesource.com. Remember, though, that the site was created by SmithKline Beecham, the drug company that markets the testosterone patch.

PEDAL POWER

It's a raft! It's a paddleboat! It's a treadmill! Actually, it's most likely a Water Bike or Seacycle, both of which may look like toys but are actually well-designed cardiovascular machines. The Water Bike is for one rider; the Seacycle can be rigged to accommodate up to four. On the Seacycle the arm-strengthening action is optional; on the Water Bike it's standard. By pedaling your legs and moving your arms, you drive a propeller that keeps the bike going from five to 12 miles per hour, even in rough water. You'll burn an average of 720 calories per hour, and the bike offers a great upper- and lower-body workout. Seacycles have been ridden across the English Channel, and one guy pedaled his Water Bike from Seattle to Juneau, Alaska.



Water Bike: Amaze the beach bums.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

FREE ORAL SEX VIDEO OFFER
All orders will receive a free 24-minute video The Erotic Guide To Oral Sex. Discover even more creative ways to ignite intense sexual excitement.
Sex Education For Me?

Know-how is still the best aphrodisiac.

There's No Such Thing As A "Born Lover"!

Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you are a good lover, you can benefit from the Better Sex Video Series. It is for normal adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Watch it with someone you love.

America's Best-selling Sex-Ed Videos

The Better Sex Video Series visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Judy Seifer, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through erotic scenes of explicit sexual practices including techniques for the most enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order the Better Sex Videos today and take the first step to more enjoyment!

THE Better Sex Video SERIES®

Over One Million Sold!

Shipped Unmarked For Your Privacy.
All of our videos are shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy.

www.bettersex.com

[WARNING: The Better Sex Video Series is highly explicit and is intended for adults over age 18 only.]

For fastest service call toll-free 24 hours/7 days

1-800-955-0888
ext. 8PB41

SPECIAL OFFER! Originally $29.95 Now $19.95

The Sinclair Institute, Dept 8PB41, PD Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

VIDEO	REGULARLY	NOW!	TOTAL
Vol. 1. Better Sex Techniques #9501	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
Vol. 2. Adv. Sex Techniques #9502	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
Vol. 3. Making Sex Fun #9504	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	
The 3-Volume Set - save $10! #9506		$49.85	
Erotic Guide To Oral Sex #1057 (with purchase)		FREE	FREE
VHS Format Only.		Postage & Handling	$ 4.00
		TOTAL	$

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX ☐ Check

Make checks payable to The Sinclair Institute. Sorry, No cash or CODs

Card # _____ Exp. _____

Name _____
SIGNATURE (I CERTIFY THAT I AM AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Canadian Orders Welcome. Please Make Checks Payable in U.S. Dollars.
An Additional $5.00 Is Required For Shipping. Dealer Inquiries Welcome.

MEN

By ASA BABER

DAVE CALVER

THOSE BLUE CAR DAYS

And now your intrepid *Men* columnist will focus on yet another subject we are not supposed to talk about. But don't tell me that you haven't thought about it, *compadre*, because I know that you have.

Cut to a Sunday morning in Chicago a few years ago as Strawberry and I walk into our favorite coffee shop. I order hash browns, ham and half a honeydew melon. She orders a Diet Coke with maraschino cherries. That is my first clue something is amiss, but I inexplicably ignore it.

Sunday breakfast is one of our mutual pleasures in this new relationship we are establishing, and while I sort through the newspapers, I talk about the Chicago Bears. The fact that Strawberry—usually spunky and full of good cheer—is unresponsive seems strange to me, but I discount that behavior.

In this discounting, I am a victim of guy logic, which says that since Strawberry loves pro football, she will enjoy talking about it. After all, this is a woman who correctly picks NFL winners a higher percentage of the time than most professional gamblers. Is it therefore not logical that she will enjoy this topic? (Or perhaps I should ask that in another way: *Are there days when guy logic does not apply to the opposite gender?*)

"So," I ask Strawberry as our order arrives, "will the Bears find a decent quarterback this year?"

"I have no idea," Strawberry says without interest as she digs like a sugar addict for the cherries in her glass. This is a clue Sherlock Holmes would spot in a heartbeat, but I miss it.

As I eat, I notice that Strawberry is staring out the window and frowning at something. "What's wrong?" I ask.

"Nothing," she says, shrugging.

"Something is bothering you," I say.

"I hate that blue car," she says calmly.

"You hate a blue car?"

"Absolutely," she says.

I fall into her trap. It is a sunny morning, we have a glorious day ahead of us—I go along to get along. I even search for the car.

"Where is it?" I ask, trying to sound offended. I want to be angry, too.

"Over there," she says, pointing at a battered sedan parked across the street. "And I hate it."

My stomach full, my brain still slow and stupid, I study the car. What is wrong with it? Why can't I hate it the way Strawberry hates it? If she sees we are buddies, maybe she will speak to me in more than monosyllables. Then it hits me, the dreadful possibility I hadn't previously considered. "Oh shit," I say as I struggle with reality.

"What's the matter with you?" Strawberry snaps.

"Is it that time of the month?" I wince as I ask.

"What do you mean?" Strawberry asks defensively. "Just say what you mean."

"Is it—you know?" No response. She is not feeling cooperative today. "Is your period now in session?" I ask.

Strawberry smiles tightly. "My period is now in session, butthead," she whispers. "So shut up and hang on."

This happens to be one of those moments when the Force is with me, and I devise what we have come to call the Blue Car Code. "From now on," I say to Strawberry as she asks the waitress for more cherries, "we are going to have a way of signaling that your period is here and all is not well."

"Hey, I'm fine. Everything is fine," she says pugnaciously.

"You are semifine," I say. "You are also a little bit nuts today. So from now on, whenever you say, 'It's a blue car day, Ace,' I will not bug you, I promise. But I need a warning. So will you do me that favor, please?"

"All right. *It's a blue car day, Ace*," Strawberry says loudly as she laughs at her own mood swings. "There. I said it. Now shut up about it."

I say "OK," and nod, knowing that I have survived yet another cycle of the moon. But that Sunday morning leaves me with some thoughts about the primal differences between men and women and the rhythms of human biology.

For most guys (yours truly included) menstruation is an awesome and mysterious subject. For starters, check out Webster's definition of the word: "*menstruation*: a discharging of blood, secretions and tissue debris from the uterus that recurs in nonpregnant breeding-age primate females at approximately monthly intervals and that is considered to represent a readjustment of the uterus to the nonpregnant state following proliferative changes accompanying the preceding ovulation."

To this definition most men would say something like, "Yeah. OK. That's enough. No need to read it again—I don't need to know a whole lot more about it. Women can have it. I don't want it. It's too strange for me."

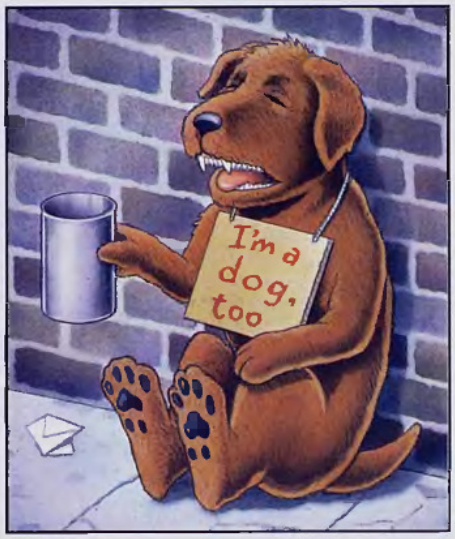
No matter how many times we are told that there are no differences between women and men, this elemental function of the female body stands out like a lighthouse to most men, a blood-red beacon on the shores of sexuality that intrigues and awes us. Most of the women we know and love go through it every month, their emotions waxing and waning, and we are left standing on the shore, dumb and then dumber, waiting for their storms to subside and domestic peace to arrive again.

What makes it weird for us in this strange and puritanical new age is the fact that none of this is supposed to be discussed in these terms. (Menstruation? It wasn't there again today; oh, how they wish it would go away). To even imply that nature has handed women an emotional burden we do not share is to risk being called sexist and misogynist. In a unisex culture, how dare a man point out such differences?

The truth is that on blue car days, no matter how unpopular it may make us, it is easy. Even if we have to duck as soon as we say it.

DOG IS MY COPILOT

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL



Everything was fine until Digby met Posey and they fell madly, irrevocably in love. Soon after, the pissing started.

Digby had been a normal little fellow: Yes, he was vain, vocal and opinionated, but what can you expect from a nine-pound terrier?

"Because we are Persian, we do not know how to take care of a dog," said a woman who got my number from the Dog-Suckers-R-Us hotline. "And if you can't take him he must go to the pound."

If you live in Los Angeles or in way too many other cities, you must never take a dog to an animal shelter, since this dog may well be killed. Yes, they say, "Oh, we'll hold the animal for a while before it's euthanatized," but *never, ever* count on it (except in San Francisco, which is a no-kill city). With sickening frequency beloved pets that somehow manage to knock out a window screen or burrow under a fence are picked up by animal control and slaughtered, often minutes before their distraught owners rush in to claim them. This is not hyperbole. I have statistics. I have affidavits.

"Okeydoke, bring him over," I said to the Persian woman. "I will foster him and find him a home." And she did. She knocked on my door holding this tiny scrap of a guy, who looked to be a terrier-squirrel-spider mix. His fur was matted with melon-colored lipstick kisses. Tearful goodbyes ensued, more lipstick was smeared, and she left. Digby ran in circles, sniffed the other dogs' butts and investigated the kitchen thoroughly, then barked happily and jumped onto my lap.

"You sure are cute," I said to him. "I will find you a good new home in about a minute."

"Rrrowr," he barked archly. That was five years ago.

I searched, but Digby was impossible to place. I ran an ad in the paper. Everyone who responded said things like, "Well, I hope this one lives. My last seven dogs got run over." Or "I want the dog to cheer up my mother, who has two weeks to live," or "Can he fight real good?" or "My little girl wants a dog."

Parents, do not get your children a dog unless you are absolutely certain you want a dog way more than they do. Children vacillate. One minute they must never be parted from their Barney doll, not even while bathing. The next minute Barney is buried in the backyard forever.

And if you get your child a dog, do not get her a small dog. Small dogs are afraid that small children will suddenly rip off their legs, which tends to make them (the dogs) snappy and gloomy. A nice Lab-collie-shepherd-beagle cross is what you want, preferably a black dog with a white blaze on his chest. They are always euthanatizing this paragon of the dog world at animal shelters and I don't know why. If it were up to me, black dogs would inherit the earth.

Meanwhile, Digby acclimated. He bowed obsequiously to Sally, my papillon alpha bitch. He gamboled goofily around the head of Doc, my white-chested black Lab-collie-shepherd. He spent an hour each day carefully tending to the ears of Homer, my happy red hound. (Do you remember Homer? I wrote about adopting him after someone dumped him when he was 11 years old. He is now 16! He still can jump onto a table to grab and consume a loaf of bread in a nanosecond. Just the other day he greeted me at the door with a corn-chip bag over his entire head.) But mainly Digby was devoted to Mike, my neurotic, craven papillon. They were pals, buds, brothers in scaring mailmen and attacking vacuum cleaners. They egged each other into stealing used sanitary napkins from the bathroom trash for playing tug-of-war in front of visiting clergymen. And then, one fateful day, there was a knock at the door. I opened it to find a box containing a quaking, terrified papillon at my feet as a car sped away. I took her in and named her Posey. She blossomed into a beautiful flirt. Digby and Mike each vied desperately for her hand. Digby won. His prance had a new spring to it. He shot disdainful, vindictive glances at Mike, who went into a decline. Digby and Mike never played again; they barely managed polite nods.

Posey, who had been kicked around in her previous home, was tough and feisty. And one fateful, horrible day, Posey decided that the undivided devotion of two neutered males was not enough. She wanted to be the neutered alpha bitch. She attacked my beloved Sally and nearly severed Sally's jugular. Bitches are like that. (You may have noticed.)

Then two things happened to rock Digby's world. Posey went to live in Ohio with Nona and Marv Rosen, the biggest dog lovers on earth. And I got married to an unneutered male.

And so Digby, until then fastidious in his habits, started a peefest. He peed on my husband's pillow, usually just after we changed the linen. He peed in Mike's food bowl. He peed on my shoes. When not peeing on things, he took to staring mournfully out the window and howling. Don't anybody ever try to tell me that dogs have no emotions. The dog's heart was broken. It was sad. Plus, there was the peeing.

So one day this spring I put Digby in a little travel case and we boarded an airplane for Columbus, Ohio. Digby bore the trip with only the odd whimper. Nona picked us up at the airport. We drove to her lovely house and into her garage. The door to the house opened and Posey appeared.

Posey smelled, then saw Digby. Digby stared slack-jawed at Posey. They ran toward each other in slow motion [*cue violins*]. They kissed.

Nona tells me Digby has acquired quite a lovely collection of sweaters. No dog pound for this fortunate scrap. I miss the little dude. But what are you going to do? Love will out.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 40, 45.2 & 50° Alc. by Vol. (distilled from premium grain
PURE FANTASY.
SMIRNOFF.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

We live in the U.S. territory of Guam. Recently there has been an influx of immigrants from the island nation of Chuuk. We've heard references to a sexual position called the Chuukese hammer, but when we ask for details, our new friends just respond with big smiles. Can you help?—L.Y., Agana, Guam

No problem. The Chuukese hammer (also known as wechewechen chuuk, which translates as "Trukese striking"), requires the man to sit with his legs spread. The woman kneels facing him and scoots forward so her partner can slide the head of his penis just inside her labia. He then grasps his erection and moves it up and down (the "hammer") to stimulate her clitoris. As the couple reaches climax, the man draws the woman closer and slides inside her. To signal the height of her arousal, the woman may place her finger in the man's ear. The Chuukese hammer reminds us of an American-made trick called the builder's grip. During intercourse, the man occasionally pauses, wraps his hand around the base of his penis, withdraws and gently "hammers" his erection against his partner's clitoris. Just make sure her fingers are out of the way.

Has anyone ever had sex in outer space? What were the results? Surely someone must have tried it by now.—G.S., Austin, Texas

Sex in space—the final frontier. NASA says no one has become a member of the 250-mile-high club on an American mission. The Russians are another matter. There has been speculation—but no proof—that sex occurred after an adventurous female cosmonaut joined the two-man crew of a Soviet space station in 1982. We're skeptical, but that may be our patriotism showing. Space agencies in both countries have shied away from the topic, yet it's becoming relevant now that missions can last months (a manned trip to Mars would take six months each way). Weightless sex would be a challenge—without restraints, a couple would drift apart as they pushed against each other. On the upside, as Arthur C. Clarke observed in PLAYBOY *a few years ago, "the absence of gravity would certainly make the more acrobatic performances outlined in the 'Kama Sutra' less likely to invoke the urgent services of a chiropractor. Consider, for example, the notorious daisy chain—hitherto, merely two-dimensional. In zero gravity, all the regular solids and many highly irregular ones could be constructed." Pity the poor sap who has to be strapped down to get it started.*

What is the best way to serve caviar?—D.S., Cleveland, Ohio

First, choose a quality caviar. Traditionally, the best roe (beluga, osetra and Sevruga) comes from the Caspian Sea, though some American caviar is also excellent. Look for

the word malossol on the label ("little salt" in Russian, a reference to the curing process), and avoid the pasteurized stuff. Place the open container in a small glass or porcelain bowl, surrounded by crushed ice. Don't use a metal or stainless steel serving spoon, which can spoil the taste. Some caviar lovers insist the roe should be served only with lightly toasted bread points, or with a squirt of lemon juice if you're serving a lesser-quality grade. You don't want to serve chopped eggs, onion, sour cream, crème fraîche or anything that overpowers the roe. The drinks of choice are dry champagne or frozen vodka. Adventurous hosts use caviar to top dishes such as omelettes, pasta, salads or fish—we approve. In preparing caviar, never freeze or cook the eggs, and finish eating the roe within a week of opening the tin. Store fresh caviar in the coldest part of the refrigerator, or in a bowl of crushed ice; unopened tins will remain fresh a few weeks at best.

Do you have any advice for developing better relations with one's in-laws? It seems this is an important but overlooked aspect of most relationships.—M.W., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

In-law problems nearly always stem from conflicts about loyalties—the old families versus the new. Here are some general suggestions: Don't lobby your in-laws when you have fights with their daughter. Don't betray family secrets. Don't criticize or bad-mouth your wife to her family (we have to tell you that?). Don't play mind games such as denigrating your in-laws to make your own parents look better. Most important, don't shift the blame for conflicts in your relationship ("this is your mother's fault") or offer ultimatums ("it's either me or them"). Finally, remember that you don't have to like your in-laws to get along with them. For more guidance, one book we like on the topic is "Don't Call Me Mom: How to Improve Your In-Law Relationships" (954-925-5242, or life timebooks.com). The next letter is from a reader who managed to bond quite well with his mother-in-law.

For the past five months I have been having an affair with my wife's mother. She's 56 and has a great body. The affair began when she stayed with us while looking for a house. My wife works the night shift as a nurse, and I was home watching TV when my mother-in-law came out of the bedroom wearing a robe and smoking a joint! She sat down, offered me a hit and told me she hadn't had sex in three years (since my wife's father died). I told her she was high and that she should go back to bed, but she slid closer and started kissing me. We ended up in the bedroom and made love three times before I fell asleep. Then I had sex with my wife the next morning. (It wasn't easy, but I managed.) Two weeks ago my mother-in-law moved into her new house, and now we screw there. My wife thinks it's great that I get along so well with her mother, but she wonders why I go to see her every night. I tell her it's to move furniture, but that won't work forever. I still love my wife, but the sex is too good with her mother. What should I do?—S.M., Orlando, Florida

It's too late now, but you should have mustered all your power and resisted this one. You're going to get caught—you know that, don't you?—and your wife won't buy the lame "she's been lonely since your dad died" excuse. Instead, she may leave you alone with her mother. Is that what you really want? (Is that what any man really wants?) If you're smart, you'll help your mother-in-law find another lover—maybe somebody from her bridge club?

Is it possible to rent a Harley-Davidson? Just a thought I've had.—C.V., Memphis, Tennessee

There are places. Assuming you have a motorcycle endorsement on your license and can provide a $2000 security deposit on a major credit card, you're ready for the road. Rental fees start at $135 a day. Budget franchises in Daytona Beach, Miami, Boston, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard and Fort Lauderdale handle hogs (phone 888-736-8433), as does Ironhorse (800-946-4743) in Orlando, Fort Lauderdale, Clearwater and Los Angeles, and Eagle Rider (800-501-8687) in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and Orlando.

From time to time, my girlfriend and I enjoy role-playing in bed. My favorite

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

fantasy is to pretend she's a hooker, give her money and demand she do anything I want. The problem is that she keeps the money ($20 to $30, depending on the tip). Does this make her a prostitute?—T.G., La Crosse, Wisconsin

She's not a prostitute unless she has other clients. You tip her?

Last week my wife and I went camping for a few days in Yellowstone National Park. I wanted to make love, but she refused. She said that having sex in the woods might attract bears. Is that true?—T.Y., Boulder, Colorado

Unless you're covered in honey or make love while frying bacon, you aren't putting yourself in danger. Professor Steve Herrero of the University of Calgary, who has documented nearly 900 bear attacks over the past 30 years, has found only a few where a couple reported having sex before the bear showed up. "That's probably nothing more than chance," he says. He won't dismiss a connection completely—"a bear's sense of smell is as good or better than any bloodhound's"—but the chances you'll be attacked are almost nil to begin with if you observe the standard precautions of backcountry camping, such as keeping your food properly sealed and stored (most attacks occur when the animal is surprised by hikers). Dr. Herrero has also recorded only three or four cases where a bear attacked a woman who happened to be menstruating, another common but exaggerated fear. Bears can be as unpredictable as humans, however, so triple-bag fresh and used tampons and sanitary napkins, scented soaps and colognes. Then again, if you're carrying cologne into the woods, you don't belong there.

I was invited to a potluck dinner at a friend's home and took my specialty, seafood casserole. After dinner, the host suggested we play a game. Of the 15 guests, four women and five men decided to participate. The men first took each woman into the bedroom, then the women did the same with each guy. They were supposed to determine who "tasted" best. I was in shock, having never been to an orgy or anything close and having had no idea my friend was a swinger. But everyone else seemed comfortable (or at least less uncomfortable than me) and chatted and drank wine. As the game wore on, the laughter from the bedroom was replaced occasionally by moans of pleasure. I began to feel aroused. My friend said this game was one of his favorites, a great way to digest food and 100 percent fat-free. Have you ever heard of these taste-test parties?—T.R., San Francisco, California

Yes, but we took chili and were never invited back.

My girlfriend has herpes. She says that unless she has blisters, I don't need to worry about catching the virus. Is she right?—S.S., Albany, New York

Your girlfriend needs to get with the program. After a study of blood samples, researchers estimated that 80 percent of people with herpes worldwide don't realize they have it. That's in part because the virus can be active without producing lesions. One study of 110 women with genital herpes found that most undetected outbreaks of the virus—known as asymptomatic shedding—occurred within a week of a visible outbreak. The women who had the most frequent lesions were also more likely to have asymptomatic phases. The bottom line is that people with herpes should abstain from sex when they have symptoms and always use condoms when they don't.

On television, I occasionally hear a limerick that begins "There was an old man from Nantucket. . . ." The verse is never completed (I assume because it's risqué). None of my friends knows the rest of it, but someone suggested I ask the Advisor. Can you finish the rhyme?—J.J., Alexandria, Indiana

The original of this famous limerick, which first appeared in the "Princeton Tiger" early in this century, unfolded this way: "There was an old man from Nantucket/Who kept all his cash in a bucket/But his daughter, named Nan/Ran away with a man/And as for the bucket, Nantucket." The bawdy variations you don't hear on TV conclude with "fuck it" or "suck it," though we have encountered this version as well: "There once was a man from Nantucket/Whose dick was so long he could suck it/He said, though quite crass/As he lubed up his ass/'I've found a nice place I can tuck it!'" Nantucket is the Port Authority of limericks—everyone passes through on their way to someplace else. We ended up recently in Leigh, home to one of our favorites: "There was a young plumber of Leigh/Who was plumbing a maid by the sea/Said the maid, 'Cease your plumbing/I think someone's coming'/Said the plumber, still plumbing, 'It's me!'"

I would like to visit some pubs in England, but I'm not sure of the etiquette once I get inside. Can you provide any tips?—J.M., Iowa City, Iowa

Most pub rules are unwritten, but you still have to know them. If you're with a group, buy your round sooner rather than later. There's no wait staff, so you're responsible for retrieving the drinks. If you don't buy first, offer to get the second round when most pints have been drained to a quarter of their lives. Pay in cash. Say please. Order the Guinness first (it needs time to settle). You don't have to tip the bartender, but you can buy him a drink. After he fills your order, ask, "And one for yourself?" He'll thank you and add the cost to your bill. When planning your crawl, remember that English pubs close at 11 P.M. (10:30 P.M. on Sundays), though you're allowed 20 minutes after the bell to finish your pint. If you're in the mood for conversation—which, besides refreshment, is the chief reason to visit a pub—don't thrust your hand out to the regulars. Instead, make small talk and be unobtrusive. It's always a nice gesture to buy some drinks—"Can I get you another?" Finally, don't be rattled by the argumentative or rambling nature of the discussions; nothing should be taken too seriously in a pub. For more guidance, visit the Beer and Pubs UK site at www.blra.co.uk.

A reader recently wrote the *Advisor* saying he had a fantasy about making love in gelatin. Rather than use a bathtub as you suggested, my husband and I set up an inflatable wading pool in the kitchen. We had lots of room (the oral sex couldn't have been better), and cleanup was a cinch. We just dragged everything into the backyard and hosed it down.—S.K., Dallas, Texas

We're impressed.

When I climax, I sometimes squirt a clear liquid. My husband and I separated recently, and during that time, some bimbo told him I was peeing on him. Now we're trying to work things out, but he refuses to bring me to orgasm. He won't listen to anything I say, but he devours your every word. Can you help?—F.A., Modesto, California

Sure. It's not pee. During arousal or orgasm, some women release a clear, odorless fluid from their urethra. Lab analysis has shown it to be, in varying degrees, chemically distinct from urine. In many cases a woman who ejaculates does so only when her Graefenberg spot is stimulated—that's the spongy tissue that surrounds the urethra and lies beneath the upper wall of the vagina. Some researchers believe that the fluid originates from the same tissue that becomes the prostate gland in men. Female ejaculation is accepted as a matter of course in some cultures. The Batoro of Uganda, for example, teach unmarried women the custom of "kachapati," or "spraying the walls." It's also common in erotica—apparently men fancy the idea they can make a woman gush (or at least spurt). Your husband should consider himself lucky.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq, or check out the Advisor's latest book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

DIRTY PICTURES, MORAL OUTRAGE AND THE NEW ABSEXUALITY

why antiporn crusaders have sex on the brain

By CAROL QUEEN

Sex-negative news sells. We never see the headline PUBLIC FIGURE HAS BEST ORGASM OF HER LIFE, but fired surgeons general and antisodomy legislators can count on airtime. This has long been the case, but yesterday's popes and Comstocks have given way to a new parade of antisex torchbearers. Have you ever wondered what makes these people tick? Speculating about the psychology of the antiporn foes made me wonder what Jesse Helms, Andrea Dworkin, Catharine MacKinnon, Ed Meese, the local head of Citizens Against Pornography (and her counterparts across the country), a host of sex-negative televangelists and all of their followers have in common.

They all think about sex a lot. But so do I—maybe more than they do. It's my job, after all, and I freely confess that I've followed the path that most fascinates me. On both sides of this pro-sex–antisex fence, we are perhaps a little more obsessed with sexuality than are our neighbors.

The loose coalition I'd identify as our side of that fence—anticensorship activists, sex-positive academics, sex radicals, producers of erotic material, gay activists and others who identify with sex-positive politics—displays a level of tolerance that the other side does not. Unlike the antigay, antiporn, anti–sex difference demagogues—most of them steeped in fundamentalist Christianity, the rest in fundamentalist feminism—we tend to believe that all kinds of consensual sex are potentially healthful and good.

A difference in the quality of our focus and their focus on sex is prurience—that ineffable variety of sex obsession that they keep accusing us of trying to exploit. I began to think of specific examples:

Susie Bright has said that the best jerk-off book she's ever read is the compiled evidence of the Meese Commission (printed, with delicious irony, at government expense). I've heard that the pornography report from the Nixon years is similarly spicy, but the Meese panel was especially focused on the most hard-to-obtain stuff, skewing its report (illustrated, of course) toward the extra-kinky.

When I heard the leader of my local Citizens Against Pornography group speak about the evils of porn, I was struck by one thing: For five full minutes, she recited a list of porno titles available at local convenience stores, getting very worked up about all the nasty words she had to say.

ROBERT MYERS

Andrea Dworkin's impassioned rhetoric and writing are salted with enough pornographic imagery to remind her audience (many of whom haven't had the heinous exposure to pornography she's had) of exactly what she's excoriating. You will recall that she's the author who popularized a notion that the feminist movement is still trying to live down: that any penetration is rape.

During a NOW conference in New York City, I met a woman who preaches on a soapbox in Times Square about pornography's evils and who, according to another antipornster, has the biggest collection of kinky tapes and mags in town. I guess she has to keep current.

One internationally known antipornography lecturer is said to have a great collection of hard-to-find amputee porn, for those who fetishize women and men who have lost a limb. Aside from the movies of notorious Seventies porn star Long Jean Silver, this stuff can't be found over the counter. I wonder how a nice lady like her got on all the right mailing lists?

And just watch Helms give any speech in which he has to talk about sodomy. Racy stuff.

The antigay material put out by the Oregon Citizens' Alliance or any similar group (their carefully concocted "no special rights" message notwithstanding) is only a hobbyhorse for their obsession with fisting and feces, gerbils and pedophilia.

What all these people have in common has nothing to do with political affiliation, though it can be used in the name of any sort of politics. Rather, these disparate antiporn, antisex activists unite in their relationship to sexuality.

Indeed, it is only this sexual focus that unites the various antisex forces, for in other respects the politics of fundamentalists, feminists and homophobes are decidedly dissimilar. I haven't seen MacKinnon or Dworkin going to bat for gay rights ordinances, but if one were on the ballot in their towns, I imagine they'd vote for it. And even though Helms is an ally in their quest to sanitize the world, I'm not sure either of them would vote for him. No, the feminist antisex forces are not the ladies' auxiliary of the New Right, much as they sometimes seem. The

right wing, after all, has cultivated a ladies' auxiliary of its own and beds down with feminists only when it becomes strategic.

For all of them, sex (or a particular kind of sex, or sexual representation) is threatening, fear-provoking and utterly fascinating. Crusading against other people's sexual behaviors and images enables them to wallow in a safe form of sexual obsession. I believe that this crusade becomes intrinsic to the way they relate to sex, that their focus on awful, beyond-the-pale sexuality far overshadows the actual body-to-body sex in their own lives. I believe their voyeuristic, judgmental peeping on other forms of sex is, in fact, their sexual orientation.

If this is an erotic orientation, we need a word for it. Everybody else's sexual orientation has a prefix or a name: hetero, homo, bi, sadist, masochist, fetishist, devotee (the name for those who like to watch amputee porn). The list goes on. (To be precise, every other sexual orientation probably doesn't have a name yet, despite the best word-combining efforts of people such as Dr. John Money, a sexologist who has been coining terms for two decades. Inevitably some silent or obscure sexualist will elude his grasp.) Until now no one has named these antisex enthusiasts because their views have been regarded from a political, not a sexological, angle. But up close, their zeal is too often accompanied by heavy breathing.

My partner Robert, who is a doctor (and hence, like John Money, is privy to the arcane art of word combining), suggested the term absexual. Ab is a prefix meaning "away from." Certainly that describes the antisexuals' relationship to sex: They hold the sex that fascinates them at arm's length. Too intrigued to turn away, they ease their guilt behind a smoke screen of judgment.

This idea renders the phenomenon of the moral crusader easier for me to understand. Many people dislike pornography, for many reasons, or feel uncomfortable with or intolerant of other people's sexual choices. But not all of these people devote their lives to the crusade. In fact, this garden-variety discomfort usually dissipates when the intolerant person gets a good, nonjudgmental sex education. Something must distinguish the people who go on the warpath from the ones who don't. Perhaps it is this uncomfortable fascination, the fact that the crusaders can't drop their focus. Couldn't it be a twist on the old theme of "recognize sexual feelings, find a way to pursue them"? How do homophobes get that way? How do absexuals?

I suspect absexuals (among whom I include virulent homophobes) "got that way" through varying degrees of early trauma about sex, either through physical sex abuse, as Dworkin says she endured, or mental and emotional abuse, often religiously inspired. Psychologists call it the "reaction formation": Sexual trauma of whatever sort makes the individual's relation to sexuality especially charged and complex. In 1935, anthropologist Adolph Niemoeller discussed a state called antifetishism: "The condition in which an object, person, part of a person, piece of wearing apparel, etc. acts upon a person beholding, touching, or in some way sensing it, in such a way to set up in that person a more or less violent sexual disinclination or revulsion." This is clearly related to homophobia and, indeed, to what I call absexuality. But I'm suggesting a new paradigm when I repackage these psychological and anthropological ideas in terms of sexual orientation.

Measure Senator Helms' dick with a plethysmograph when he rants about homosexual sadomasochists.

This leads me to consider Dworkin and Helms not as Annie Sprinkle does when she calls them the greatest performance artists in the country but as people who have a divergent sexual orientation. Perhaps they can't help it. And this might unravel their peculiar passion from the politics in which they've cocooned themselves to justify their interest in porn and to gather support for their views.

Do you suppose it would change their leadership abilities if their minions came to understand that their support had been enlisted not in a crusade but in a kink?

Social learning theory can explain the genesis of an absexual: A sexually abused child grows up, looks for an explanation of what happened to him and lights upon pornography. A religiously abused child is rendered hysterical over and ashamed of her own sexual feelings and ends up with an inordinate focus on other people's sins. A neat little package of a theory, eh? For years, male homosexuality was explained through reference to the men's mothers and childhood experiences. Looking to a deviant childhood for an explanation of deviance is, in a way, what the social sciences are all about.

If researchers insist on scrutinizing these divergent forms of sexuality, how about taking a look at absexuality? Measure Dworkin's heart rate when she talks about porn. Measure Senator Helms' dick with a plethysmograph when he rants about homosexual sadomasochists. Slap a blood pressure cuff on the CAP lady when she rattles off her list of porno titles. Give them all Rorschach tests! Why do these poor souls show these particular sexual deviations? Can they be helped?

I am recommending the study of absexuality not because it is a newly labeled kink but because, unlike many of the other kinks researchers have wasted precious lab time on, it is often engaged in nonconsensually. Think about the gay guys the men in the military are so concerned about: What should Joe Hetero do if a pass is made at him in the shower? Why, say "No thank you," of course. (You guys do realize that's how to deal with unwanted sexual advances, don't you?) But do Dworkin and MacKinnon or Meese and Helms give me the opportunity to say no to their "advances" as they try to curtail my access to sexually explicit materials? No, they do not. The crusading absexuals are fundamentally nonconsensual, for their goal is to impose their standards of sexuality on the rest of society. Talk about recruiting. Have you ever seen an antiporn slide show or viewed an anti–gay rights video? Explicit sexual images are taken out of context to manipulate viewers into the level of titillated shock the absexuals themselves feel, with never a mention that the viewer might not find them shocking at all. Prevailing cultural absexuality is on their agenda, with no room for "live and let live."

Carol Queen is the author of "Real Live Nude Girl" (Cleis Press).

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

COARSE CONGRESS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Researchers at the University of Pennsylvania tallied the number of vulgarities uttered on the floor of the House of Representatives since*

1985, and the speechmakers on Capitol Hill aren't winning any awards for civility. During the 104th Congress—the first under Newt Gingrich—hell led the way with 355 mentions, followed by stupid (344) and damn or goddamn (100). Others included shit (3), bastard (8), crap (25), ass (33), whore (5), bozo (2), idiot (30), piss (5), bitch (33) and nitwit (2). The study found little change in vulgarity from the previous Democratic Congress, with one exception: scum (23, up from 4). The word was used to describe drug dealers, communists, flag burners, vivisectors, ninjas, Sandinista supporters, death row inmates, pornographers, looters, skinheads and "Doonesbury."

SUBSCRIPTION TROUBLE

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA—*The Greenville County Library has carried* PLAYBOY *for 37 years without incident, but now a conservative political strategist wants to cancel the subscription. After the strategist, who is a member of the library's board of directors, filed a complaint about the magazine, numerous residents offered to pay for the subscription and the cost of transferring issues to microfilm. One free speech Samaritan, a businessman active in both the ACLU and the National Organization for Women, told a local paper, "I detest this type of censorship. If the right-wing extremists take* PLAYBOY *out of the library, they will attempt to remove other books they don't agree with." We couldn't have said it better.*

POSTMARITAL SEX

THE VATICAN—*The Pontifical Council on the Family reaffirmed that divorced Catholics must abstain from sex, even if they remarry. Since the church does not recognize divorce, sex that occurs outside the original marriage is tantamount to living in sin.*

WHO'S HARASSING WHOM?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Supreme Court upheld a lower court ruling that a community college's sexual harassment policy violated the free speech rights of a professor. The case began five years earlier, after English prof Dean Cohen told his students at San Bernardino Valley College to read works by Gloria Steinem and Susan Jacoby, and write an essay defining pornography. One student disliked the assignment and stopped attending class. Not surprisingly, she flunked. She then complained that Cohen had sexually harassed her by creating an "intimidating, hostile or offensive learning environment." When a faculty committee reprimanded the professor, he took his case to court.*

GENDER CHECK

PICKLE LAKE, ONTARIO—*The son of a Baptist minister quit the town hockey team because he felt squeamish changing in and out of his gear with the sole female player in the room. His father demanded that the town council force the woman to segregate herself. "I always wear long johns and have never taken my T-shirt off," the exasperated female player told a reporter. "I'm not an exhibitionist." A team official suggested that the minister's son be the one to change elsewhere.*

ADVENTURES IN BABYSITTING

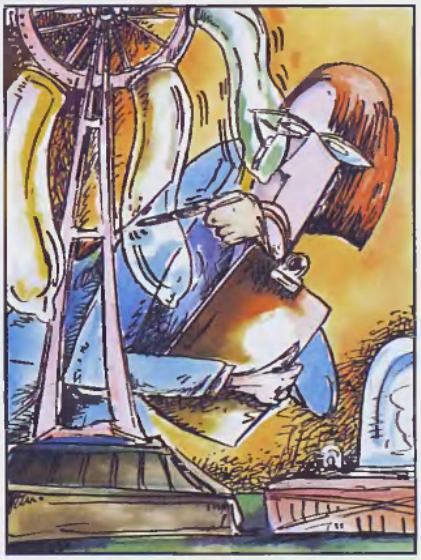
VANCOUVER—*The British Columbia Human Rights Council awarded a nanny $7500 in damages and lost wages after she was harassed by a teenage charge. The boy had peeped at her while she showered, hid under her bed naked and began masturbating when she discovered him. The nanny said the boy's mother dismissed her complaints by saying her son was just fun-loving. The boy's father told him to apologize. The council found the parents liable for their son's behavior.*

GOOD GOD

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS—*Governor Mike Huckabee refused to sign disaster-assistance legislation because he objected to its legal definition of tornadoes, floods and earthquakes as "acts of God." Huckabee, a Baptist minister and Republican, said he doesn't believe that calamities such as those described in the bill could be the work of the Almighty. (Perhaps he should reread the Old Testament.) After much discussion, lawmakers agreed to change the wording to "natural causes." One Democrat called the debate "the silliest thing I've ever been through in my life."*

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE

THERMAL, CALIFORNIA—*School district officials disqualified a high school student from a science fair because her project encouraged safe sex. Concerned about teen pregnancies and AIDS, Shari Lo scientifically tested the strength and endurance of*



six brands of condoms. Unfortunately for Lo, the school district's sex education policy preaches abstinence. The school board later claimed Lo's project might have confused younger students. It also might have saved their lives.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

READER

HOLY JUDGES

David Barringer's essay "Holier Than Law" (*The Playboy Forum*, May) leaves much to be desired in terms of accuracy. In his haste to condemn Judge Thomas Quirk for allowing individuals convicted of DWI and other crimes to attend the church of their choice once a week for a year rather than pay a fine or go to jail, Barringer leaves out a lot.

First, he neglects to mention that anyone who objected to the alternative sentence of church attendance was allowed to perform community service instead.

Second, his statement that a federal court had already held the church sentences to violate the establishment clause is wrong. To the contrary, there are numerous federal and state court decisions indicating that such practices are constitutional so long as they do not favor one set of religious beliefs over others.

Third, while the essay mentions that Judge Quirk was sued in federal court over his church practices, it curiously fails to disclose that the suit was voluntarily withdrawn when the plaintiff's ACLU lawyer was threatened by Quirk's attorney with sanctions for frivolous litigation.

Fourth, Barringer doesn't mention that not one of the more than 1500 alternative church sentences has ever been overturned by the Louisiana Third Circuit Court of Appeals.

Notwithstanding Barringer's efforts to portray Quirk as a religious zealot, the truth is that he does not say prayers in the courtroom and does not attempt to proselytize those who appear before him. As his attorney, I can attest that he conducts his business consistent with the highest standards of the American judiciary.

Remarkably, Barringer never contacted Quirk or me before rushing to his judgment. He obviously never bothered to read any law, either. It seems ironic that Barringer can bash others for alleged First Amendment violations while breaching his own First Amendment responsibilities to be a fair and accurate journalist.

Contrary to Barringer's assertions, the First Amendment does not prohibit religious ideas in the law. It merely prohibits the government from establishing an American version of the Church of England. If Barringer's view of the First Amendment were correct, we could not print "In God We Trust" on our currency, require witnesses to swear to tell the truth "so help me God," sing religious hymns as part of school choral programs, have religious displays at courthouses and other public buildings or require defendants sentenced for DWI to complete Alcoholics Anonymous programs (which require belief in God for recovery). Yet all of these things have passed constitutional muster in recent years.

The 17th century metaphor of a "wall of separation between church and state" is overly simplistic and misses the point. Perhaps Barringer would do better to concentrate on maintaining a wall of separation between fact and fiction.

J. Michael Veron
Lake Charles, Louisiana

Barringer responds: Veron's first point is simply wrong. None of the 1500 defendants were offered community service as an alternative to church sentences. How do I know? I asked Judge Quirk. During a phone conversation on August 15, 1996, Quirk put it this way: "They can pay the fine, go to jail or go to church. If you can't pay the fine and don't want to go to church, then you're going to go to jail."

Even if Quirk has recently begun offering alternatives, so what? When judges attempt to influence how, when, where and why people observe their faiths, then everyone who cares about freedom of religion should cry foul. And everyone who cares about the integrity of their religious beliefs should resist judicial efforts to secularize religion as a civil sentence. Shame on those who try to equate hearing the word of one's God with picking up trash on a state highway.

As to Veron's second point, see the 1984 "State vs. Morgan" case referenced in the article, in which the court held that "requiring a defendant to regularly attend an organized church of his choice violates the establishment clauses of the U.S. and Louisiana constitutions."

Veron's statement about the ACLU suit is also wrong. The group dropped its suit after Quirk declared the plaintiff's sentence already served.

And as for none of the sentences being

FOR THE RECORD

PYRAMID SCHEME

Hey, Jesse Helms, have you heard the news?
Art is actually good for you!
Hey, Jesse Helms, what's that you say?
Artists are all freaks, and they're all gay!
Hey, Jesse Helms, let's make a plan;
We'll make the art, and we'll take a stand.
Art is not just pleasing to the eye.
It's radical, fanatical and can make you cry.
Hey, Jesse Helms, you preach to all the masses.
Censorship! Censorship! Kiss our asses!

—BOSTON'S SCHOOL OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS' CHEERLEADERS PERFORMING AT AN ARTNOW RALLY IN WASHINGTON, D.C. THE SYNCOPATED COED SQUAD WAS INVITED AS PART OF ARTNOW'S EFFORTS TO ADVOCATE FOR FEDERAL ARTS SUPPORT. THE SCHOOL, WHICH HAS NO SPORTS TEAMS, IS HOLDING OUT FOR A CALL FROM *Letterman*

RESPONSE

overturned, Quirk has avoided appellate review with some slippery moves. During our August 1996 phone conversation, Quirk said of the only other defendant to complain, "I changed his sentence from attendance at church to the normal sentence, and therefore he lost on appeal."

Nothing else Veron has to say is worth responding to, except that I might correct his misunderstanding of the place of religion in law and government. We take oaths to God, recognize Christmas as a national holiday and even allow Congress to open sessions with prayer because we rationalize these practices as being more secular than spiritual. It is a mistake, and should be a mistake, for judges to influence the terms of our faiths, or to apply the law of their God rather than the law of our land.

Editor's note: The Judiciary Commission of Louisiana would seem to agree. In April, it found Quirk to be engaged in misconduct in connection with his church sentencing. The commission also recommended disciplinary action against Quirk on the grounds that he, without authorization, named Veron (his personal legal counsel) as special counsel to the city in an attempt to have a sentencing appeal dismissed. The Louisiana Supreme Court will hand down its ruling this fall.

CHATTER MATTERS

Something about the statistics in "Sinfotainment" ("For the Record," *The Playboy Forum*, May) galls me. *Jerry Springer*, a show that is largely toothless, is rated 90 percent indecent, yet *Jenny Jones*, a show that is responsible for the murder of one man and the trial and conviction of his assailant, is rated only 72 percent indecent or harmful. *Geraldo*, the show that has done more harm than all the others combined, isn't even mentioned. What was the Morality in Media group thinking?

Ronald Serafin
Houston, Texas

FOURTH AMENDMENT

What a fallacious comparison Clete Davis makes between drug search and seizure abuses and the supposed indignities gun owners endure ("Kids and War," *Reader Response*, May)! Current firearm laws provide only a check to keep weapons out of hands that no longer deserve that right. In fact, I think it's safe to say that such laws are not being enforced to the same degree as drug searches when former mental patients can purchase a gun within 24 hours of applying. Millions of guns are legally owned (if not legally used), yet a million people can go to jail for buying a joint or two because of our government's refusal to legalize marijuana. Does that sound like a legitimate comparison? Not even close!

Tim Braman
Rockford, Illinois

GETTING NAKED

The flurry of college sex surveys of late indicates that coeds are experimenting with and loving one another in many time-honored ways.

According to the *Providence Phoenix* newspaper, the latest fad at Providence College is handcuff parties, where men and women pair up randomly and remain cuffed together for the rest of the night (including potty breaks). But Providence has nothing on Brown University's undergraduates, who have cornered the market when it comes to a radical baring of their souls. The *Phoenix* reports that Brown students now host "naked parties," called such because guests show up prepared to undress. Body painting and massage lines break the ice, and the parties rarely get out of hand, participants claim, because "people make a greater effort to maintain eye contact." And I just got the hang of cocktail chatter.

Lyle Martin
Providence, Rhode Island

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

FORUM F.Y.I.

Students at Michigan's Coloma High School have as much school spirit as the next guy, but even they could not defend their mascot. The fierce comet blazing through the competition looks, the students say, more like a sperm. Recurring complaints prompted students and teachers to put out a call for a tougher-looking galactic phenomenon. A new design will be approved by the school board.

THE BLAMELESS SOCIETY V

yet another fond review of whiners, gripers and finger-pointers

By CHIP ROWE

The blameless just won't take the hint. Since we last conducted this exercise, in September 1995, the number of people shirking responsibility seems to have grown exponentially. It's gotten so bad, some pundits have already written off the Nineties as the Not Me decade. In Washington, D.C. a cocaine kingpin made the case that "adults got to be responsible. Everybody just lookin' for someone to blame" while arguing that his customers were solely responsible for the city's drug epidemic. In Manhattan a man who had been paralyzed in high school when he dove over a half-raised volleyball net during team practice saw his $15 million jury award overturned. "I accept part of the blame," said the former student. "But what about the responsibility of the teacher and school?" In Kansas City, Missouri a gun dealer who put more than 1300 illegal weapons on the street over a two-year period accepted some blame but put the rest of the burden on the ATF "for letting me go on as long as they did." And in Calgary, Scott Byron Morrison finally accepted partial responsibility for blowing his wife's head off with a sawed-off shotgun (he apologized to her family in court by saying, "Sorry, guys"). The rest of the blame he put on a psychiatrist who had met him for the first time days before the murder and should have known he would follow through on threats to kill his wife. Morrison sued the doctor and the hospital for $500,000.

THE BLAMELESS

- Timothy Carr
- Melissa Burgeson, Carr's female companion
- Wesley Shaffer
- Charles Shapiro
- Hong Kong security guard
- Jeremy Dean
- Jeremy Libby
- Bobby Dwayne Robinson
- Jerry Merich
- Andrew Daniels
- Jamie Brooks
- Christopher Conley
- Brigadier General Rolando Espejo
- Dale Larson
- Alex Anzaldua
- Loresa Goodly
- Steve and Paula Gray
- Troy Granger
- Thomas Passmore
- Jeannine Pelletier
- David Earl Dempsey
- Marshall Redman
- Pitney Bowes worker
- Alexander Nagy Jr.
- Bill Clinton

FORUM

THE PROBLEM	WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK	INSTEAD, BLAME . . .
Cut teenager's throat and stole his car	Vicious killer	His female companian, who cast a spell an him
Police recorded her discussing the murder in backseat of squad car	Of all places . . .	Palice, who violated her right to privacy
Arrested for burglarizing home, at night, while armed	Predatar	"Sugar psychosis." Diabetic ate cotton candy before crime
Rich developer pleads guilty to hiring hit man to kill elderly cousin	Nauseating, but at least he takes the blame, right?	Tums. Pleaded guilty only because overdose of antacids skewed his judgment
Sexually assaulted son's 20-year-old girlfriend	Go back to bed, pops	1962 auto accident, which caused long-term "postconcussional disorder"
Stuck head out car window to vomit as driver jumped curb and sideswiped tree; disabled	Dumb luck	The county, for letting tree "protrude into roadway." Sue for $700,000
Broke neck "crowd surfing" at music festival; paralyzed	Mare dumb luck	The state, the town, the promoters, the security guards and the band onstage
Killed wife with a shot to the stomach and five to the back	Ruthless coward	Humanitarianism: The first shot was accidental and the rest to end her suffering
Injured shoulder accepting high-five greeting from enthusiastic coffee shop employee	Cut down on the caffeine, fellas	Starbucks Corp.
Bit into a peanut M&M, but there was no peanut! Injured lip	Life can be sa unfair	M&M/Mars Co. and Family Dollar Stores, for "defective merchandise"
Became pregnant while imprisoned before her murder trial	Take a life, give a life	Jail officials, who should have prevented inmate from fucking her through bars
Teenager caught two teeth on basketball net while dunking	Sign him up!	Maker of net. Settle for $50,000
The 4500 weapons stolen from Filipino armories	Who's watching the door?	Termites, which the general says ate inventory records
After 13 drinks, caught golf spikes on brick path and fell on face	Lift those toes	The golf course, for not having smoother path. Verdict: $41,540
Tripped over dog in friend's kitchen	Is the dog OK?	Friend, who should have warned Alex to walk "at his own risk." Sue for $25,000
Brake three ribs after woman receiving the Holy Spirit fell on her at tent revival	Holy Spirit's fault	The church, which should have had more ushers
Six-year-ald daughter burned by a hot enchilada	Watch out for that dripping cheese!	Taco Casa—sue. Perplexed awner: "If you get hot food on you, it's going to burn"
Sexually assaulted four-year-old girl who apparently climbed into bed with him	Sleep with the fishes, Troy	Sleepwalking. Granger says he has a history af sleep disorders (acquitted)
Cut off hand in religious fit, then refused to let doctors reattach it	Hey, it's a free country	The doctors, who Passmore says should have overruled him. Sue for $3.35 million
Her galf shot ricocheted off an obstacle and hit her in the face	Fore . . . head!	The galf course. Verdict: $40,000
Injured when bedsheet came untied as he tried to hang himself in jail	Could have been worse	City, county and state, for not preventing suicide try
Accused of selling overpriced desert plots to 2500 Latinas	America—land of opportunists	Bad timing. Lawyer: "In another time, Marshall Redman might be a hero"
Allegedly taunted black colleague with "Ooga-booga, jungle-jungle"	Racist moron	Language barrier. French Canadian claims he was saying, "Bonjour, bonjour"
After drinking, fell from moving galf cart and died	Park it at the 19th	The golf cart maker, for not providing seat belts and doors. Widow sues for $15 mil
Accepted questianable campaign donatians	White House for sale?	The system, which is "out of whack"

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

the supreme court gets one right

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Walker Chandler is a libertarian—a quixotic "don't tread on me" lawyer who, when he decided to run for lieutenant governor of Georgia in 1994, ran into a slight obstacle.

In 1990 state lawmakers in a frenzy of zero tolerance had passed a law requiring all candidates for state office to piss into a bottle to test for the presence of illicit drugs.

Chandler took the test, under protest, and passed with splashing color. But guilt or innocence was irrelevant. Having a respect for the Bill of Rights more finely tuned than that of some Georgians, Chandler filed suit. The drug test was an unreasonable search, as defined by the Fourth Amendment and common sense.

Georgia, Chandler pointed out, did not test candidates for characteristics that might affect the quality of their judgment: "Things like intelligence. Or ethics. Or for the main addiction in political society—power."

And there was a First Amendment issue. "The legislature is saying that those who don't bow down and worship the war on drugs can't run for state office. If they say that those who will be driving the ship of state must be tested (without suspicion), why not test people driving cars down the highways? Are we a flock of sheep that can be tested by the government at will?"

The Fourth Amendment is specific, the most visceral of the Bill of Rights. "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures," it says, "shall not be violated." The founding fathers and several generations of Supreme Court decisions have held that before the state can act, before it can throw you against a squad car, pry into your pockets, break down your front door or demand to look at the contents of your suitcase, it must have grounds for individual suspicion of wrongdoing. One does not have to be a libertarian to appreciate this right, but evidently it helps.

Chandler lost the election but not his spirit. He rattled off in the family car to argue his case before the Supreme Court, muttering to *The New York Times* about the hypocrisy of "We, the alcohol-swilling majority," passing laws about drug use. He was optimistic, noting that fellow Georgian Clarence Thomas believed in the natural rights of man, including "privacy and the right to self-medicate."

To the surprise of almost everyone, the Supreme Court agreed to hear Chandler's case. The justices tossed out a firestorm of hypotheticals at the oral arguments: Could the state require candidates to get a physical examination? Would that be a search? Could the state require candidates to agree to submit to searches of their homes for illegal drugs? Why is opening the home more intrusive than opening the body?

And, they asked, what was the point of the law? Did Georgia have a problem with drug-crazed legislators? Would a urine test catch a potential wacko? Justice Stephen Breyer mused that even the "greatest druggie in the world could be drug-free for one day." Was the point of the law to keep from office those who can't stay off drugs for the 22 to 30 days it takes to pass a urinalysis? It was hard to tell from these questions where the court was headed. After all, these justices had almost completely rewritten the Fourth Amendment in the past decade.

DAVE CALVER

Led by Chief Justice William Rehnquist, the justices have deputized the private sector, encouraging employers to demand drug tests as a condition of employment. Under his leadership, the court has turned public schools into holding pens. In June 1995 a majority of the justices decided that school athletes had to piss into the bottle—because they were role models, because they were used to nudity and invasion of their bodily processes (having showered together) and because drug use posed a safety threat to other athletes. The same justices decreed that railroad engineers, pilots, firefighters and police had to submit to random drug tests, because what they do in their spare time may affect public safety.

On April 15 the Supreme Court overturned the Georgia law. Politicians, it seems, do not perform high-risk, safety-sensitive tasks, nor are they directly involved in drug interdiction. God knows that they aren't role models.

"Where the risk to public safety is real and substantial," wrote Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, "mandatory testing may be reasonable. But where, as in this case, public safety is not genuinely jeopardized, the Fourth Amendment precludes suspicionless search, no matter how conveniently arranged.

"The Fourth Amendment," Justice Ginsburg said, "shields society from state action that diminishes personal privacy for a symbol's sake."

The entire war on drugs has been waged for a symbol's sake.

It seems like a small victory for the Fourth Amendment. Now, if the Court would only grant the people the same tolerance it provides political candidates.

Basic
FILTERS
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
Keep it Basic
Tastes Good. Costs Less.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1997
16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Saturday 2:17pm
You could be home
cataloguing your CD collection.
GORDON'S
CITRUS
FLAVORED VODKA
GORDON'S
EST° 1769
CITRUS
FLAVORED VODKA
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS PRODUCED FROM GRAIN
750 ML 35% ALC/VOL (70 PROOF)
PREPARED AND BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY
THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, PLAINFIELD, IL
UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF
ALEXANDER GORDON & CO., LONDON, ENGLAND
Flavored Vodka, 35% Alc/Vol, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits
©1997 United Distillers USA, Inc., Stamford, CT.
Citrus Flavored Vodka from
GORDON'S
Pour the Boar!
Drink right. Drink smart. Be responsible.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BILL MAHER

a candid conversation with the brash host of "politically incorrect" about the lost art of speaking your mind, his woody problem and why he likes seinfeld, clinton and god

It is two days after 39 bodies were discovered in San Diego, members of the Heaven's Gate cult who had committed suicide, believing they were heading to a new plane of existence via a UFO. Sitting at a desk in the Los Angeles office of his television show, "Politically Incorrect," Bill Maher is wondering aloud if it would be in bad taste to open tonight's show in the character of a mad cult leader.

"It would be?" he says. "I was hoping you'd think so."

A few hours later, Maher, dressed in a black silk suit, bounds onto the "PI" set, where he is framed by mock-ivy–covered Greek columns. Heavy metal music, played to stimulate the studio audience, fades out, and Maher grabs a microphone.

"Greetings, empty vessels of earth," he begins. "I am Re, brother of Do, husband of Ti, and, if I do say so myself, a drop of golden sun. In a few moments I'm going to ask you to mix a deadly cocktail of prune juice, Haley's M-O and pharmaceutical crack. But don't worry, your bodies are just containers, though some of your containers are hotter than others, and you know who you are. Time is running out. The signs are all around us: comets in the sky, elderly ex-presidents jumping out of planes. You must surrender all your earthly goods to me, or to Ron Goldman's dad, whoever gets there first." Finally, cult leader Maher offers a pre–UFO-flight briefing. "And for God's sake," he says, "don't call the flight attendant 'stewardess.'"

Another installment of "Politically Incorrect" has begun.

If the Heaven's Gate cult was getting the attention that night, 41-year-old Maher seems to be developing his own coterie of loyal followers, a rapidly growing group of Americans who never miss the TV show he hosts each weeknight. Maher is earning higher and higher ratings in a tough time slot—his competition includes Jay Leno and David Letterman—and his is the talk show that generates the most buzz on college campuses, throughout Hollywood and, of course, on Capitol Hill.

After his opening monolog, each night Maher ringleads the quirkiest guest list on television. One panel, for instance, features Deepak Chopra, Carrot Top, Nancy Friday and Naomi Judd, all trying to talk simultaneously as the host tosses his quips and keeps the conversation from degenerating into chaos. Maher likens the show to a cocktail party. In a forum that borrows from "The McLaughlin Group" (and then massacres it), the unlikely ensemble discusses topics ranging from marriage (Maher asks: "If 50 percent of marriages fail, should the institution be revised?") to reverse sexism on death row ("Why don't we kill chicks?").

The ensuing dialogues are great fodder for Maher's barbed wit. During a discussion of the spate of shootings of rap stars, he commented, "It's nice to see for once a celebrity actually using the product he endorses." In discussing sex offenders, he suggested locking them up with nuclear weapons: "We should tie them up to anything liable to leak fluids." When a guest said that women, if they were in charge, would create a kinder, gentler country, Maher responded: "Maybe, but that wasn't quite a Candy-Gram Janet Reno sent to David Koresh." And in a conversation about the racist judicial system: "A quarter of all black men are in jail, on parole or on a sitcom on Fox."

"Politically Incorrect" has been praised by "TV Guide" as "the best talk show on television." Ralph Nader, a guest on the show, called Maher "a first-rate social satirist."

Maher grew up in suburban River Vale, New Jersey, where he was, he once said, "an intense, serious, adult-like kid." His father, a radio newscaster and later a news editor for NBC-TV, tried to instill an interest in

"I don't know how political Howard Stern gets. Don Imus is more of a political commentator, and he's more thoughtful. He could do a show on television like I'm doing if he weren't such a bitter, ugly motherfucker."

"I would be the first to say kids shouldn't do drugs. A kid shouldn't drive, either. So should we take away all the cars because kids could get hurt? Adults shouldn't rearrange their lives because of what kids might do."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I'm supportive of politicians. We ask them to do the impossible. When they tell us the truth, we reject them. When they don't, we lambaste them for lying. That said, there are some real dumb bunnies in high places."

politics in his son. Before Bill was a teenager, he knew who he wanted to be when he grew up: Johnny Carson.

Maher was a nerd throughout high school and only began to come out of his shell in his senior year. He went on to Cornell University, where he graduated in 1978 with a degree in English. Soon after that he began performing regularly at New York City's comedy clubs and worked as master of ceremonies at the famed Catch a Rising Star. He got his first chance to be on his idol's show in 1982. During one of his dozens of appearances on "The Tonight Show," Maher told what is reputed to be the first AIDS joke on television. Bemoaning the new medical dangers looming over the dating scene, he delivered his punch line: "I just want to meet an old-fashioned girl with gonorrhea." Carson fell off his chair laughing.

More appearances on "The Tonight Show," and on "The Merv Griffin Show" and "Late Night With David Letterman," led to acting jobs on TV shows and in such forgettable films as "D.C. Cab," "Ratboy," "Pizza Man" and "Cannibal Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death." In 1993 he pitched "Politically Incorrect" to executives of the Comedy Central cable channel. The show was a smash and has won four Cable Ace awards, three for best talk show and another for best entertainment host. In January 1997 ABC hired Maher, and "PI" switched to its coveted post-"Nightline" time slot.

Maher has written two books—"True Story: A Comedy Novel," the tale of five struggling New York stand-ups making their way on the comedy circuit of the late Seventies, and "Does Anybody Have a Problem With That?" a collection of great moments from his show. He has also hosted comedy specials, including his annual critique of the president's State of the Union address. Maher's presiding at political events invariably adds spice to the evening. At an annual dinner for broadcast correspondents in Washington, D.C. in March 1995, he said that D.C. Mayor Marion Barry (who had served a six-month jail term for cocaine possession) had "a plan to get drugs off the street—one gram at a time." At the same event, with Clinton in attendance, he uttered the word fuck within earshot of the president.

Proud to be considered (by some) America's premiere politically incorrect magazine, PLAYBOY *decided it was time to sit down with Maher for an interview. Contributing Editor* David Sheff *was tapped for the assignment. Here's his report:*

"Each night, Maher greets the studio audience before the show and offers to answer any questions. On the nights I visited, the questions and answers included these: 'Is the show rehearsed?' 'It's not that good.' 'Are you single?' (There were whoops and hollers.) 'Single and a flaming heterosexual.' 'How do you choose guests?' 'A bottle of Jack Daniel's.' 'Why don't you have more women on the show?' 'Chicks just aren't up to it.' 'What's the biggest change since coming to network television from cable?' 'Money. Money. Big money.' He also makes cracks about the day's major and minor headlines, noting that Porsche had begun a marketing campaign aimed at five-year-old boys. 'It's true,' he said. 'Sure, they don't have the money yet, but they do have little penises.'

"The interview was to begin at a restaurant near the studio. As Maher drove there in his Jag, he chatted about the day's news. Noting that the Communications Decency Act was being reviewed by the U.S. Supreme Court, he said, 'What I want to know is, who is going to do the censoring? I hope it's Clarence Thomas.' Citing new scientific evidence which suggests that women 40 and older should have annual mammograms, Maher warned, 'But women should know that the exams involve X rays, not Polaroids.'"

PLAYBOY: You've described your show as a cocktail party. Do you really know anyone who has cocktail parties with such disparate guests as Jimmy Breslin, Dr. Joyce Brothers, Martin Mull, Ted Nugent, Sarah Jessica Parker, John Waters and Senator Arlen Specter?

MAHER: I do. You should come to my house. It's so like the parties I have that it's frightening.

It's sort of like the court of William XIV, and I'm a peasant who has a TV show. They think, Off with his head.

PLAYBOY: Politicians are frequent guests. Has your opinion of them changed since you've gotten to know them?

MAHER: It's not that I ever thought they were that smart, but I have been amazed at how dumb some are. I won't name names, but it's frightening. In general, I'm supportive of politicians. We ask them to do the impossible, because we speak out of both sides of our mouths. When they tell us the truth, we reject them. When they don't, we lambaste them for lying. That said, I still think there are some real dumb bunnies in high places.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying we get what we deserve?

MAHER: Getting elected has nothing to do with how smart you are. It's how you look, how you're packaged and how much you pander. The truth is, Americans are suspicious of intelligence. It's something you have to play down. George Bush, who is a Yale graduate, used to pretend he was a Texan who liked pork rinds, trying to dumb himself down. Clinton was a Rhodes scholar but has a homespun, good old boy, Southern way about him that makes people think he's not an egghead, though he is.

PLAYBOY: Have you invited him or the vice president to appear on your show?

MAHER: If they want to come, all they have to do is call. I doubt if anyone that high up in the government would show up. We have had Cabinet members, though, and senators and congressmen. It's not that I wouldn't like to have the president. I'd love to. Or Bob Dole, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Jesse Jackson, Newt Gingrich, Colin Powell—any of the big guys. We also would like to get almost any big-box-office movie star. We've had Alec Baldwin, a hot, hunky movie star, but I'd love to get Mel Gibson, Sylvester Stallone, Tom Cruise. It's not just because they're big stars; I think they would be interesting guests. We *beg* them to come on. I see movie stars out on the town all the time who tell me they love the show. I met Jack Nicholson the other night. I'd never met him before, always been a huge fan. He said, "Just for the title, I love you." I said, "If you ever need to vent your spleen, I hope you'll keep us in mind." I meet these big stars and then blow it by becoming a real estate agent: "Here's my card. If you need a place to have an opinion, please think of us here at Politically Incorrect, Inc."

PLAYBOY: Are some stars and politicians intimidated by your format, which asks people to be spontaneously intelligent and funny?

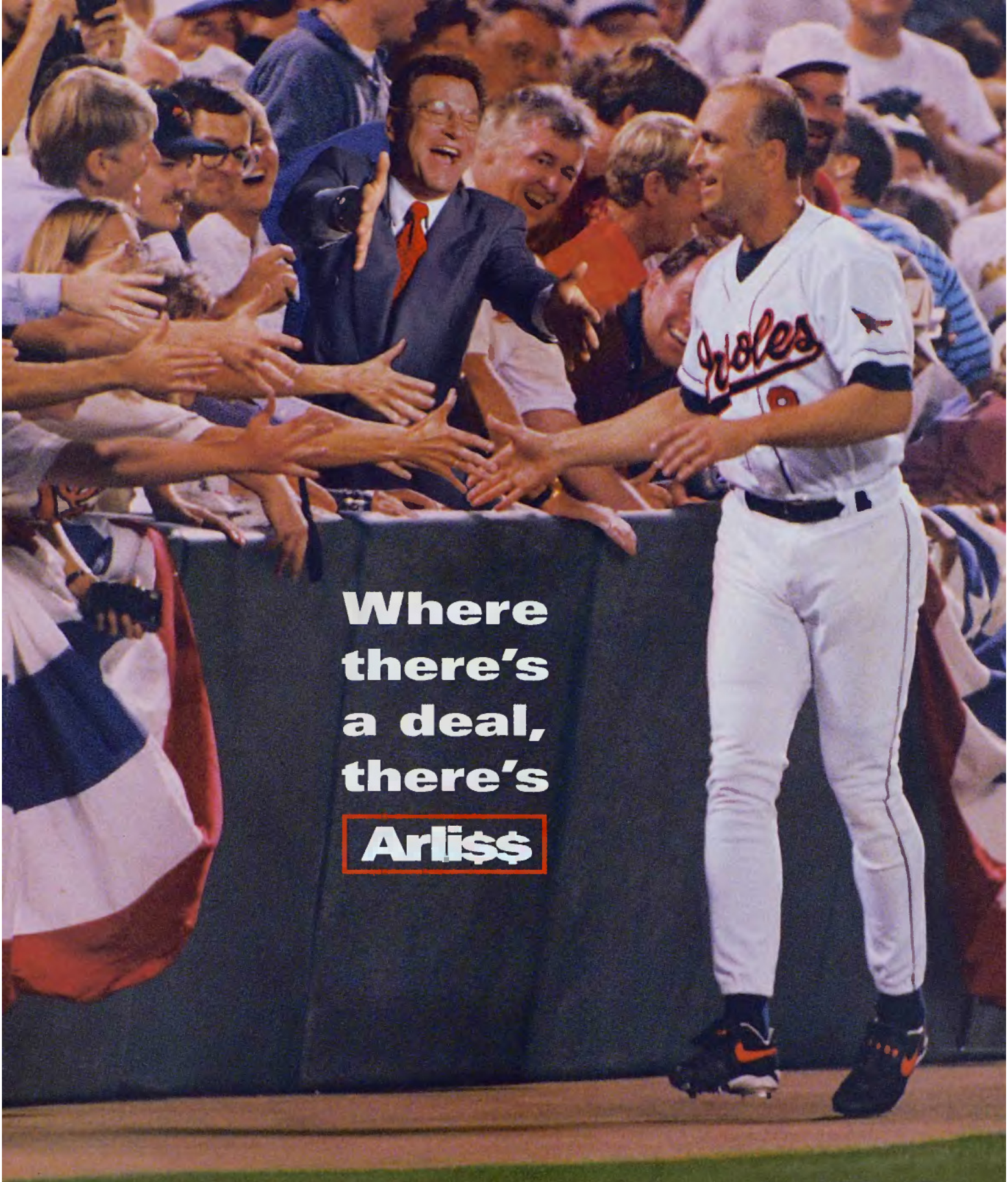
MAHER: Maybe they are, but they shouldn't be. It's not a quiz show.

PLAYBOY: But there must be pressure not to look like an idiot next to the other guests, who are often funny comedians.

MAHER: It's not like I book three other comedians loaded for bear and you're the one with your dick in your hand. You're on with an author and a musician and a pundit—people who aren't even going to try to be funny or clever. We just want people to be passionate over the issues they care about. And we want balance. It's harder to get conservatives, particularly in show business. Ninety percent of show-business people are nutty liberals. We'd like to have Charlton Heston, Pat Boone, Tom Selleck, Bruce Willis, but they won't come on. Here's a forum, but they bitch about a so-called "white list" in Hollywood, a nonexistent list of conservative performers who are avoided like the plague. I don't think it's true that conservatives have a harder time getting work. If you make money, the studio heads don't really care—you could be a go-go dancer for Hitler and they wouldn't give a damn.

PLAYBOY: Who are some of your favorite conservatives who have appeared on the show?

MAHER: Gordon Liddy was great. Funny, strident, passionate. He was on with Harvey Fierstein, Marion Barry and Congressman James Traficant. Harvey noted that he was the only one who had not been indicted or gone to jail. The



Where there's a deal, there's Arli$$

The Art of the Sports SuperAgent.

Catch All-New Episodes of HBO's Hit Comedy Series!
Every Tuesday at 11PM ET/PT

HBO®
IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.

http://www.hbo.com ©1997 Home Box Office, a Division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. HBO is a registered service mark of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. Major League Baseball trademark used with permission of Major League Baseball Properties, Inc.

Have a Ball!
Pick Up the Playboy Catalog
Featuring exclusive Playboy apparel and collectibles, sensuous products for couples, sexy videos to share with your lover and many other items found only in the Playboy Catalog!
For a FREE catalog call 630-PLAYBOY
(630-752-9269)
©1997 Playboy

Limited-Edition **HAPPY BIRTHDAY** Photo
Signed by Hugh M. Hefner

HAPPY BIRTHDAY *Signed by Hugh M. Hefner*
Hand-Colored Silver Gelatin Print • Edition Size 250 • Size: 11" x 14" • $500

This photo was taken on the 1st anniversary of the *Playboy Club* in Chicago, 1962 by a staff photographer. Each photo is printed on fiber paper and is hand colored in the *Playboy* photo lab. The edition is limited to 250 and is accompanied by a certificate of authenticity. This photo comes unframed at a cost of $500 plus $6.50 shipping and handling.

To order by check or charge please write or call:
SPECIAL EDITIONS LTD.
680 N. LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, IL. 60611
1 • 800 • 258 • 8523
© 1997, SPECIAL EDITIONS LTD.

strangest outcome of that show was that Liddy and Barry became good friends. They had spent time in the same jail, so there was a lot to talk about.

PLAYBOY: Why do politicians appear on your show?

MAHER: Nowadays politicians have to prove that they are people. They didn't have to 20 years ago, but we live in an age of Clinton playing the sax and talking about his underwear on TV.

PLAYBOY: Is that good or bad?

MAHER: I don't think it's good, but it's the way it is. They have to go where the people are watching. I don't think they really want to do it, just like Clinton didn't really want to have 8000 goddamn coffees with Indonesians to raise money. He had to. He needed the money. He didn't want to have people in the Lincoln bedroom. None of them want to do this bullshit, but it's the system. None of them want to campaign before an electorate that is largely apathetic and largely ignorant. And so they have to ride a motorcycle on Jay Leno's show. Otherwise, they're not going to reach people.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it demeans the country?

MAHER: Yes. But you have to put it in perspective. It's akin to the criticism I get. Sometimes folks will say, "You're trivializing the issues. In half an hour, you really don't get much depth. It's all sound bites and one-liners."

PLAYBOY: Well?

MAHER: Yeah, but the relevant comparison for my show is not *This Week With David Brinkley* or *The McLaughlin Group*. It's Leno and Letterman; they're my competition. And their educational content is lower than mine. This is an entertainment show, so any depth we provide is gravy. They've got bands and movie stars. I'm trying to put out an alternative product. Start worrying if I get a band and if Charo makes an appearance.

PLAYBOY: What do you have against Charo?

MAHER: Actually, I'd have Charo on. I'd have anybody, because anybody in a democracy has the right to vote and therefore, theoretically, should have the right to an opinion.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you guilty of confusing politics with entertainment?

MAHER: You have to look at it in perspective. There's nothing that's going to make people take part in this democracy one iota more than they want to, and they don't want to that much. My view is that anything you can use to get through to them is a small contribution.

PLAYBOY: If that's true, then Howard Stern, Rush Limbaugh and Don Imus are helpful, too, since they talk politics.

MAHER: I suppose Rush's audience is a politically attuned crowd. I've never heard him so I don't know, though I've heard he's a big fat idiot. I don't listen to Stern either, so I don't know how political he gets. I've always thought of him as

a man-in-the-street's primal scream—a reactionary, which isn't the same as being politically astute. Imus, on the other hand, is more of a political commentator, and he's more thoughtful. He could, perhaps, do a show on television like I'm doing if he weren't such a bitter, ugly motherfucker.

PLAYBOY: You're also criticized by Washington-based journalists.

MAHER: Yeah. You can't appeal to everybody. In searching for a reason, I tend to think many people in Washington live in their own little world and like it that way. It's sort of like the court of William XIV, and I'm a peasant who has a TV show. They think, Off with his head. I invite them all on my show. Anyone who's not on my show won't come on. But their view of talking politics is *The McLaughlin Group* or *Inside Washington*. They all piss in the same pot. They all have the same Beltway mentality, and I am on the outside of the tent pissing in, and they don't like that. If I lived there and became part of the culture, it would be different. But then my show would suck.

PLAYBOY: Which issues are people most sensitive about? Is it toughest to joke about women, sex or race?

MAHER: The most sensitive area for television is drugs. The networks are scared shitless.

PLAYBOY: Yet on your show, James Coburn recently boasted that he not only inhaled but also reinhaled.

MAHER: And it made people nervous. In general, you can't imply that you had a good time on drugs, even if it was in your past. It's so silly, because drugs are like anything else in life. Fire can warm you or burn down your house. You need to be careful and smart when you use matches. Same with drugs. I would be the first one to say that kids should not do drugs. A kid shouldn't drive a car, either. So should we take away all the cars because kids could use them and get hurt? Meanwhile, the drug war that we've been waging for God knows how many years is a miserable failure. Why do people keep using the same means if they're not working? You can't defeat the problem by going after the supply. As long as there's a demand, drugs will get here. It's passing the buck. Blame the pusher. Blame the bartender. Blame the cartels. Blame Mexico. Of course, drug dealers are scum. But they don't create the demand.

PLAYBOY: Would you legalize drugs?

MAHER: Yes, though I'd enforce honesty first. I'd make everyone be honest about the problem, so kids could receive, probably for the first time in their lives, credible information. They have nothing but contempt for people who lecture them about drugs. They don't believe them. They laugh.

PLAYBOY: What would you say to kids about drugs?

MAHER: First of all, if you're doing drugs in high school you're an idiot because you're at a time in life when you don't need to alter reality. You have enough trouble with reality, let's face it, and you're not up to it. But I would distinguish between drugs. You lose credibility when you say all drugs are evil poison. Kids hear us say that marijuana is an evil poison and then they use it and think, Maybe I shouldn't do it, but you know what? It's not evil poison. Then when somebody says heroin is evil poison, which it is, or cocaine, kids don't believe it. The drug czars and the other people who make drug policy know little about drugs. All drugs are not alike. Dishonesty doesn't help.

PLAYBOY: Jack Nicholson said he loved you just for the name of the show. What does it say about someone if they love the idea of being politically incorrect?

MAHER: The truth is, almost everyone wants to think of himself as politically incorrect. Few people want to think of themselves as politically correct these days; it's like saying you're a square. I get invited all the time to perform at charity functions. They want Mr. Politically Incorrect, but only in theory. I show up and there are a bunch of limousine liberals who are hypersensitive about everything I say. They don't want what I do when I start doing what is really politically incorrect.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

MAHER: I did a benefit for animals and told a joke that I thought was harmless. Some folks were trying to get pandas to mate in a zoo. I said, "They finally got the pandas to mate; all it took was for the male panda to get a Porsche." There were boos. Was it because I was making fun of pandas? A woman said it was a sexist remark which implied that women are not of sufficient moral character to resist a Porsche. I mean, come on. It was a joke.

PLAYBOY: If everyone fancies himself politically incorrect, who actually is?

MAHER: People who speak their minds, who are honest and don't pull any punches: Ray Bradbury, Roseanne, Willie Brown [mayor of San Francisco], Representative Bob Dornan, Eartha Kitt, James Coburn, Ralph Nader, Camille Paglia and Senator Alan Simpson. And the ones who break my heart because they won't do the show are Madonna, James Woods, Courtney Love, Barry Goldwater, Gibson, Stern, Senator Patrick Moynihan and Woody Harrelson.

PLAYBOY: Does someone become politically correct when he renounces his past politically incorrect comments? Gibson recently tried to make up with members of the gay community for slurs against them.

MAHER: I don't know what he said to begin with. We once had a contest, in some magazine, called, "Politically Incorrect or Just Stupid?" A lot of times people confuse politically incorrect with just stupid because they hear me taking stands

Why Drivers Who Know Radar Detectors Trust ESCORT®

(and how you can get ESCORT performance yourself)

There is no more valuable name in the industry than ESCORT. We've earned the confidence of millions of drivers with the most intelligent performance on the road.

HIGHEST ALERT ACCURACY

It's no accident that ESCORTs are used more faithfully by their owners than any other brand. With the industry's most coveted anti-falsing design, ESCORT gives you the absolute highest ratio of true alerts for information you can depend on.

DRIVER FRIENDLY DESIGN

ESCORT has the most easy-to-use detectors you'll find. ESCORT alerts are instinctive. Every feature is tested for utility and simplicity to keep you using – and enjoying – your ESCORT at all times.

SMART CHOICES

With ESCORT's two excellent models, it's simple to choose a detector for your driving needs. PASSPORT 4600 is a proven favorite with drivers everywhere. New Cordless SOLO is the world's most advanced detector with ultimate mobility and exclusive Programmable Options.

SUPERIOR VALUE

Only ESCORT can provide such winning products at such intelligent prices. Can you afford not to drive with ESCORT? Order today.

SOLO® $199.95 PASSPORT® 4600 $179.95

30-Day No-Risk Trial
Ship/Handling extra. OH res. add 6% sales tax.
Web site: http://www.escortstore.com/

ESCORT®

1.800.433.3487

5200 Fields Ertel Rd. Cincinnati, OH 45249
Department 200787

© 1997 CMI

that are sort of outrageous. They think, I get it! All I have to do is be outrageous. If someone says something like, "Faggots are all dumb," that's just stupid. Defending the Ku Klux Klan is not just politically incorrect, it's stupid, too. It's a distinction that's missed more times than you would think. On the other hand, Camille Paglia says unpopular things like, "No doesn't always mean no." She is politically incorrect because it flies in the face of all that monolithic, zero-tolerance nonthinking. It just happens to be fucking true.

PLAYBOY: That no doesn't always mean no?

MAHER: Definitely. Anyone who has been with a girl knows it. It doesn't justify rape or anything to do with rape. But if no really meant no, no one would ever get laid, OK? No woman wants to give it up right away. A girl says no and an hour later maybe says not quite so emphatic a no. I've been on a fair number of dates during which the girl said no, that nothing was going to happen. Then something happens. She just wanted me to know, "Look, I'm not easy," and she wasn't, believe me. It was hard work, and it took all night, but at the end of the night——

PLAYBOY: Whereas politically correct men give up at the first no.

MAHER: Yeah. But now even women, in many cases, don't want that politically correct bullshit. They acknowledge that a lot of feminism sounded better at the meetings. Like that stuff about how they were going to pay for half of everything because they were equal. When it came right down to it, they didn't really want to give up our picking up the check. And that's OK. We never asked them to. We never staged a rally in Washington Square Park and chanted, "We are tired of paying for dinner." We always thought that it was fair, because chances are we really did have less-than-sincere intentions, so the least we could do, like in a poker game, was to put up the ante. It has nothing to do with the obvious fact that women should have equal rights under the law and in the workplace and all that.

PLAYBOY: Is your view of sexual harassment politically incorrect?

MAHER: No, but Ray Bradbury's is. On the show he said, "Who among us hasn't pinched a woman's butt?" I raised my hand because I never have—I mean, not someone I didn't know. That is, I've only done it when I knew it would be appreciated. Older people can be politically incorrect because they're honest and people can forgive them. It's charming from an old man. Bradbury also said, "Yeah, I sexually harassed my wife until she married me."

PLAYBOY: Do you think this is an issue that has gone too far?

MAHER: No. I think it hasn't gone far enough. Women really are sexually harassed. It's at a preposterously high level in this country. There just are an enormous number of schmucks who take advantage of women. I hear the stories from my zillion women friends.

PLAYBOY: Does knowing this make you more cautious?

MAHER: Yeah, and we all have to be careful. I don't know of one executive in this town who will hire a female assistant. That's the corrupt side of it: Women have claimed that men have done things they haven't done, and men are afraid. But a lot of the men brought it on themselves because they got away with shit for years. And it's not fair for people like—well, I must say—me.

PLAYBOY: You?

MAHER: Me, who never, in all my years in show business, ever did anything, even when I could have. I was the emcee at nightclubs and could have had singers fuck me to get onstage, but I never once did. It's not even for a noble reason. I wouldn't want to be with somebody who didn't really want to be with me. I'd lose my hard-on in two seconds.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to feminists who claim the PLAYBOY centerfold objectifies women?

MAHER: It does, but get over it. Aren't there worse problems in the world? If we stopped it, what would change? Would men really be that different? Men like what they like about women, and women don't like that we have these tastes. What they want us to like in them is not always what we like in them, but it's such a primal thing that you can't just stamp your foot and say, "Men should be this way." Maybe we'll evolve that way, but it's not going to happen tomorrow. Women always ask us to be accepting of them, but they're not really that accepting of our nature. Men are pigs, but we're getting a little tired of apologizing for it. We didn't make ourselves this way. We would like to be more like women; it would be easier. It would be nice to not be horny all the time or have a problem staying monogamous. That would make life simpler and cut out a lot of bullshit, but I didn't put the chip in my brain that makes me the way I am. It has caused me a lot of pain in my life, but you don't blame a moth for eating your socks.

PLAYBOY: You've done a number of shows about prostitution. The theme of one was, "A woman can legally rent her body out for nine months to have a baby as a surrogate mother, but she can't legally rent it out for 15 minutes just to get fucked." Should she be able to?

MAHER: Of course! That's a no-brainer. And no law has ever stopped it. If Hugh Grant wants a blow job, whose business is that? The government's? The cops'? The man wants a blow job and someone is willing to give it to him for $60. I don't see the problem.

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of attempts to control sex on the Internet?

MAHER: I don't like this tendency to childproof the world. If one kid falls out a window because of negligence, everybody has to put guards on their windows. Everyone. Everyone has to go out of their way because of parents who aren't doing what they should be doing—watching their kids. If computers are really that dangerous, allow your kids to turn on the computer only when you're around. If Mom is hovering nearby, I think it's less likely that Junior will be downloading pictures of Teri Hatcher, though Dad still might be.

PLAYBOY: What about when Mom and Dad aren't around?

MAHER: Then the kid shouldn't have access to the computer. I don't think adults should have to constantly rearrange their lives because of what kids and stupid people might do. And by the way, I'm not that certain how damaging it is for kids to be exposed to sex. If a kid sees two people fucking, does it really screw him up?

PLAYBOY: Are you pro–hard-core porn?

MAHER: Here's what I said on a show about porn channels: They don't educate, they don't enlighten and they don't come in clearly enough where I live.

PLAYBOY: Do you know when your show is working and when it's not?

MAHER: Yeah, but it doesn't get me down when it isn't. People seem to like the train wrecks. John Ehrlichman was on and said nothing. He was sphinxlike, so it was sort of like playing tennis with no one on the other side of the net. It was so bad it was good.

PLAYBOY: Is it good when things get testy, such as when Chevy Chase and Steven Bochco nearly came to blows?

MAHER: Ooh, yeah. That was a particularly nasty fight. It was about who was doing more for the great American viewing audience, and it got personal. Chevy was attacking television, and Bochco seemed to take it personally. It was sort of, "You're crap." "No, you're crap."

PLAYBOY: When that happens, are you nervously thinking about how you can intercede?

MAHER: Not really. The only time I'm not so happy with my guests, and I leave no doubt about it, is when they don't take a stand, when they refuse to get into the fray.

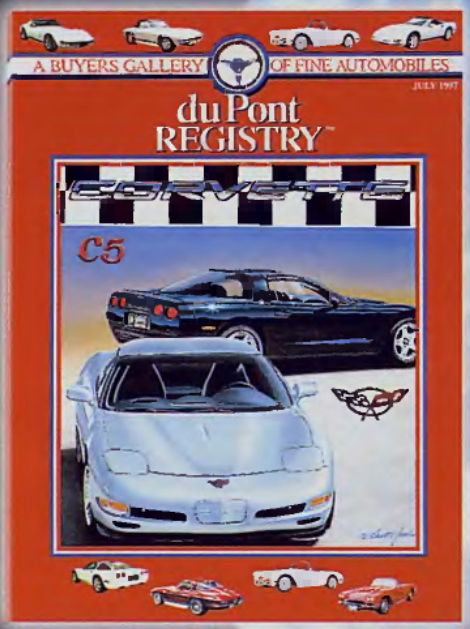
PLAYBOY: You didn't have that problem with Sandra Bernhard, who nearly strangled John Lofton, a preacher from the far right, then spit in his face.

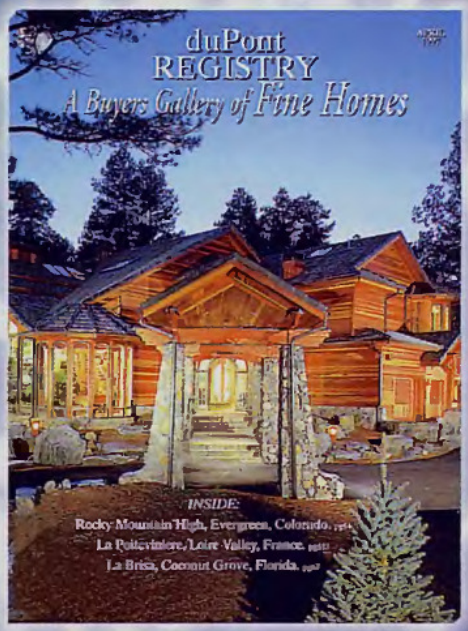
MAHER: Actually, he was making a point that Sandra misinterpreted. He said that women couldn't even speak in temple in the Orthodox Jewish tradition, but she thought it was a sexist remark and went nuts on him.

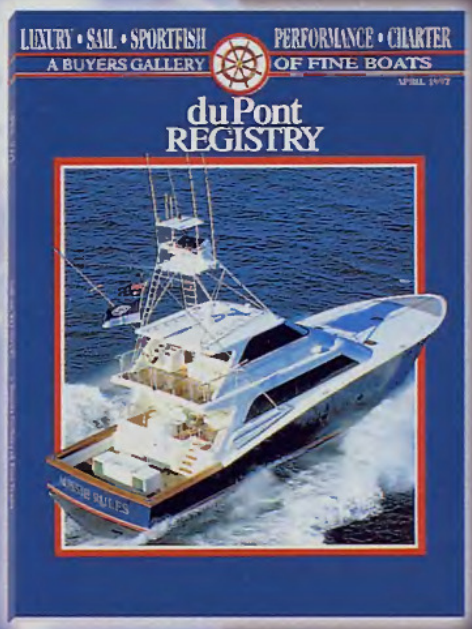
PLAYBOY: Another classic show was with Kato Kaelin, of all people, who appeared with Garry Shandling.

MAHER: Garry was just too funny with him. It was days after the Simpson

DREAM WORLD...




duPont REGISTRY
A Buyers Gallery of Fine Homes
INSIDE:
Rocky Mountain High, Evergreen, Colorado.
La Poterniere, Loire Valley, France.
La Brisa, Coconut Grove, Florida.



duPont REGISTRY

Automobiles • Homes • Boats

You can cross over into a "**Dream World**" when you browse the pages of any ***duPont REGISTRY*** magazine. Whether it's a passion for fine automobiles, a taste for luxurious homes, or the love of adventure on a seaward vessel, we have your "**Dream Magazine.**" What makes our magazines so unique is that every item inside is offered for sale. Pages that are displayed in the richest full color - detailed and exacting...not boring. If you need to buy or sell an exotic car, fine home, or yacht - we have the magazine for you. Have a need to Dream? We can help with that too. Look for the ***duPont REGISTRY*** at a newsstand near you, and by all means, if you have a million-dollar home for sale, make sure you list it with a Realtor who will feature it in the ***duPont REGISTRY.*** **http://www.dupontregistry.com**

To Subscribe to the duPont REGISTRY:

☐ A Buyers Gallery of Fine Homes	One Year, 6 Issues - **$29.95**
☐ A Buyers Gallery of Fine Boats	One Year, 6 Issues - **$29.95**
☐ A Buyers Gallery of Fine Automobiles	One Year, 12 Issues - **$49.95**

VISA / MC / AMEX # _____ Expiration Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City / State / Zip _____

Or For Faster Service, Please Call 1-800-233-1731 Ext. 241

Mail to:

duPont REGISTRY
Circulation Dept.
P.O. 25237
Tampa, FL 33622

criminal trial had ended, the first talk show Kato did. I couldn't have said the things to him that Garry said because I'm the host. But first he said, "Why couldn't you have said on the stand that you knew it was 10:30 because you were watching *The Larry Sanders Show*?" Which was very funny. And then he said, "Knock, knock." Kato said, "Who's there?" Garry said, "Oh, you know."

PLAYBOY: Do people like to see other people squirm?

MAHER: Sure. At least it's real. At the same time, it can get to a point where they may not like it. I got a lot of mail about the show with Chase and Bochco. Richard Lewis was on once and was out of his wits—really hostile, which is unlike him. People wrote and said they don't want to see that. I certainly don't want to get to the point where chairs are thrown.

PLAYBOY: What was Lewis hostile about?

MAHER: We had on a conservative woman, who I could see him going after, but he also went after Robert Fulghum [who wrote *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten*]. I mean, who goes after the kindergarten guy?

PLAYBOY: Do you always push your real opinion or do you play devil's advocate?

MAHER: I will not say something I don't believe, but I care more about some issues than others. I have a dog in the fight of some issues. Other times, I'm just curious like everyone else.

PLAYBOY: In what fight do you have a dog?

MAHER: The one about the National Endowment for the Arts, for example. I don't think we should have it. I see no justification for spending money on art, which doesn't depend on the government funding it. When that comes up, I will not squelch my opinion. But on many issues, I'm uncertain or I change. I'm very susceptible to the last thing I read. I'm often thankful I'm not a politician who isn't allowed to change his mind. If he does, he's accused of waffling. I change my mind all the time.

PLAYBOY: What is it about political correctness that so irks you?

MAHER: It's the fact that the truth isn't important. It's hypersensitivity. Now, sensitivity is a wonderful thing, but it's not the only frigging virtue in society, especially when it buries the truth. That's why it's pernicious. Whenever you bury the truth, it comes back to haunt you. It's like telling a lie on the first date. Somewhere down the line she's going to find out it isn't a loaner, that the piece of shit you drive is really the only car you own.

PLAYBOY: What are particularly onerous examples of political correctness?

MAHER: There are so many. Cindy Crawford was on the show after she had been yanked from a Cadillac ad because it was too sexy. We ended up talking about Cadillacs and I said, "Why is it that people who buy Cadillacs are either country-club Republicans or black? What's up with that?" I said it and everyone froze, and these were pretty liberal, with-it people. But we're all trained. We don't use the truth meter to determine our reactions, we use the sensitivity meter. I don't think truth even comes in second. In this case, it's true, and it's a kind of strange thing to notice, yet you don't dare say it in mixed company. Why not?

PLAYBOY: Because it would encourage stereotypes.

MAHER: Are we such a bunch of babies that we can't say what is true? Part of the problem is that we don't have big problems. World War Two was a big problem. I can't see people in that era suing because there weren't sufficient warnings on a ladder or on a Batman cape: "This cape does not enable user to fly." Back then, no one would have considered a stupid lawsuit over a kid jumping off a building in a Batman cape. A suit like that would have been viewed as demeaning. It would have been viewed as a scam. Now people sue over everything. Everyone sees himself as a victim, which takes away from people who are real victims. I remember reading about the many "victims of silicone implants." I'm sorry for women who had a bad tit job. But is it the same thing as losing a leg fighting for your country? That's a victim. If everybody's a victim then there are no true victims, and that's not right. Also, victimization becomes an excuse. In some cases, it may be. But we have to distinguish or no one is responsible because everyone is a victim. People cringe at jokes because they're so sensitive. And they are so strident. Nobody just wants to say they disagree; everyone wants an apology. I got a nasty letter today because of something I said about Mother Teresa. She had just given up her mission in Calcutta, finally, after 60 years, and the punch line was, "But she will retain control of prostitution and the numbers rackets." That's preposterous, yet someone writes a letter: "How dare you! We demand an apology."

PLAYBOY: But don't jokes reinforce stereotypes, whether against Poles, gays, Jews, blacks or any other group?

MAHER: I think it is possible to generalize. If you say, "Jews are good with money," oh! "What do you mean saying we're good at something. How dare you!" Well, excuse me. I don't understand how some stereotypes get started. I don't understand why Polish people have a reputation of being stupid. I've never known Polish people to be stupider than anybody else. But a lot of times, stereotypes become stereotypes because they are true. Black people do have better senses of humor than white people. They are politically incorrect more than white people in the sense that they're not protecting some false sensitivity. They're just more out with it, like I am. I think that's why they like me, and I think that's why I have a lot of black friends. Maybe white people have more to lose. I had a party last weekend and somebody said to me, "Boy, you have a lot of black friends," and I hadn't even noticed. When I was inviting people, I didn't notice who was black.

PLAYBOY: Now you're saying some of your best friends are black.

MAHER: They are! It's some horrible thing to say, but it is true. What's offensive to me are lies. They offend me, not truth. That's the problem with politically correct thinking. It's not thinking. It is the elevation of sensitivity over truth. It is the unwillingness to judge, when we need to judge. Judging has become a real bogey word, like liberal did. Everyone's in that mode: I don't want to judge. Well, you know, without judging you have no standards. A wild, controversial show included Deepak Chopra, who argued with me vehemently about Woody Allen. He was saying we shouldn't judge Allen. I'm not talking about the speculation regarding him, I'm talking about what's fact: that he seduced the teenage sister of his own children. So I'm just asking: If not here, when do we judge? Where is the line? Up to murder? Do we judge anything? All these liberal Hollywood types who work with him said they wouldn't judge him. Makes you wonder. To do what he did to his family and to cut his girlfriend off from her family seems terribly selfish. I mean, you're Woody Allen. You could date anybody. Look outside the living room, you know? Go to a bar. You'll meet somebody. You're famous. That's not a disco ball hanging in the kids' bedroom. On my show Fran Lebowitz was talking about Judge Lance Ito. She said, "He doesn't want to judge." I think that was true. I mean, if not him, who? No wonder you see it throughout society.

PLAYBOY: What causes this tendency?

MAHER: We don't have pressing problems, so society gets softer and softer and gets away from what's important and of real value. It gets narcissistic and morally bankrupt.

PLAYBOY: You sound like a right-winger pining for the good old days when we were moral.

MAHER: Listen, we do have a values crisis. I don't think you solve it the way Dan Quayle and Pat Buchanan want us to solve it. I don't know how to solve it. Another war would solve it, or if we were invaded by Mars or something. Believe me, people would get an attitude adjustment. My mother told me that her generation, before World War Two, was like slackers today. Then people got their shit together because they had to. Now everyone is turned off and cynical, which is not completely their fault. They think, What's in it for me? What do I get? It's the kind of world we live in. Why should I read the paper? How does it affect my life? How does it help me? What do I get out of it? Nothing tangible, nothing

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

©1996 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, N.Y., N.Y. Seagram's Gin. 100% Neutral Spirits. Distilled From Grain. 40% Alc. By Vol. (80 Proof).

BUMP UP THE VOLUME.

BUMPY TONIC

Pour Seagram's Gin over ice.
Fill with tonic water.
Splash with Triple Sec and
a twist of lime.
Add music, preferably LOUD.

THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE.

immediate. They say, "I guess if I knew more, I could cast a more intelligent vote and maybe the politicians would do better by the causes that are important to me. But that seems like a lot of turns to make when I could be watching the Spice Channel."

PLAYBOY: Yet you seem too forgiving of the system that engenders that. Your comments about the Lincoln bedroom make it sound as if it's appropriate just the way it is.

MAHER: No, my point was, compared with other ways to make money, it's the best of the bad. To get elected president, you have to buy $100 million in TV advertising, or some ridiculous number like that, just to be in the game. You have to get that kind of money somehow. Bush recently said that he never used the White House to solicit campaign funds. He said he never made one single phone call or sat in one single meeting where money was asked for—which explains why Clinton kicked his ass. As far as I'm concerned, you can get that money by promising someone in the tobacco industry that you'll say, "I don't know if cigarettes are addictive," or promising someone in the timber industry, "We will lay off the law that says you can't clear-cut more forests." But that seems more harmful than selling the Lincoln bedroom.

PLAYBOY: Is Clinton corrupt?

MAHER: Yes, though his form is better than some of the others'. It's better form to bill tourists who want to stay at Planet White House. It's taking advantage of this age of celebrity we live in. The president of the United States is the biggest star in the country. I mean, if Kevin Costner sold his bedroom, he could make money, too, but Bill Clinton is an even bigger star, and there's even more history in that room.

PLAYBOY: Overall, how would you rate Clinton's presidency?

MAHER: He's the right president for these times because he's full of shit and we're full of shit, which is not the most complimentary thing you could say. But it's true.

PLAYBOY: Are you embarrassed that you said "fuck" in front of Clinton?

MAHER: By mistake. I'm never going to live that one down.

PLAYBOY: Did he laugh?

MAHER: I don't know. I was in the middle of a joke, and I blew the wording and went, "Oh, fuck it."

PLAYBOY: It has been reported that Clinton watches your show.

MAHER: George Stephanopoulos said he does. Recently, when I saw Clinton at a performance at the Ford Theater, I got a bit of the evil eye. He just shook my hand and gave me a look like, "I heard what you said the other night, you rat." Then I remembered why. In some speech, he had said, "We have to end the cynicism and hypocrisy in Washington," and my comment was, "This is from a guy who has stabbed more people in the back than Joe Pesci." Of course, when you say things like that about the president, you can't be surprised when he gives you the evil eye. But on balance, I'm pretty supportive.

PLAYBOY: Dick Morris has been on a few times. You once noted that Morris wrote a book, but you gave it the name *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From the Yellow Pages*.

MAHER: I did that at the performance at the Ford Theater, with Clinton in the audience. He loved that one. Clinton really thought that was funny.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Al Gore?

MAHER: I like him in general. I didn't like his speech in Chicago last year when he railed against tobacco for killing his sister. I thought it was one of the most naked political plays I'd ever heard. My father died of cancer, but using that to get a laugh is unthinkable.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Gore will be the next president?

MAHER: I think Colin Powell will get into it and beat him. Powell has always been my favorite, because he's the one guy who has the authority not to pander. He could tell the truth. Ross Perot was a big hero until he said we should have a 50-cent tax on gasoline, which we absolutely should. We pay a third of what the rest of the world pays for gasoline, and yet if there's a four percent rise in the gas tax, people act like their lives are going to end. There are a dozen good reasons to have a big tax on gasoline, but I pity the poor fool who tells the people that.

PLAYBOY: What's your take on the controversial welfare-reform bill?

MAHER: I certainly am not for throwing poor people out onto the street. On the other hand, I have a skeptical view of human nature and tend to believe that if you allow someone not to work, in most cases they won't. The bill is probably harsh, and a lot of people will be hurt who shouldn't be, but there's no way to deal with problems that affect millions of people without someone getting hurt. America cannot seem to face that idea. We want to go to war but with no casualties. How can we go to war if no one dies? We see a picture of one soldier with a Band-Aid on, and it's too much—pull out. But nothing is free in this world.

PLAYBOY: How about abortion?

MAHER: I happen to believe that life begins at birth. The argument is summed up in the word the other side chooses to use: unborn. They're protecting the unborn, but, hey: unborn. Not born. You're not around. Where does life begin? Maybe on a first date. Just thinking about having sex? Yeah, sure, I want the government and preachers stepping in there. But you have to say that it starts somewhere.

PLAYBOY: You side with the liberals on abortion but with the conservatives on the death penalty.

MAHER: The death penalty is a deterrent only to the guy on death row. He is completely deterred from killing again. But I also think there have to be some people who will think twice when they see flames jump out of a guy's head. In this country we pull the trigger only on heinous criminals. You've got to be a really bad guy to get the death penalty.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't it concern you that the majority of the people executed are black?

MAHER: A problem like that should be addressed, but that is a completely different issue from abolishing the death penalty. The truth is, I don't know what you're saving these killers from. Why is it so great to rot in jail your whole life? When a life has gone that wrong, start over. If you believe that there is a soul and something beyond, then what's the tragedy in sending someone back into the reincarnation pool? Now, admittedly, that guy's going to have to go back a little further. He's going to come back as a cockroach or something.

PLAYBOY: You don't really believe that, do you?

MAHER: I believe there is a continuum of souls, yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?

MAHER: I do. I also believe that because of the very nature of a supreme being, I can't know what its nature is; I can't even imagine. If I were to get to the next level, then maybe I would have a greater consciousness. But it's not like the next level is some good version of this—like a great lounge and all your friends are there. I've said, "It's a shame my father can't see me doing this show because he would have loved it so much," and people say, "Oh, he sees it." I don't believe he does. I believe he's on a plane where a TV show would be so trivial. Why even bother having an afterlife if it's the same bunch of shit?

PLAYBOY: Somehow we expect cynics like you to be atheists.

MAHER: I was at a dinner party at Alan Alda's house when he asked how many people there believed in God. I was the only one who raised a hand. But if you go out into the country at large, not only do people believe in God, there's a huge number who also believe that the Bible is the word of God and that he is some sort of old man or something. There are things we don't and can't know, that we can't apply human reason to.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents, a Jew and a Catholic, believers in their respective religions?

MAHER: My father was very Irish Catholic. His parents were mortified when he married a Jew. My mother was never a religious Jew, and I've never been in a temple in my life.

PLAYBOY: Does that sort of background make for good comedy?

(continued on page 159)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man with a flair for romance. They met two weeks ago at a wine auction. Saturday it was a beach barbecue and tonight it's a cozy seaside restaurant, where he had a dozen long-stemmed roses sent to their corner table. PLAYBOY men like to treat women right. They spent more than $2 billion on flower purchases in the past six months, as much as readers of GQ and *Men's Health* combined. PLAYBOY—because you can't stem success. (Source: Fall 1996 MRI.)

HOUSTON, WE HAVE LANDED ON MARS

a fanatic band of hippie scientists has sold nasa on a manned mission to the red planet

ARTICLE BY
MARK BOWDEN

MARS IS six months away. One hundred and eighty days. It's a journey 1000 times more distant from earth than anyone has ever undertaken before. But we could fly there in less time than it took Christopher Columbus to make his first trip to the New World and back, in less time than it takes to finish a baseball season.

Aboard rockets from earth launched into an elliptical orbit around the sun, at speeds 20 times faster than the old lunar spacecraft, astronauts would arrive at the red planet more than a week shy of Shannon Lucid's record stay on *Mir*. Once down, hunkered into spartan habitats like Antarctic explorers, equipped with tools, scientific equipment and a methane-powered rover, the crew would spend roughly a year and a half exploring a Montana-sized patch of the frozen, dry, rust-colored planet, determining (among other things) if life exists there, or ever has. With a six-month return trip, the entire mission would take two and a half years. That's still half a year less than it took Ferdinand Magellan's expedition to sail around the world.

The greatest voyage in history would cost about $40 billion over a decade, the cost of a medium-sized weapons system, or less than one tenth of what NASA said in 1989 it would take to send someone to Mars.

All the plan needs now is a patron. Mars needs its own Queen Isabella, King Charles or John F. Kennedy.

The plan that will take mankind to Mars wasn't worked out by bullet-headed backroom NASA engineers. It has been designed, right down to launch requirements (10,000 pounds thrust, 850 seconds), food needs (4800 kilograms) and the perfect material for a Mars greenhouse (Aerogel), by a hippie band of Colorado visionaries that grew up infected with the rhetoric of the moon race. There's Chris McKay, a distracted stork of a man with perpetual wilderness stubble and a hard, clear mind; Tom Meyer, a precocious inventor turned entrepreneur and professional researcher; Penelope Boston, a biologist with a yen for the underground; Boston's husband, Steve Welch, an electronic engineer with maharishi hair and beard; Carter Emmart, a flamboyant artist and poet who collects Barbies; and Bob Zubrin, the garrulous, passionate engineer in a Lenin cap whose elegant problem solving and skillful promotion have put manned exploration of Mars back on the map. With Richard Wagner, Zubrin also wrote *The Case for Mars*. Allied

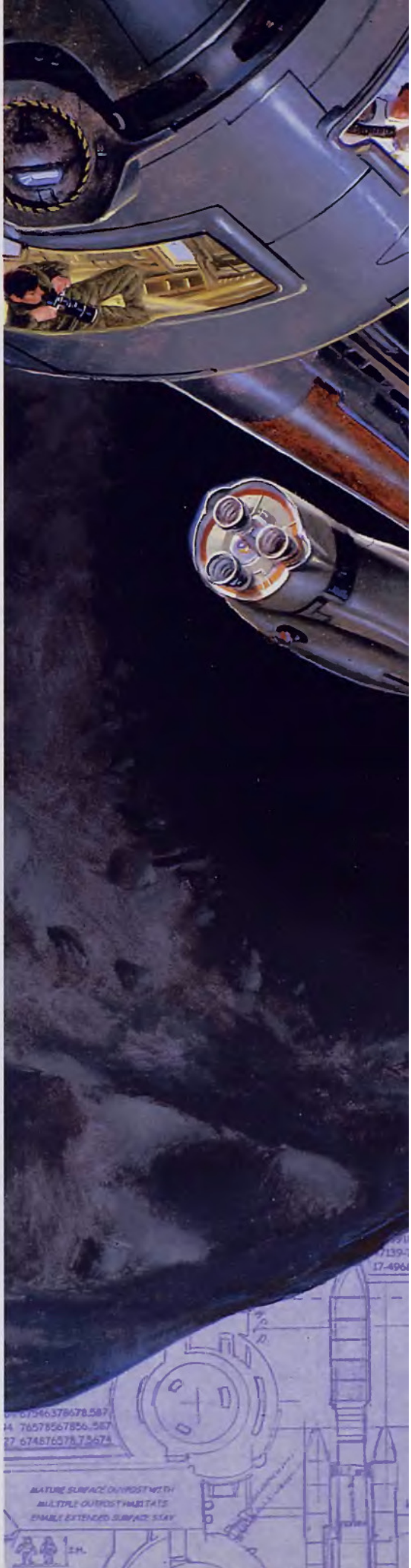


ILLUSTRATION BY DONATO GIANCOLA

180 DAYS IN TRANSIT
ORBITAL VELOCITIES
LOW EARTH ORBIT
MARS SURFACE
MAV
DONATO '97
EARTH
SUN
NUCLEAR THERMAL PROPULSION & GRAVITY ASSISTED TRAJECTORY
1879 MAP OF MARS BY GIOVANNI SCHIAPARELLI 'CANALI'
MARS

with higher-profile spaceniks such as former moon man Buzz Aldrin, the late Carl Sagan, former NASA administrator Thomas Paine and dozens of others, this Mars Underground plotted a ruthlessly efficient, eminently doable Mars voyage, not on the grand scale NASA envisioned but in the adventuring spirit of the *Niña*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa María*.

Then they did something harder—they managed to sell the space agency on it. Now they will have to sell it to America and the world.

It has ever been so. Columbus didn't smack into San Salvador as the result of a crash ten-year imperial Spanish program of global exploration. Magellan wasn't groomed by some ocean-probing scientific bureaucracy. And even the boys who brought you *Apollo* didn't start out as the darlings of any power elite. In each instance, the people who eventually bent entire nations to their peculiar obsessions were brilliant, determined dreamers.

Go to Mars?

"Go to the moon" had a different feel. The moon was always the happy goal just beyond our grasp—go ahead, *shoot for the moon!* Going there was a magical stunt. But today the moon is ours. Mysteries plundered, dust tracked virgin plains planted with staff and flag, austere horizon breached by the one-sixth-*g* bounce of a smuggled golf ball. In the nearly three decades since, NASA has lost its capacity to amaze. It has become another aimless government bureaucracy in an age when government reigns as the source of all evil. The moon? It's an anachronism. It's our national trophy wife. It was once shimmering and unattainable; now we wonder why we were so interested. Its gray, pockmarked face taunts our shriveled imaginations; it nags us about all we cannot do—*If we can go to the moon, why can't we . . . ?*

But Mars? More than a daring destination, it's a whole new world. Lore long filled it with fabulous kingdoms, monsters, canals and pyramids, but modern planetary science has mapped a far more desolate place. A crew approaching the planet will see it grow from a pinhole in the night sky to a bright-orange disc the size and color of a new penny. It is about half the size of earth, but without oceans it has more land surface to explore than our world's continents and islands combined. Spinning at almost the same rate as earth (a Mars day is 24.6 hours), it orbits the sun every 687 days on a tilted axis that gives it doublelong earthlike seasons. Noon near Mars' equator on the hottest day of summer can raise soil temperatures to 70° Fahrenheit, but most of the time the planet makes Antarctica look like a summer playground. Mars' winter is so cold—-180 at the poles—that the thin Martian air actually freezes solid, creating the cap of white at the pole tilted farthest from the sun. This is not frozen water but frozen carbon dioxide (dry ice). There is believed to be a mile-thick layer of water ice beneath that white-capped pole, and plenty more frozen into the clay of Mars' iron-rich (hence rusty) soil.

As the ship gets closer and Mars fills the forward windows of the craft with its strange bright-orange expanse, the crew will see etched across the surface evidence that water flowed freely there long, long ago. In the billions of years since the climate and atmosphere of Mars resembled earth's, it has grown bitterly inhospitable. The thin Mars air (mostly carbon dioxide) is so dry that a bowl of water on the surface would explode into vapor. Scientists originally expected the Mars sky to be blue, right up until *Viking 1* touched down on July 20, 1976 and began transmitting the first images from Mars' surface. In its rush to make the pictures public, NASA assumed a blue sky and initially processed the new digital images from that reference color, which made the surface appear greenish brown. A more careful calibration the following day brought a surprise. It showed the surface to be a rust desert and the sky an ethereal, pinkish orange, a kind of pale peach. An alien world.

"Man, it was so cool," says Penny Boston, who was a student at Florida Atlantic University when the pictures were beamed down, a teenager in granny glasses and long blonde hair. "For me it was both an epiphany and a disappointment. Mars was no longer a distant red speck. It was a place, a planet. It gave me a rush similar to what I felt when I saw the first photographs of the whole earth from *Apollo 8*. But it was disappointing, too. I was hoping to see some Martian giraffes."

Why wasn't life there? *Viking*'s simple soil and air samples found all the elements necessary for it—carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, water—but the planet appeared inert. There were some ambiguous results of the soil testing, a spike of suspicious oxygen, probably a mineral reaction but enough to keep diehards hoping. But on the whole Mars looked dead as a bucket of rusty nails. Chris McKay remembers feeling less disappointed than intrigued. How could a planet so promising turn out to be dead?

This question goes to the heart of modern biology. If life, as Darwin's great insight suggested, results from a simple algorithm operating naturally over geological time, then it ought to evolve wherever necessary ingredients and conditions exist. Either that or we're back to the hand of God. It is possible, of course, that in a universe of billions of stars, life evolved on earth alone, or first anyway. But if current notions of how life arose are correct, that seems unlikely. Even if life is a vanishingly lucky phenomenon, a one-in-a-billion chance would mean it has evolved roughly a billion times in our universe. If the ingredients and conditions for life exist on Mars, and Mars is and always has been dead, it won't topple the edifice of modern biology. But it will make it tremble. The question is, as McKay says, "important either way." If life does exist there, or did at one time, the implications will be staggering. It would mean life is almost certainly universal. Such a discovery would shatter the earth-centered paradigm of the ages. It would mean the glorious canopy of the heavens breathes, that the light that so dimly reaches earth from distant stars shines brightly on life-forms of near infinite variety.

All of us can feel the importance of possibilities such as these; a scientist is driven to find answers. When Penny Boston saw no giraffes, shrubs or even weeds in those dead pictures from Mars, she set about trying to grow some life-forms. She, McKay and classmate Carol Stoker sucked the air out of giant bell jars to model the low-pressure Martian environment. They grew radishes, and the radishes did fine.

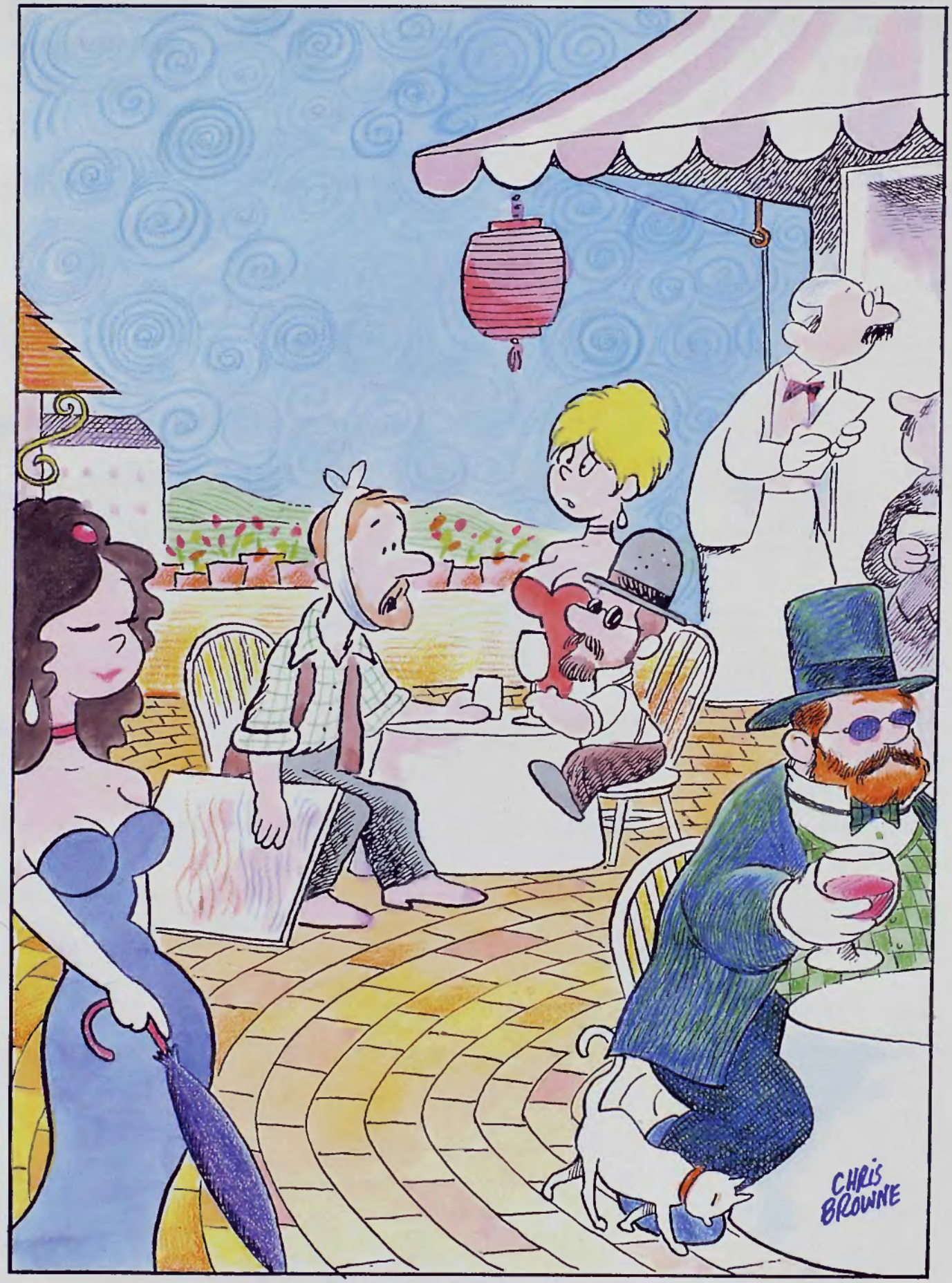
"The standing joke was that I would publish *Mother Boston's Radish Cookbook*," Boston says, "which was a double joke because I never cook."

The demonstration called the Mars Chamber became the first of many experiments that gradually filled Mars headquarters, a small room reached by a narrow staircase beneath the solar telescope dome on the roof of a University of Colorado science building. McKay, Boston, Welch, Meyer and Stoker dubbed themselves the Mars Study Project and began brainstorming on everything from designing secure living stations, figuring out how to make air, food, water and fuel from Martian resources to "terraforming," that is, altering Mars' air and climate to accommodate human life—in other words, making Mars earthlike.

"When *Viking* landed on Mars, it was the perfect moment for me," McKay says. "First-year graduate students are intellectually receptive. You're searching and open to just about anything. After the first year you have your thesis project and you've focused your effort and energy along specific lines."

Tall, steady, staunchly egalitarian,

(continued on page 84)



"I'm changing my name to 'The Artist Formerly Known as Van Gogh.'"

in los angeles, there's a dj who has put good curves on the radio waves

Ellen doesn't rest when her shift on Rick Dees' show ends. She zooms off to play correspondent for *Geraldo* and *Real TV*, as well as "Sports Goddess" on sports talk radio (above, with noted loudmouth Vic "the Brick" Jacobs).

HER VOICE blankets Los Angeles—sultry, suggestive, then suddenly exploding with the cackle of a woman who can barely believe she gets paid to do this. "I love my job! I don't consider it work at all," says Ellen K., Los Angeles' fave babe of the airwaves. Isn't she wasting her looks being aurally sexy? "No!" says Ellen, who joins legendary DJ Rick Dees each morning on his top-rated five-hour party on KIIS-FM. In fact, her sonic adventures feature fun stuff you won't see on TV, including her Battle of the Sexes with Dees. "When Rick lost, I made him walk down Hollywood Boulevard in a skirt. When I lost, he got the fattest, hairiest tattoo artist in town to pull down my pants and tattoo me." Pants are always dropping near Ellen. (Rod Stewart's, for instance.) And she's been mooned by Bryan Adams. At a party Stewart threw, she rubbed elbows with Elton John, Jon Bon Jovi and George Michael. Quite an ascent for a girl who began at a tiny radio station in Lafayette, Indiana. From there Ellen, the daughter of a rocket scientist, sped to San Diego, San Francisco and finally Los Angeles, where she joined Dees in 1990. Prizing privacy—particularly after a bedazzled fan stalked her not long ago—she keeps her full name a secret. Ditto her love life. "I don't date a lot of men. I used to, but now I'm more selective." As are 4 million fans who tune her in on 102.7 FM weekday mornings. For them, her voice is the world's best wake-up call.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL

Ellen keeps her shape, Hollywood style. "Arnold Schwarzenegger trains at my gym. And sometimes I work out with my cousin Kevin Sorbo, who plays TV's Hercules," she says. Tim Allen and Jay Leno are acquaintances, too, "but I really got off meeting Captain Kangaroo!"

Her pal Tim Allen aced Ellen out of 13th place at a recent celebrity Grand Prix race. "He couldn't stand to lose to a girl, so he smashed my car into the wall and said, 'Sorry, babe!'" Still, Ellen loves her brushes with celebrity. She relishes her days in the California sun. "I feel like I have the best job in the world. I don't know what's going to happen from day to day. And that's what makes it exciting," she says.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

as *seinfeld*'s lovable loser, he lies, he cheats, he whines—and still gets the girl and the great job. can jason alexander do the same thing in real life?

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

BY BOB DAILY

YOU LEARN a great deal about a man when he kicks the crap out of you. When Jason Alexander kicks the crap out of me, I discover, first, that he is a considerate man, even in conquest. "Is that a shock-resistant watch?" he asks helpfully. "You might want to take that off."

Then he proceeds to wallop me. It is not a scene for the squeamish. One punch to the sternum is so hard, I nearly cough up a lung. A fierce kick actually raises me off the ground. Making matters worse, Alexander narrates every blow: "This is the roundhouse kick." *Baboom!* "Does that hurt?" *Baboom!* "Try holding the pad closer to your chest." *Baboom!* With each shot a thud, like a melon hitting asphalt, echoes down the quiet street where he lives.

This mortal combat transpires in the driveway of Alexander's Los Angeles home. Thrice weekly, at dawn, the *Seinfeld* star meets with David Renan, a personal trainer who instructs him in the martial art of *jeet kune do*—"the Bruce Lee system," Renan explains in the Hollywood tradition of defining everything vis-à-vis its relationship to a celebrity. Normally Alexander pummels Renan (and vice versa). Today, at my request, he pummels me—after ensuring that I am well girded with vinyl padding.

Other things I learn in the process of getting bashed: Though chunky, Alexander is remarkably spry, even graceful. Though cheery, he possesses a killer instinct, talking confidently of how he would respond if someone pointed a gun or knife his way in what he calls "a street situation." Although, frankly, it's hard to take a man too seriously when he has a padded codpiece dangling between his legs.

After he administers my thrashing, the finale to a one-hour workout, Alexander removes his gear. (In shin guards, chest protector and face mask, he resembles a young Joe Garagiola.) He is winded. Standing, sweating, talking with Renan in the morning chill, he begins to smoke: Steam is rising off his shoulders and his balding pate.

"See all that steam?" Renan asks me. "That's chi."

Uh . . . chi? "It's a central untapped energy we all have," Alexander explains solemnly. "Secret mystical stuff. Martial artists are always trying to call on that hidden energy. You focus all that energy and you can do amazing things."

Then, just when you believe he's the reincarnation of Bruce Lee, Alexander reminds you that he is, instead, the man who incarnated George Costanza. "Either that," he says, taking a hit from his asthma inhaler, "or us bald guys just don't have anything up top to keep the heat in."

THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE

Call it chi. Call it talent. Call it tapping the zeitgeist. Whatever the source, Jason Alexander has accomplished an amazing thing. He has made a national folk hero—a sex symbol, some might argue—out of a short, pudgy, balding, crabby, neurotic nebbish by the name of George Costanza.

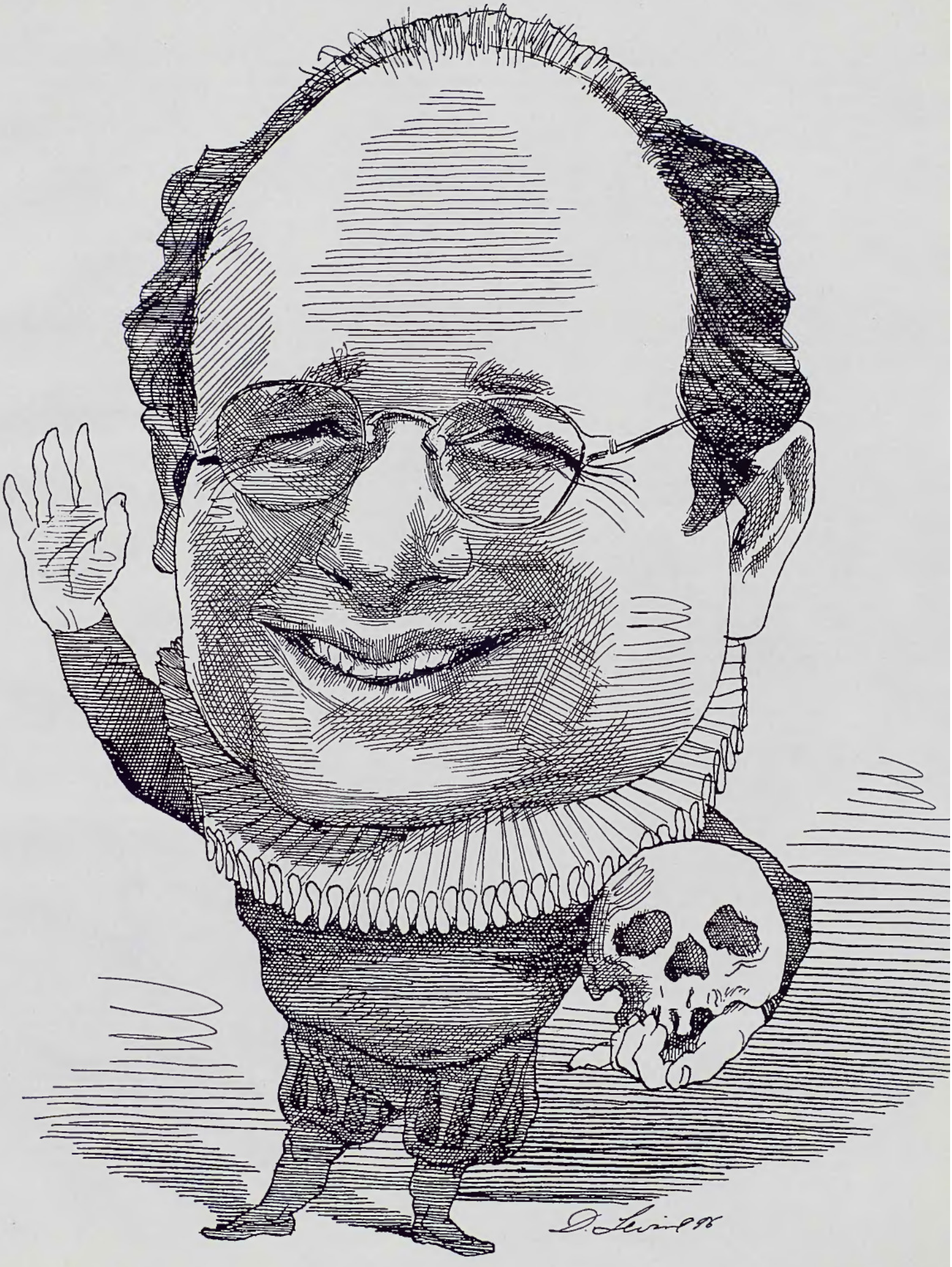
"No one's a bigger idiot than me," says George, summing up his appeal. "I'm disturbed, I'm depressed, I'm inadequate—I got it all!" And: "Once in my life I'd like the upper hand. I have no hand. No hand at all. How do I get the hand?"

For these reasons—his inadequacy, his handlessness—George has become America's favorite loser, a patron saint of misfits and malcontents everywhere. George is us; we are George. *Ich bin ein Costanza*. He represents the side of us that cannot be suppressed, the side whose tastes lie toward lying, laziness, underemployment. Says Alexander's TV pal, Jerry Seinfeld: "We often say that if the series were just George, it would be called *This Poor Man*. This poor man, who is just beset—how could you not feel for this guy?"

The public's embrace of George pays tribute to Alexander. Granted, *Seinfeld*'s writers have endowed the character with a plethora of personality disorders, not the least of which is his angst. In a *Seinfeld* appraisal that appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, critic Francis Davis wrote that Alexander transcends the TV loser stereotype "by zeroing in on George's deviousness, his raging libido and his volatile combination of arrogance and low self-esteem."

Clearly, there was something auspicious in the joining of this character

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



and this actor. Which leads to the inevitable question: Is he George? Eventually, this is what everybody asks about Alexander. Is he neurotic, needy, disturbed and depressed like his TV counterpart? "A very popular question," agrees Seinfeld, who, after a thoughtful pause, takes a stab at answering: "Well, they *look* similar."

Alexander himself responds with weary resignation: "If I were like George, what would the answer be? If you're as neurotic as that guy, would you say, 'Yes, I'm terribly neurotic'?"

As a matter of fact, yes, you would. And though Alexander never says these particular words, other words and actions bespeak a certain Costanzan neurosis. If there's a little of George in all of us, there's more than a little in Jason Alexander. As Seinfeld says, playing George "wasn't a complete stretch for Jason."

Not that they're identical. Seinfeld's observation aside, the 37-year-old Alexander appears both thinner and younger in person; if the camera adds ten pounds, it also ages him about ten years. Without George's glasses, there's a boyishness to his face. His manner is earnest and cooperative. "He's very sweet," says Seinfeld. "He'll send me a card on my birthday, and you know that blank side of the card? He'll fill it up, and it won't be fluff. He'll take the time to write something deeply felt."

But scratch that menschy surface and you'll discover a long list of Georgian fears, foibles and eccentricities.

George's hypochondria? Pure Alexander: "Jason always has allergies and ailments that are very Costanzaesque," says Seinfeld. George's bleak insecurity? "I can see myself homeless seven years from now," Alexander admits. George's whole lying-to-impress-a-woman thing? Alexander met his wife, Daena Title, while he was a lowly assistant at a New York City casting agency. Pretending to be a casting director, he put her through a bogus audition before he worked up the courage to ask her out.

That morning in Alexander's driveway I witness another quintessential George moment. In the middle of the workout, his mother-in-law drops by to borrow his white Volvo. "This is trust," he says proudly. "You let your mother-in-law borrow your car."

He has no idea. Alexander, Renan and I watch, transfixed, as Phyllis backs the Volvo down the narrow driveway. Alexander narrates, sotto voce: "Oh baby!" he mutters as she clips the hedge. "Pull it forward, my dear—you know, there are only four or five people who actually can get out of this driveway. I think she's gonna go for it——"

Crunch! Phyllis smacks the right mirror against the gate. She pulls forward, then backs up again slowly, inch by excruciating inch. When Alexander's son emerges from the house, in pajamas, Alexander shoos him back: "Gabe, Grandma's pulling out, it's not safe!" Renan averts his gaze: "I can't watch," he groans. And—*crunch!* Phyllis bangs the left mirror against the gate. A shower of shiny pieces falls to the ground.

Alexander grimaces. *This poor man.* "I'm thinking," he muses, "maybe we should rent a car for her."

LIFE AFTER GEORGE

To find Alexander at his Studio City lot, you take Gilligan's Island Road to the *Seinfeld* sign. Turn left. If you hit Mary Tyler Moore Avenue, you have gone too far. Alexander's no-frills office is on the second floor. Here he sits in his offstage mufti (T-shirt, jeans and sneakers), talking on the phone: "Hey, it's not you," he cheerfully explodes. "What can you do? They'll fuck ya!"

Again Alexander is blowing off steam, though this time not literally. The producers had requested his presence on the lot at eight A.M.; it's now past noon, and they're not ready to shoot his scene. "A typical *Seinfeld* day," he grouses. "I was supposed to be shooting by ten, I've done zippity-doodah so far."

So he has spent the morning sifting through scripts, phoning moguls and doing deals—preparing for life after *Seinfeld*.

Yes, Alexander is working toward the day he will say farewell to George Costanza. He came perilously close this year. In a ballyhooed negotiation, Alexander, Julia Louis-Dreyfus and Michael Richards each asked for an unprecedented $1 million per episode to return for a ninth season. (Seinfeld, a writer and producer as well as an actor, had already cut a separate deal.) At the final hour they settled for $600,000 an episode (or $13 million per season), plus a cut of the profits. They also agreed to work for a tenth, and most likely final, season.

The rancorous negotiations took a toll on Alexander and his castmates. "It's not that we were adamant about making $1 million an episode," he insists. "We were adamant that we should have been cut in on the profits from syndication revenues. The money is there, and their cries of poverty fell on deaf ears." He claims that NBC dissipated eight years of goodwill by dragging out the proceedings. By the end, he says, his attitude was: "Fuck you. If you're not going to treat us like people, then we'll just be animals. And we'll walk away if we have to."

Walk away? Alexander was remarkably relaxed about leaving the decade's hottest sitcom. On the one hand, he says, "There is tremendous joy in doing this show. *Seinfeld* has changed all our careers and all of our lives. It was a space-shuttle ride to superattention."

On the other hand, "Everything *Seinfeld* hath given, it hath taken away," he notes. "I wouldn't have been considered for a lot of the films that I'm up for were it not for the show. But by the same token the show has prevented me from doing them." Thus he passed up plum roles in *A Few Good Men*, *A League of Their Own* and *Glengarry Glen Ross*. Furthermore, he adds, "I miss the challenge" of a more varied career. "The fact that the show has never concerned itself with anything other than funny—that gets to be a limited muscle to exercise."

Looking beyond *Seinfeld*, Alexander fears that George could swallow his career, reducing him eventually to personal appearances at *Seinfeld* fan conventions. He knows the perils of being indelibly identified with such a celebrated character. "I have seen many careers that have been at this point and then, for myriad reasons, don't sustain. Actors have come off this kind of boost and gone into oblivion. That's frightening to me."

Hence the $1 million per episode demand—an insurance policy against typecasting. "This could very well be the biggest thing that happens in my career," he says. "*Seinfeld* is going to live on the air for years, continually putting out the image that George is who I am. So if I'm going to give them another 22 of those images, they're going to make sure I'm set for life."

Alexander has this going for him: Unlike many sitcom stars, he came to the show with the résumé of a real actor. At the age of 37, he has done slapstick and Shakespeare, song and dance. A Broadway fixture in the Eighties, he won a 1989 Tony Award for his performance in the musical *Jerome Robbins' Broadway*, in which he played 12 different characters, from a young gangster to an old Jew. At one of those recent (and ubiquitous) award extravaganzas, he brought a dozing crowd to its feet with a vaudevillian star turn, complete with a tango, a flip and a pie in the face.

"Jason has the ability to really transform himself," says Ken Kwapis, who directed him in the film *Dunston Checks In*. "He has the kind of abilities Peter Sellers had—I can easily see him playing several characters in a film, the way Sellers did in *Dr. Strangelove*. I have a feeling that he may ultimately be as strong a dramatic actor on the screen as he is a comic actor on TV."

(continued on page 120)

"Soooo . . . is there a Mr. Peep?"

FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

WATCH OUT, King Giorgio. The British have introduced a hip twist to the men's fashion scene and they're socking it to Milan. Among the homespun talent is Paul Smith, a pioneer of quirky British design. The mod clothes in his store are only enhanced by the stack of vintage PLAYBOYS he sells as accessories. He put his own particular imprint on a classic two-button suit, above left, by constructing it out of corduroy with an outrageously wide wale ($1450). The cotton check shirt ($205) and floral silk tie ($90) are also his. Nicole Farhi, who did the wool three-button jacket (above right, $529), is known for combining British tailoring with the unstructured style of European designers. The fabric may be traditional flannel, but Farhi added pop by giving the flat-front pants a violet tint ($265). Ted Baker designed the microfiber-and-Lycra shirt ($140) and the striped tie ($80). Baker is so popular in England that people say "nice Ted" instead of "nice shirt." Opposite: Do real men wear plaid? Yes, as long as it's a hip bespoke version such as this Patrick Cox suit. The three-button jacket costs $600, the matching flat-front pants are $305 and the turtleneck is $210. The calfskin shoes ($225) are by Kenneth Cole.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON MOE
STYLING BY STEVEN NASSIMOS

LONDON COOL

YOU WON'T FIND A RUNWAY SHOW OR A SUPERMODEL IN TOWN, BUT ENGLISH DESIGNERS ARE REINVENTING MEN'S FASHION

In the next 18 months, Bond Street, the already crowded boulevard of boutiques, will witness openings of such flagship stores as Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni, Ralph Lauren, CK Calvin Klein, Tommy Hilfiger and Guess. Perhaps it's because, as Tommy Hilfiger puts it, "London is the gateway to Europe." The real reason is that whether it's music or fashion (and usually the two are intertwined), Londoners are trendy mothers. Patrick Cox has leaped to the forefront of design with such items as the three-button jacket above ($500; the matching flat-front pants cost $220). The fabric is camel cotton moleskin. Cox also designed the Chinese-print silk shirt ($385). (The men's belt [$145] is from Hugo Hugo Boss and the dress is by Bella Freud.) Timothy Everest served as an apprentice to Savile Row's celebrity tailor Tommy Nutter (he made Elton John's wonky stage costumes) before making the move to retail. One of his typical signatures is a tonal, multipattern look as in the single-breasted suit with flat-front pants at right ($1475). (Everest also did the shirt with diamond pattern [$145] and the woven silk tie [$95]. The dress is by Vivienne Westwood.) Tom Cruise went through 30 pairs of Everest's trousers during the filming of *Mission: Impossible*. We recommend you treat them a bit more carefully.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.
HAIR BY GABRIEL SABA FOR JOHN SHAHAG WORKSHOP N.Y.C./MAKEUP BY SHANE PAISH FOR TRILISE

Deadly Morals

THE DEA IS BUSTING DOCTORS FOR PRESCRIBING DRUGS—AND PATIENTS ARE DYING IN PAIN

DONALD DEWBERRY, 44, a retired aircraft mechanic, went to Dr. John McFadden several years ago after two failed surgeries for degenerative disk disease. The pain in his neck was crippling, and even moving his eyes triggered it. Dr. McFadden, who is medical director of the Tupelo Pain Clinic in Tupelo, Mississippi, prescribed Dewberry narcotic painkillers known as opioids, which are highly effective and rarely addictive when taken to relieve pain.

Unfortunately for McFadden, he was under surveillance. Federal and state narcotics investigators first went to his red-brick clinic in 1987 on a tip from the Mississippi State Board of Pharmacy that he was overprescribing painkillers. They sifted through his inventory logs for evidence that narcotic medications had been diverted to the street for black-market resale. McFadden claims that only minor record-keeping errors were found. Yet because McFadden specialized in pain treatment (and therefore had prescribed narcotics such as Vicodin and Tylenol #3), he was subject to continuing suspicion. Over the next nine years, agents from the Mississippi State Board of Medical Licensure periodically investigated his prescribing habits.

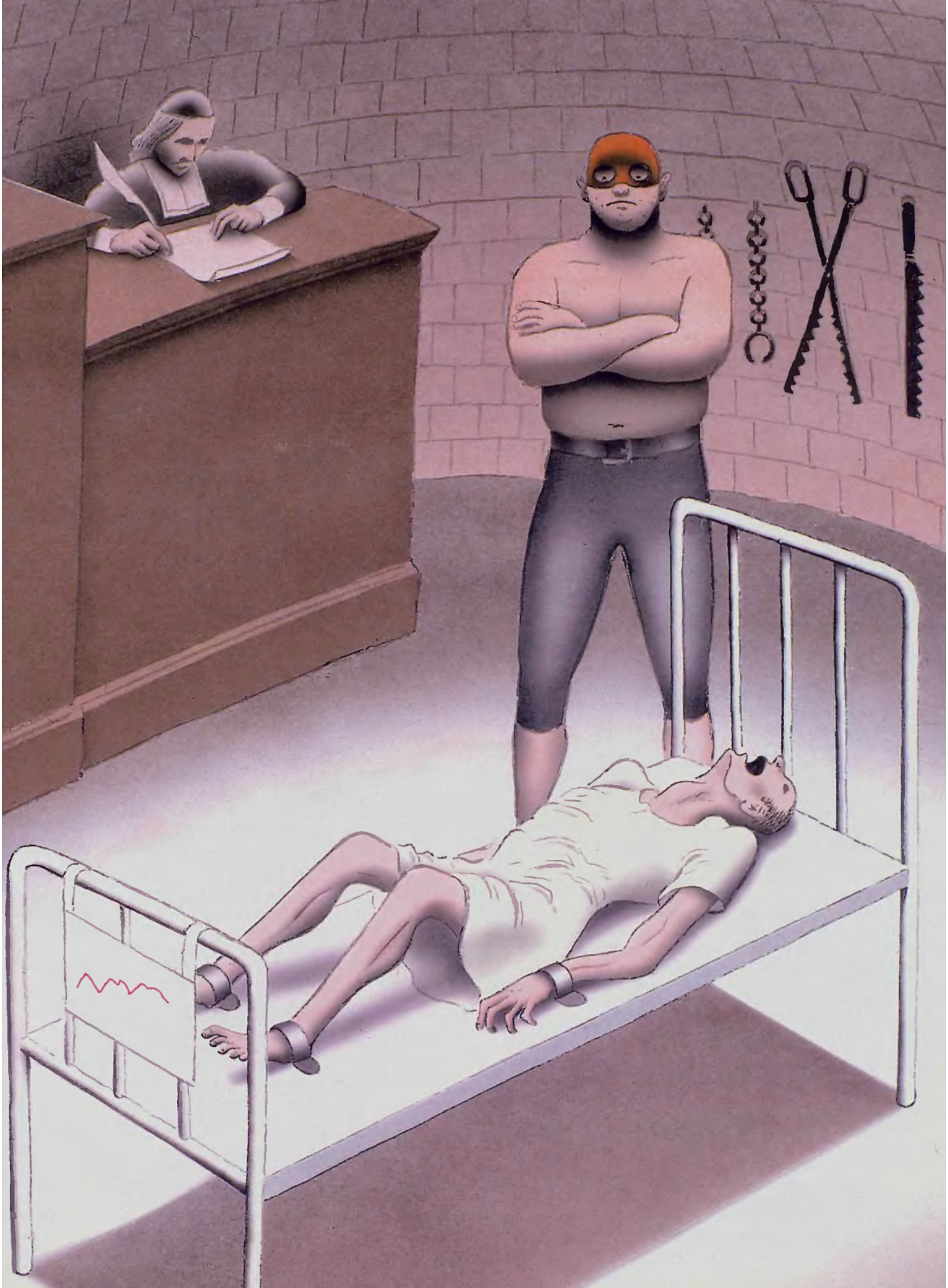
A new front had been opened in the drug war, and patients in pain were potential enemies. Even though McFadden, the only pain specialist in northern Mississippi, administered legal medications of great benefit, his prescribing of narcotics targeted him as a suspect.

In March 1996 a state medical board investigator arrived at his clinic with a search warrant. "We had been expecting him. We knew he had to do his job, so we were friendly and said, 'You can look at anything you want,'" McFadden recalls. The agent seized the medical charts of 36 patients. Several months later McFadden was notified that the medical board had charged him with 11 counts of violating the Mississippi Medical Practice Act, including unprofessional conduct "likely to harm the public."

After two days of administrative hearings and 30 minutes of deliberation, the medical board—whose members are appointed by the governor—suspended McFadden's medical license and prohibited him from prescribing a variety of controlled substances on an outpatient basis. McFadden's censure has had a chilling effect in Mississippi medical

article By Katherine Eban Finkelstein

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT



circles. To avoid similar repercussions or scrutiny, other area doctors have virtually stopped prescribing narcotics. One doctor in Tupelo posted a notice in his waiting room: DO NOT ASK ME TO REFILL PAIN MEDICATIONS. In a doctor's office 40 miles away in Corinth, a sign read DON'T ASK FOR OPIOIDS.

McFadden's patients, meanwhile, were left in pain. When Dewberry returned to his longtime family practitioner in nearby Oxford and asked for a prescription, the doctor chewed him out. "'You're just an addict,'" Dewberry recalls him saying. He has since stopped taking medication, and the pain keeps him in bed: "I'm in this haze of fighting pain. I'm trying to raise two teenagers, and I have a mortgage on the house. But if I said, 'Heck, if it all falls to pieces . . .' then it does."

•

By almost any measure, America has lost its war on illegal drugs. Cocaine and heroin still cross the nation's borders. "Cat," or methcathinone, can be purchased in any city, despite endless law enforcement efforts to buy and bust. Meanwhile, the real threat from illegal drugs has fed America's opiophobia, an irrational fear of narcotic pain relief. Needing a winnable war, the government has cracked down in doctors' offices. Across the country, state agents, allied with the DEA, have staked out pain clinics under the assumption that wherever narcotics are prescribed, diversion of the drugs will soon follow. In pursuing this theory, the government has criminalized an entire class of patients and scared doctors into abandoning them.

As a result, pain is grievously undertreated. According to the National Chronic Pain Outreach Association, an estimated 34 million patients suffer chronic pain and lose 50 million workdays a year. Seven million of these patients cannot relieve their pain without opioids, but there are only approximately 4000 doctors in the country willing to prescribe them. A recent *New England Journal of Medicine* editorial noted that 56 percent of cancer outpatients and 82 percent of AIDS outpatients received inadequate pain treatment. Fifty percent of hospitalized patients with a range of illnesses also received inadequate pain treatment.

Our drug war has overshadowed our pain crisis because the former is fought by politicians, while the latter is lived by patients who are often confined to bed. In the absence of an effective pain lobby, politicians have been able to whip the public into an opiophobic frenzy. "All you have to do is scream about the drug hysteria, then everyone tucks his tail and runs," says Dr. Stratton Hill, a Houston pain specialist. "No politician wants the charge that he's soft on drugs." Late last year the Clinton administration challenged referenda in Arizona and California that would legalize the medical use of marijuana for easing the pain and nausea that are related to cancer and its treatment. This past March the president emerged from knee surgery declaring that he would not medicate his pain with narcotics.

While doctors may shrug off such proclamations, they cannot afford to ignore the investigative machinery that opiophobia has built. "We have established a bureaucracy to catch doctors making errors," says a leading researcher in pain treatment. "As a result, fear is endemic among physicians."

•

In 1984 Congress handed the DEA's Office of Diversion Control discretionary power to revoke a doctor's registration to prescribe medicine. (In order to write prescriptions, doctors must be registered with the DEA.) The 1984 legislation enabled the government to yank this registration if a doctor commits "such acts as would render his registration . . . inconsistent with the public interest." This phrase, buried in the fine print of the Dangerous Drug Diversion Control Act, significantly expanded the ODC's latitude. Before 1984, the agency could revoke a doctor's registration for only three reasons: If he had falsified a prescription, was convicted of a felony relating to controlled substances or had his state medical license revoked, denied or suspended.

With the passage of the act, the rules changed overnight—from black-and-white to gray. Enforcers could pronounce guilt and revoke a registration simply by declaring that the public interest had been threatened. Suddenly, prescribing that was determined to be against the "public interest" was being used as prima facie evidence of diversion. The government had effectively criminalized narcotic pain treatment and had begun to practice medicine.

Since its creation in 1973, the ODC has had a dual function. It was charged with ensuring the availability of pharmaceutical drugs for legitimate needs and preventing their diversion for illegitimate sale and use. But the 1984 drug bill changed everything. Despite limited data on the origins or amount of diversion, the agency targeted doctors and patients, performing search-and-seizure operations in the offices of baffled clinicians. The peremptory justice was supported by Orwellian logic: *Patients at pain clinics use narcotics. Narcotics can be addictive. Therefore, pain patients are addicts.*

This new system encouraged doctors to suspect the motives of their patients. "As doctors, we believe in people, but the government expects each of us to be an FBI unit. We're supposed to trust no one," explains Dr. Frank McNiel, a family practitioner in Knoxville, Tennessee.

•

In deciding who to bust, investigators rely heavily on medication categories that were established in 1970 under the Controlled Substances Act. The DEA groups medications into five different "Schedules," depending on their potential for abuse. Schedule V contains some prescription drugs as well as over-the-counter cough medicines, which are rarely abused. Schedule IV includes benzodiazepines such as Valium. Schedule III contains anabolic steroids, some barbiturates and blends of aspirin and codeine. Schedule I includes heroin, LSD and marijuana, which have no medical use, according to the feds.

Overwhelmingly, the 1984 provision led agents to focus on Schedule II. The painkillers here, including morphine and Dilaudid, have a high street value. Looking for a way to combat diversion, agents relied on the all-purpose "public interest" dictum. They used it as a preventive tool, to bust law-abiding doctors prescribing medication that might be diverted down the road. On both the state and federal levels, the distinction between enforcement and prevention collapsed, as did the distinction between criminal behavior and the treatment of pain. Once Schedule II drugs were involved, the DEA decided to shoot first and ask questions later.

Federal and state arsenals are now bristling with weaponry. The DEA performs long-range computer surveillance with the Automated Reports and Consolidated Orders System. This database logs every transaction between manufacturers and distributors of controlled substances. If a large quantity of barbiturates, for example, were distributed in a certain city, it could mean that an organized group had diverted the medication. Law enforcement authorities would launch an investigation.

States use their own monitoring apparatuses to track the prescriptions of individual doctors and their patients' habits. Some states require doctors to report even their terminal cancer patients as addicts if they are prescribed opioids for a certain period of time. In eight states, including California and New York, doctors who want to prescribe from Schedule II must order

(continued on page 112)

Growing up in the war-ravaged town of Pozzuoli, Italy, Sophia Loren was teased for her scrawniness and called Sofia Stuzzicadenti (Sofia the toothpick). Happily, she was a great late bloomer whose bountiful curves and startling sensuality made her a screen legend. In 1957, just as Sophia surpassed Gina Lollobrigida as America's favorite Italian sex symbol, PLAYBOY ran this photo from an early Loren film called *Era Lui, Si, Si*. The photo and Sophia remain classics.

ON MARS *(continued from page 64)*

The plan NASA came up with had a price tag of $450 billion. Zubrin calls that proposal "idiotic."

oblivious of social niceties and possessed of an uncommonly analytical mind, McKay became a kind of father figure to a growing cast of Mars enthusiasts. One of the group remembers walking across campus with him one day in the late Seventies when they were stopped by an eager undergrad who recognized McKay as "that Mars guy."

"How long do you think it will take to put humans on Mars?" the student asked.

"About six years," McKay said.

Tom Meyer arrived in Boulder following Stoker. He had met Stoker when she was an undergrad at the University of Utah, where he had been working on the state's seismic-risk network. Inspired by the intrepid capitalist overmen of novelist Ayn Rand, Meyer left the University of Utah to form his own engineering company, which promptly secured a contract to provide instrumentation for robot mining vehicles operating on the ocean floor in three-mile-deep water off Hawaii. Stoker had worked for him on that project before moving to Colorado. When the contract was up, Meyer sold the company and headed to Boulder.

A slender man with a high forehead, long dark hair and black-framed glasses, Meyer brought to the group his devilishly creative mind and a more worldly, practical bent.

He warned the group to avoid the fate of the L5 society, which had seized upon the idea of suspending a permanent city in space at the point between the earth and moon where gravity between the two bodies is at a standoff (known as L5). At that spot, no energy would be needed to keep the city in position. Meyer says, "The L5ers had come up with brilliant, grandiose plans. Very sophisticated stuff—only none of it was grounded in reality. I remember telling the Mars group to learn something from L5. 'Be credible,' I told them."

At roughly the same time, America was backing away from manned space exploration. Still, NASA's blastoffs, splashdowns and moon walks, its bizarre vocabulary of zero-*g*, A-OK, LEMs and reentry had lit the imagination of an entire generation. The world was enthralled by the drama of its successful thrusts into the new realm of space. For children of the Sixties and Seventies, NASA offered a defining vision of mankind's future. Space was the high frontier. A vision like that doesn't get turned off by a few budget cutbacks and press releases. The space shuttle, NASA's new baby, was basically a truck. It was as if Columbus, having discovered a new world, had taken up a mail route to Bermuda.

So at the same time NASA was recasting itself as a cargo company, the Mars Study Project earnestly worked on getting humans to the red planet. Meyer pursued experiments to see how air, fuel and water could be squeezed from Mars' stingy atmosphere and soil. Penny Boston published a paper called *Low Pressure Greenhouses and Plants for a Manned Research Station on Mars* and, with Houston space scientist and author James Oberg, gave a seminar on terraforming at the annual Lunar Science Conference in 1979. The group attended a colloquium about Mars at Caltech that year and ran into Carter Emmart. Emmart, then a wiry teenager from New Jersey with braces, hauled around a giant tape recorder with him from session to session, chronicling every word.

"I thought they were the coolest people I had ever seen," says Emmart, who would enroll at the University of Colorado the following year to join the merry band. "I thought that they looked like Fleetwood Mac. The guys had long hair and the girls wore granny dresses down to their bare ankles. They looked like hippies, but they were serious scientists, though they knew how to have serious fun, too. They kind of adopted me. We were all on a secret trip to Mars."

The Mars group decided to host a conference in Boulder in 1981 to solicit input on a host of topics, from how to propel the necessary payloads across hundreds of millions of kilometers of space to how human beings were expected to hold up in tiny pressurized living spaces for years. There would have to be sex in space, right? Should NASA send couples to Mars? Was that asking for trouble? Should it send only married couples? Taking stock of what they didn't know, the group drew up a list of issues: propulsion, design, psychology, medicine, finance, life support, materials processing, *Viking* results, etc. They then invited those with expertise.

And people came!

"The response was overwhelming," says McKay. "Real people showed up. People such as Conway Snyder, project scientist at the Jet Propulsion Lab for *Viking*; NASA engineer Jim French and life-support engineer Phil Quattrone and author Jim Oberg."

Meyer remembers NASA people handing him papers they had worked up privately, without authorization, and asking him not to say where he got them. They called the conference the Case for Mars and distributed red buttons stamped with a logo inspired by Leonardo da Vinci and bearing the words MARS UNDERGROUND. Attendees were encouraged to wear the buttons under their coat lapels, given the surreptitious nature of the enterprise, and were handed certificates officially inducting them into the Underground, which was defined as "tightly knit but loosely woven."

The second Case for Mars conference, in 1984, attracted hundreds of scientists, including Thomas Paine, the former NASA administrator during the *Apollo* era who in 1985 would be appointed by President Reagan to head the national Commission on Space (which would make a human outpost on Mars the climax of a 30-year program of space exploration). As the numbers of papers and attendees grew, there was pressure to formalize the Mars Underground, to limit attendance at conferences and to screen the papers to weed out the fringe—like the people who claimed their pixel-enhanced Viking photos showed a gigantic Martian sphinxlike monument of a face, or those who insisted Mars could be reached in minutes once the spaceship achieved "warp speed." But McKay, true to his democratic instincts, refused. "My approach had its drawbacks," he admits, but his inclusiveness also paid off. It opened the door to Bob Zubrin. A Brooklyn native, Zubrin had been teaching math and science to only marginally interested students. He urged them to consider science as the noblest and most exciting of callings.

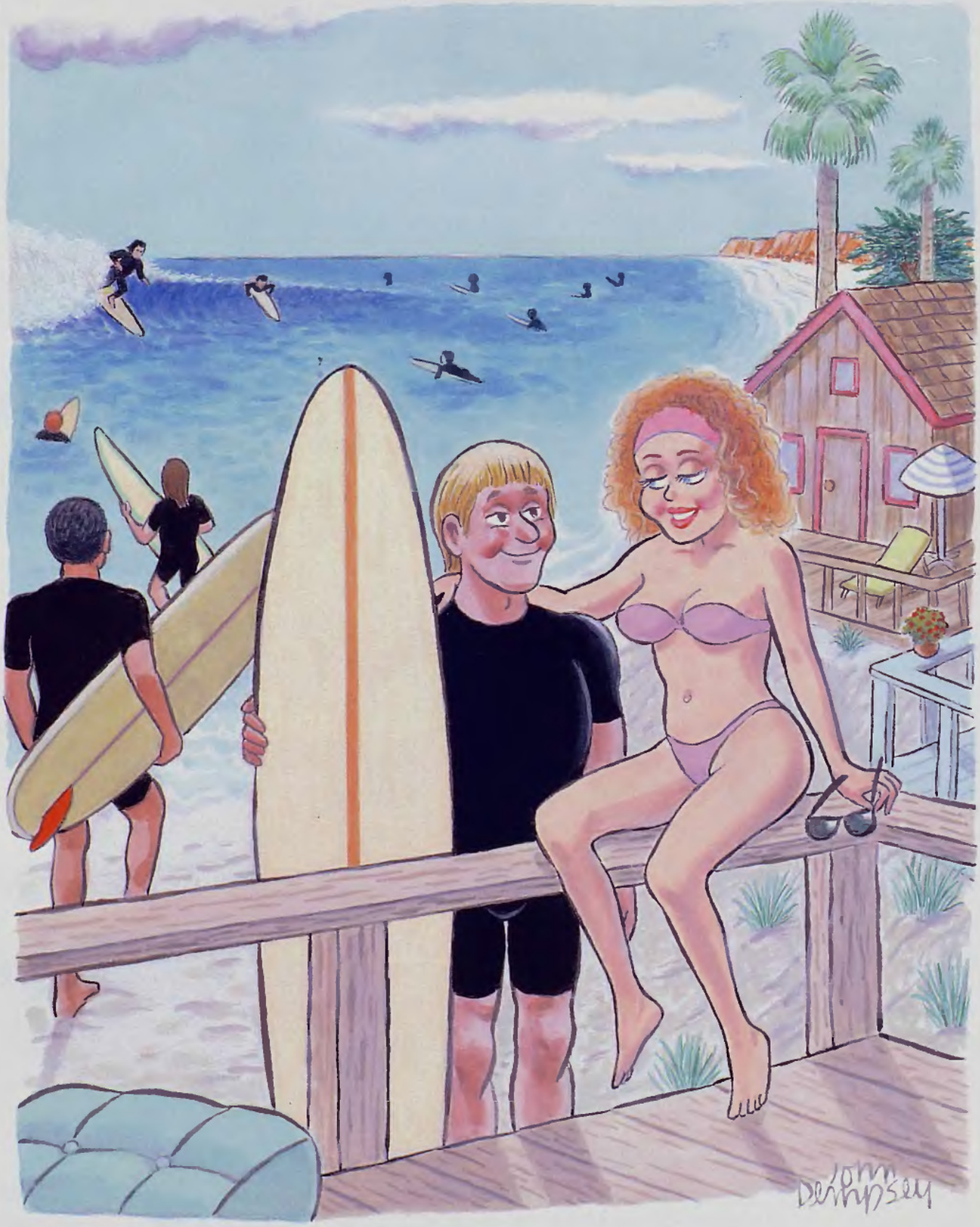
"Then how come you're not a scientist?" one boy asked him.

The question continued to gnaw at him, until he quit his job and went back to graduate school. Budding space scientist Zubrin was one of more than a thousand people in the audience when Carl Sagan gave the keynote address at the third Mars conference, in 1987.

Three years later, Zubrin had figured out how to get there.

McKay, Boston, Stoker, Meyer, Welch and Emmart were established now. McKay and Stoker held important jobs with NASA at the Ames Research Center in California, helping direct the agency's renewing interest in

(continued on page 104)



"Like to get out of that wet suit and into a dry bikini?"

meet another overachiever
from arkansas

Kalin's Hope

At 21, Kalin Olson finally feels like a grown-up woman. "I was always a tomboy, running and jumping and shooting at turtles in my grandma's pond. Not real feminine," she says. But when her high school class in tiny Pearcy, Arkansas voted her Girl Most Likely to Model, it dawned on Kalin that she wasn't boyish anymore. Indeed she was right purty, as her fellow Arkansan Bill Clinton might say. So the shiest girl in town did the boldest, wildest thing she could think of. "I entered a bikini contest!" she says. Guess who won?

Miss August hasn't met the president in the flesh, but she feels close to former governor Clinton (right), another local hero. "He proved that our state has a lot to offer," says Kalin.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

Kalin's smile and Olympian figure quickly made her the hottest ingenue in Hot Springs, Arkansas. She entered last year's Miss Hawaiian Tropic pageant, won a trip to Hawaii and soon was headed for modeling gigs from Miami to Paris. Not bad for a girl who still worries that big-city people won't cotton to her accent. Now that she has left boyishness behind, she frets about another drawback: "I have to drive all the way to the mall in Little Rock for my Victoria's Secret lingerie," she says. "I just love modeling that stuff for my man." Kalin may sound a bit country, but she says she "didn't just step out of the woods." Her great-grandfather Culbert Olson was governor of California half a century ago. The family returned to its Arkansas roots, which nourished the Clinton clan in Hope as well as filmmaker Billy Bob Thornton in nearby Malvern. Kalin says, "It's getting almost cool to be from Arkansas."

Kalin is upgrading her small-town pleasures to match her world-class looks. "I like bubble baths. Mr. Bubble works, but I prefer something a little more elegant." But nothing matches the thrill of new experiences. "You wouldn't believe how shy I was when we began shooting these pictures," she says, flashing her blue-gray eyes. "But as the camera clicked and I wiggled, I warmed up. Maybe I'm a little more liberal than most folks in my neck of the woods."

To get closer to Kalin, you can call the Playboy Super Hotline. *See page 161 for details.*

Even in small-town America, sex is more complex than it used to be, says Kalin. "It's scary. Sex can get out of control. In my high school we had assemblies on AIDS, but nothing changed. Everyone was too embarrassed to buy condoms." Some of her classmates dealt with the problem by marrying young and got tied down by family duties before they even turned 18. Kalin—much like Clinton, Thornton and other cool Arkansans—left to share her homegrown gifts with the world.

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Katie Olson

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kalin Olson

BUST: 36C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 12-29-75 BIRTHPLACE: Hot Springs, Arkansas

AMBITIONS: To succeed as a model and actress, partly to show Arkansans I can do it.

TURN-ONS: Bubble baths, outdoorsmen, men who can cook, see-through lingerie.

TURNOFFS: Bad manners, flirtatious men, small minds in small towns.

MY MAN: He works hard, he'd rather be with me than partying with friends, and he never looks twice at another woman — plus he loves it when I model lingerie for him.

PASSIONS: New things — for me that means sushi, scuba diving, seeing the world.

MOTTO: I may be small-town, but not small-minded.

Going to the prom.

Surf's up

HO-HO-HO

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An electrical engineer, a chemical engineer and a Microsoft engineer were riding in a car, when suddenly it stalled. The three passengers considered what could be wrong.

The electrical engineer suggested stripping down the electronics of the car.

The chemical engineer suggested flushing the fuel system.

The Microsoft engineer shook his head. "Why don't we close all the windows," he suggested, "get out, get back in and open the windows again—then maybe it will work."

A dedicated shop steward was at a convention in Las Vegas and decided to check out the local brothels. When he got to the first one, he asked the madam, "Is this a union house?"

"No, I'm sorry, it isn't," she replied.

"Well, if I pay you $100, what cut do the girls get?"

"The house gets $80 and the girls get $20."

Offended at such an unfair operation, the man stomped off down the street in search of a more equitable shop. Finally he reached a brothel where the madam said hers was a union house.

"And if I pay you $100, what cut do the girls get?"

"The girls get $80 and the house gets $20."

"That's more like it!" the man said. He looked around the room and pointed to an attractive redhead. "I'd like her for the night."

"I'm sure you would, sir," the madam said, gesturing to a fat 60-year-old woman in the corner, "but Ethel there has seniority."

Why do Montana ranchers take their sheep up to the mountain cliffs? It's the only time the animals will push back.

In 2020, the United States' first Jewish president-elect called his mother in Miami. "Ma, you're coming up for the inauguration, right?"

"I can't go to Washington in the middle of winter," she said. "I don't have any warm clothes."

"Ma, I'll send you money. Buy whatever you need."

"But it's such a production to get there—taxis, airports, hotels."

"Ma, I'll send *Air Force One* for you with a Secret Service escort."

"Oh, OK," she relented. "I'll come."

January 20 dawned sunny and mild. The president-elect's mother was seated on the dais, next to the incoming cabinet officers. As the oath of office was being administered, the old lady turned to the new secretary of state and whispered, "His brother's a doctor."

What's a good sign you're on a great first date? You ask her to dance and she climbs up on the table.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: An old farmer decided it was time to get a new rooster for his hens because the current rooster was getting on in years. He bought a young cock and turned it loose in the barnyard.

The old rooster eyed the new arrival with concern and said, "So you're the new stud in town? Well I'm not ready for the chopping block yet. I'll bet I'm still the better bird, and to prove it I challenge you to a race around that henhouse. We'll run around it ten times and whoever finishes first gets all the hens for himself."

"You're on," the young rooster said. "And considering your age, I'll even give you a head start of half a lap."

The two birds took their marks and the race began. After the first lap, the old rooster was in the lead. After the second lap he was still ahead, but his lead had slipped and continued to slip each time around. By the fifth lap he was just barely in front of the young rooster.

The farmer, hearing the commotion, grabbed his shotgun, ran out to the barnyard and watched in disgust as the two roosters ran around the henhouse. He aimed his shotgun, fired and blew away the young rooster. "Damn," he mumbled to himself. "That's the third gay rooster I've bought this month."

Did you hear about the blonde who had two chances to get pregnant? She blew both of them.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A man was on his way home from work and got stuck in a terrible Los Angeles traffic jam. After idling 20 minutes in the same spot, he saw a policeman walking down the highway between cars. He rolled down his window and asked, "Excuse me, officer, what's the holdup?"

"O.J.'s depressed about the verdict," the cop explained. "He doesn't have the money, so he's lying in the middle of the highway, threatening to douse himself with gasoline and light himself on fire. I'm walking around taking up a collection for him."

"How much do you have so far?"

"Oh, about ten gallons."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.

"Please, Duane—everyone is staring!"

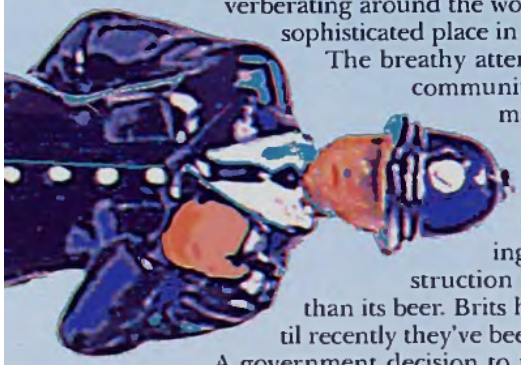
LONDON CALLING

angry young brits are creating movies, music and nightlife that are the talk of scenesters around the world

ARTICLE BY LISA HAMLIN

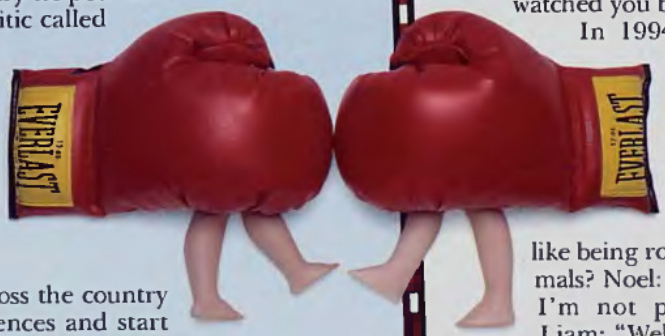
BLAME IT on the French. Last fall, *Le Monde* reported that Parisian youth were wild about chunneling their way to London. Once home they touted the *énergie* and *dynamisme* that Paris lacked. They even crowned London the Manhattan of Europe. Then two more Brits took over French fashion houses (Alexander McQueen was nabbed by Givenchy and Stella McCartney landed Chloé; John Galliano was already at Dior). Before you could say "Good show" every pond-jumping, binational fashionista from Los Angeles to Milan was raving—with good reason—about how cool London had become.

Visit London and you'll be swept up by gold-rush fever. From the gentrified enclaves of Notting Hill and Clerkenwell to the complexes springing up on the Thames, the restaurants have the packed glamour of South Beach, the nightlife has eclipsed New York and the prices for everything take aim at Tokyo. This town is booming and, once again, its echoes are reverberating around the world. Right now London is the most sophisticated place in the universe.



The breathy attention it's receiving gives London's community of droll and angry artists, filmmakers and pop stars an international forum not seen since the Swinging Sixties of Mick Jagger and Jean Shrimpton. Add to the mix a resurgent economy, relaxed drinking laws and an explosion of new construction and you have a city that's hotter than its beer. Brits have known this for a while, but until recently they've been feeling too polite to mention it.

A government decision to redirect some profits from the National Lottery into the British film industry helped turn the U.K.'s film culture into what one critic called "the strongest in the world." Richard Curtis, screenwriter for the first British blockbuster in recent memory, *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, set up an artists' colony on Portobello Road. The Scottish-set film *Trainspotting*, which was produced in collaboration with London-based Channel Four, expanded the market for films and Britpop bands.



In a longstanding tradition, bands across the country head to the capital to gain bigger audiences and start feuds with one another. At the start of the current boom, Oasis arrived on the scene from Manchester (and still hasn't left). Oasis immediately declared war on its rival, Blur—at one point Oasis songwriter Noel Gallagher even wished AIDS upon Blur bassist Henry James. The tabloids reported snarly encounters between the enigmatic *(concluded on page 145)*

Capturing the zeitgeist each month, the magazines *Loaded* (above), *FHM* and *Maxim* place heavy emphasis on football, lascivious stories of snogging birds and tales of shagging on the carpet. "Politically correct" has a different meaning in the U.K.

Liam vs. Noel

You know their music. But even if you don't like Oasis, you have to hand it to Liam and Noel Gallagher for setting new standards in sibling rivalry. Here are some of their greatest hits:

In an interview with *Vox*, Noel is asked if Liam is "a brainless lager lout." "He is," says Noel, who then refers to Liam as a "little twat when he's in a bad mood" and threatens, "If he's still like that when he's 34, I'll have to take the shovel to the back of his head."

After a fight with Noel at a studio, Liam explains that "he had a row with me about his ignorance toward people who he don't know. Then I trashed the place 'cause I went right off me tits."

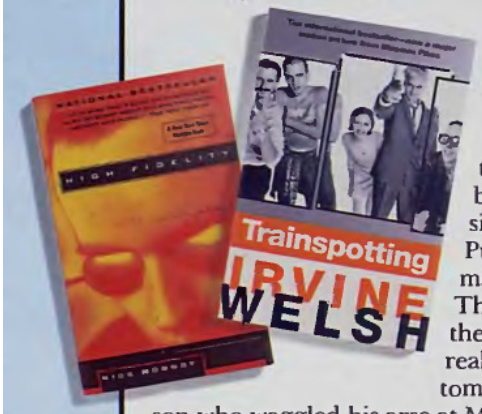
Big brother, little brother. Noel: "How old are you, 21?" Liam: "No, I'm a fucking thousand and five twenty-one." Noel: "No, you're 22." Liam: "No, I'm 21." Noel: "No, remember, I watched you being born."

In 1994 Liam decides not to perform at Royal Albert Hall. Noel sings solo while Liam heckles from the balcony.

What is it like being rock-and-roll animals? Noel: "It's something I'm not proud about." Liam: "Well, I am." Noel: "Well, if you're proud of getting thrown off ferries [Oasis was deported from Holland after a drunken brawl on a ferry], then why don't you support Westham and get the fuck out of my band and be a football hooligan?"

THESE DAYS IN THE U.K., ALL ROGUES HEAD TO LONDON. WHILE THE REST OF THE WORLD RECOGNIZES THE GLOBE-TROTTING ADVANCES OF LIZ AND HUGH, KEN AND EMMA AND NAOMI AND KATE, THE CURRENT BRIT STARS ARE MORE INCLINED TO HAVE THE WORLD COME TO THEM. AND WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BE? FROM SNOTTY DESIGNERS TO ARCH BEAUTIES, THEY ARE CULTURAL AMBASSADORS WHO DON'T NECESSARILY CARE ABOUT BEING DIPLOMATIC. HERE'S A LIST OF THE JEWELS IN THE CROWN FOR WHOM KNIGHTHOOD IS STILL DECADES AWAY

People to Watch



JARVIS COCKER: He is best known in America for mimicking Michael Jackson onstage at Earls Court during an awards telecast. In the U.K., he's best known as the fey lead singer of the slacker band Pulp. His insouciant style may catch on in the States. Then again, it may not. Either way, says Cocker, "I don't really want it engraved on my tombstone that I was the person who waggled his arse at Michael Jackson."

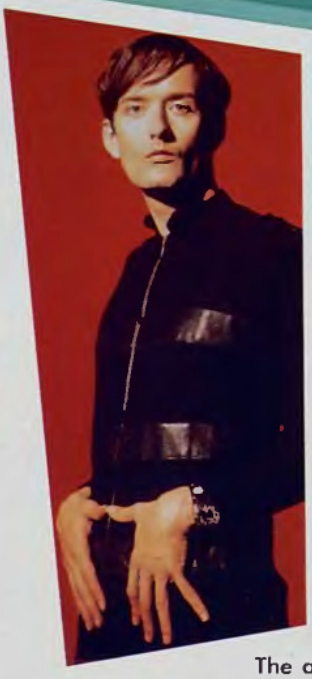
ALEXANDER MCQUEEN: Recently, this 27-year-old bad boy was named chief designer of the venerable house of Givenchy. At one time, McQueen was on the dole. Then he invented bumster trousers—pants that look two sizes too large and scoot down around the buttocks. Alex, who's a dead ringer for the Three Stooges' Curly, says he has "no respect for Hubert de Givenchy."

KATE WINSLET: This heavenly creature's star turns in *Sense and Sensibility*, *Jude* and *Hamlet* have made the actress the most intoxicating British export since Julie Christie. "She's a natural," says Kenneth Branagh, who directed Winslet in *Hamlet*. "She's just bloody good at what she does."

MIKE LEIGH: It took this director 20 films (*Naked* and *Life Is Sweet* among them) to get noticed, but the old man of the new guard finally copped his Oscar nominations this year for *Secrets and Lies*. Don't worry, folks: He'll never go Hollywood.

JOHN HODGE, ANDREW MACDONALD, DANNY BOYLE: The filmmaking trio of screenwriter Hodge, producer MacDonald and director Boyle is at the vanguard of a revived British movie industry. Their hit *Trainspotting* has already grossed $70 million worldwide, and has critics wondering if it's the first Britpop movie. Check out their early effort, *Shallow Grave*.

DAMIEN HIRST: He's the London artist who puts dead animals in formaldehyde. Why is it considered high art? Simple, Hirst says—it's in a gallery.



Clockwise from top: The art world had a cow of Damien Hirst's exhibit, Stella McCartney counts Kate Moss and Noomi Campbell among her friends, Mike Leigh is champion of the workingmon, Jorvis Cocker of Pulp—he's bad. Below, blue-eyed blue blood Stello Tennont strikes a pose.

NICK HORNBY: London loves Nick Hornby, the Brit writer most likely to score next in the States. *Fever Pitch* is a memoir of his life as a soccer fan and *High Fidelity* is his first novel.

STELLA TENNANT: The eyebrowless übermodel is Chanel's new face. Every article about the 26-year-old mentions that she's also an aristocrat. "That happens to be a fact," says the granddaughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. "It's a horrible label."

STELLA MCCARTNEY: This past spring McCartney, 25, became the youngest chief designer ever at Chloé, the French couturier. She's also the daughter of Paul McCartney. "Let's hope she's as gifted as her father," says designer Karl Lagerfeld.

PATSY KENSIT: The 29-year-old actress wed Oasis singer Liam Gallagher in April. Kensit, tagged Prozac Patsy by *The Independent*, has been married twice before, to Big Audio Dynamite's Dan Donovan and to Simple Minds' Jim Kerr.

NIGHTLIFE

CLUB LINGO: Blagging is the art of scamming your way into a hot venue. Liggers are people who've pulled off a successful scam, or lig. And deck deities are DJs. So when it comes to London's mercuriol nightlife, act important, perfect your accent and join the queue.

BLUE NOTE (1 Hoxton Square, N1, 0171-729-8440): The most musicolly vibront spot in town features everything from jazz to techno. Word of mouth is thot it's either the epicenter of cool or so in it's almost out.

MET BAR ot the Metropolitan Hotel (Old Park Lane, W1, 0171-808-8188): Order your martini at the red-leather ond dorkwood bor. The Met's been pocked with such celebrities as the Spice Girls, Yosmin Le Bon and Malcolm McLaren.

THE END (16o West Central Street, WC1, 0171-419-9199): Drum and boss charge the dancing on the moin floor. Freestyle house and breakbeots keep the air-conditioned lounge equally cool.

THE HANOVER GRAND (6 Honover Street, W1, 0171-499-7977): It's close to the offices of Vogue ond is full of scenesters. Thursdoy is supermodel night.

HEAVEN (Under the Arches, Villiers Street, WC2, 0171-839-3852): There's o live PA in the Kinetic Room, or you can heod to the Alchemy Bor for ombient sounds.

LA 2 (157 Charing Cross Road, WC2, 0171-434-0403): This popular indie-rocking club hos live acts on Thursdoy, Friday ond Saturdoy.

GROUCHO CLUB (45 Dean Street, Soho, 0171-439-4685): The Groucho was opened as media- ond film-types' answer to old, stuffy gentlemen's clubs. Forget about getting in unless you hove connections.

MINISTRY OF SOUND (103 Gaunt Street, SE1, 0171-378-6528): Ever been in on oircroft hangar? Here's o chance to relive thot mogic moment.

JAZZ CAFÉ (5 Parkwoy, NW1, 0171-916-6000): Attracts big nomes in jazz, so expect some experienced poseurs.

RUBBER SOUL

DEAN KUIPERS RIPS THE FOIL OFF LONDON'S LATEX SCENE

HALLOWEEN NIGHT in latex. In London. What do you have to lose? In my hometown of Los Angeles, rubber wear is a hot trend bordering on couture, but we have a squeaky thing or two to learn from the Brits. The fetish that was once a private turn-on has now become an international, public fashion statement. Rubber has made nightlife bounce again.

The planet's most sex-drenched Halloween party takes place in London at the annual Skin Two Rubber Ball, and there is no better place to expand your own erotic sensitivities. Thankfully, rubber is playful and doesn't require the same commitment as B&D or leather gear. Its couture cachet appeals to women, and these events—part runway show, part nightclub—present them with an opportunity for wild release. I had the good fortune to be in London for the 1996 Rubber Ball at the Hammersmith Palais, so I scurried out under the cover of night to party with the pervs (the wonderful Brit term for fetishists). I woke from a wild night out with the following tips for those bold souls who might want to attend this October's pervery:

Plan ahead. There are more fetish boutiques in London than anywhere else in Europe. Virgin Group chairman Richard Branson even mentioned touring them with Pamela Anderson. Such stores as Murray & Vern, Skin Two, Ectomorph and Libidex feature the best rubber and fetish designers. Even so, when I tried to get outfitted the day of the ball, I ran around in a panic with the store listings from the back pages of *Skin Two* magazine to find that every store had been cleaned out. No joke: There were only a few shirts with torn-out zippers, shorts that would fit a sumo wrestler and full-body sea-diving suits left hanging on otherwise bare racks. I hadn't brought my rubber wear from the U.S., which was dumb, because the stuff can be expensive. I couldn't even find a garden-variety rubber shirt or crappy throwaway PVC jeans.

THE BELLINI MARTINI
Peach chic. Mix three oz. vodka with ½ oz. each peach schnapps and peach nectar. Strain, serve with a lemon twist and pretend you're at the Met Bar.

Swallow your pride and improvise. I scored one of my favorite outfits of all time at a gay London fetish store called Regulation. I bought a blaze-orange jumpsuit and orange shoelaces. I wore the suit with the side zippers open and a black jockstrap underneath. It worked. A German guy and his statuesque girl gave me props with a muttered "*Teuer, teuer*" ("Cool, cool") as I passed by.

Bring a date. Fashion may be the fetish (as my friend Trash likes to say), but the fetish itself is overtly sexual. Even if you have no idea of what you'd like to do in the bubble-wrap diaper you're wearing, or who you'd like to do it with, you're going to get a few ideas as soon as you rub up against 4000 half-naked techno-grooving pervs. Especially in London, because the celebrants are generally gorgeous. With a long tradition of less prudish attitudes toward nudity, the European fetish balls draw incredibly attractive people. For instance, there was a young Scandinavian woman, beautiful and bald. She was smiling beatifically, her whole body shaved, and she wore only shoes and a collar. A

LATEX FASHIONS COURTESY OF THE HOUSE OF WHACKS, CHICAGO, IL

man led her around the dance floor by a leash. I also fell in love with a gorgeous redhead who wore a thin-strap harness that outlined her breasts and sneaked right up the gap of her shaved vulva.

She danced all night long with another woman who was swinging a riding crop over her own head. As you might imagine, all these naked strangers can make a young traveler lonely. I danced long hours, lost among revelers in various states of undress and public displays of lust. The moral is, unless you find some enlightened group action, you're not going to get any. Like most balls, the London event broke down to couples in corners and knots of diehards on the dance floor. Leave by two A.M. This is the lonely hour.

Originally from Manchester, the Chemical Brothers (CD at left) built a following by DJing their own brand of electronica and breakbeats at the Heavenly Social in revived Clerkenwell. Last year, Morcheeba (CD at right) burst onto the scene behind the languid singing of East Londoner Skye Edwards. Can you spell Sade?

Don't be afraid to invite someone to a ball. I asked several coworkers and acquaintances to go at the last minute, and despite the Brits' reputation for stodginess, none of them seemed put out. Everyone has their secret fantasies and you never know when you might bump right into them.

The bigger the balls, the better. At a 4000-person ball, the NO OVERT SEX ACTS and NO RUDERY signs are easy to ignore. At balls on both sides of the Atlantic, I've seen people engaged in all kinds of sex acts. The most blatant scene on Halloween was this guy who held an attractive girl on his lap. She wore a cartoonish baby-doll dress—minus bra and panties. Both his hands were in her crotch, and he twiddled her hugely distended clitoris absently at all passersby. A photographer knelt before her and she just kept smiling. Then she made like she was going to squirt the camera.

The later it is, the more naked it gets. This is especially true for women. A lot of first-timers discover how safe and liberating these events are, then go back to the coat check to dump cumbersome bras and panties. I waited in a line for a stall in the men's room with two totally naked women in stiletto heels, and I saw a man and a woman duck into a stall and emerge wearing considerably less than they had going in. It's a calm, cool feeling to share bathrooms and typically private *(concluded on page 146)*

ON MARS *(continued from page 84)*

On Mars, the astronauts would live for more than a year, moving between three habitats on the surface.

exploring the solar system. Boston had worked for NASA but left to form her own nonprofit corporation. She also was an adjunct professor at the University of New Mexico and a visiting scientist at the National Center for Atmospheric Research. Welch was a highly regarded lab instrumentation engineer. Meyer owned an engineering firm and was a professional research assistant at the university. Emmart was a skilled technical artist at Ames Research, specializing in Mars mission concepts, when he wasn't working on a picture book that featured his collection of Barbie dolls. Mars wasn't just a pipe dream anymore.

"The problem with the mission plans up to that point," Zubrin says, "was that they were focused on realizing the science fiction vision of the giant interplanetary spaceship rather than actually getting to Mars or doing anything useful on arrival."

Until then, the sketchy NASA Mars plans, based in part on some of the early Mars Underground labor, called for huge cycling spaceships that would move in a perpetual orbit between earth and Mars around the sun. The group envisioned assembling giant spacecraft at NASA's proposed space stations; the space agency wanted moon bases with launching requirements that were minimal compared with earth's; and a fleet of ambitious space vessels to make the initial journey (arguing that this would assure the necessary redundancy and space rescue capability demanded of a long-term mission). The crew would have to be extensively trained for what were claimed to be the most stressful conditions ever voluntarily experienced by travelers. To transport them, the ships would have to be spacious, triple-shielded from harmful radiation and spinning on a central axis to provide artificial gravity—hence avoiding the hazards of long-term weightlessness. Zubrin saw that such a project would keep getting pushed into the future because it was simply too expensive. His scorn for these notions comes out in his shorthand designations for them: the Battlestar Galactica Plan and the Queen Elizabeth Galactica Megaplan.

"The fact that it would take forever to get to Mars that way doesn't matter because the room service would be wonderful," he says.

In 1989 President George Bush said America ought to go to Mars soon, but the plan NASA came up with had a price tag of $450 billion. Zubrin calls that proposal "idiotic." Placing the enormous expense and design problems up front meant any Mars project was doomed.

"It was like saying to Columbus, 'Why risk your life on a ship? Why not just wait until we have a bridge?'" Zubrin says. "I believe we will eventually have the cycler and the fancy spaceships, but only after we have established a human settlement on Mars. There was no need for the Brooklyn Bridge until there were enough people in Manhattan and Brooklyn who wanted to get to the other side."

Apollo had conditioned space scientists and the agency to discount "sprint missions" to Mars. The red planet was not just a "flags and footprints" destination. Instead, people were thinking in terms of big, long-term projects. Zubrin, who by now had earned two master's degrees and was working for Martin Marietta, had his first revelation. One of the design problems for a Mars craft was building a ship big enough to carry both a crew and a fully fueled return vessel. It occurred to the young engineer as he sat up at night in his home office that the return vessel could not only be launched separately but years in advance of the crew. A second revelation followed. A key way to reduce mission weight and cost would be to manufacture the return propellant on Mars. But the absence of hydrogen on Mars prohibited this manufacture. Why not just take the hydrogen along? It was extremely lightweight and accounted for only about five percent of the fuel mix. NASA could send the return vessel to Mars first, with the hydrogen, and then monitor it from earth as it robotically manufactured fuel. (Hydrogen would react with the planet's carbon dioxide atmosphere to make methane and water. The water would be split into oxygen and hydrogen.) That way there would be a fully fueled return vehicle waiting for the crew when it arrived on Mars.

Zubrin's plan was essentially a sprint mission with a permanent goal: getting there. Establish a foothold, he said, and build from there.

The plan called for launching a new Ares booster assembled from the space shuttle's engines and solid boosters. Its empty return vehicle would land robotically on Mars six months later and begin manufacturing methane-and-oxygen rocket fuel. When instruments indicated that the return vessel's tanks were filled with methane and oxygen, NASA would launch two more rockets to Mars. One of these two boosters would carry a second return vehicle, and the other would carry a crew of four astronauts.

On Mars, the astronauts would live and work for more than a year, moving between the three habitats on the surface (the two return vehicles and their original ship). They would leave behind the first Mars base, a habitation module containing their living quarters, as well as a greenhouse, power and chemical plants and a store of scientific instruments. The next crew would arrive shortly after the first crew returned, and add on to the Mars base.

"We gradually develop a string of minibases on Mars, which grow naturally into a full-scale human settlement," says Zubrin. A key convert to this plan would be McKay.

"I was especially impressed with the idea of taking the hydrogen along," says McKay. "It was so simple. To that point, we had been devising complex answers to the problem of manufacturing hydrogen on Mars. We were consumed with the idea that everything had to come from Mars. Bob's solution was less elegant, but it got the job done directly."

The grand designs for planetary exploration, the search for traces of life, the Mars colony, the first true Martians (children born on the red planet), terraforming, giant cycling ships to carry people and cargo back and forth—all those would spring from Zubrin's first, stripped-down mission. You don't take the tree to Mars, you take the seed. Zubrin called it Mars Direct.

"I really loved that word," says McKay. "Direct. It's the essence of Bob's brilliance."

Zubrin and his colleague David Baker formally presented the plan to the Mars Underground at the fourth conference, the people Zubrin had admired from a distance for years. "These were exciting people, impressive people," he says. "They had esprit de corps; they had a lot of moxie. I liked them. It was a group I wanted to be a part of." After the presentation, the Underground embraced him.

"We've done it!" Zubrin remembers Boston telling him excitedly. "We're there!"

Well, not exactly. The $40 billion over ten years is still a lot of money at a time when Washington is determined to balance the budget and cut taxes.

(concluded on page 108)

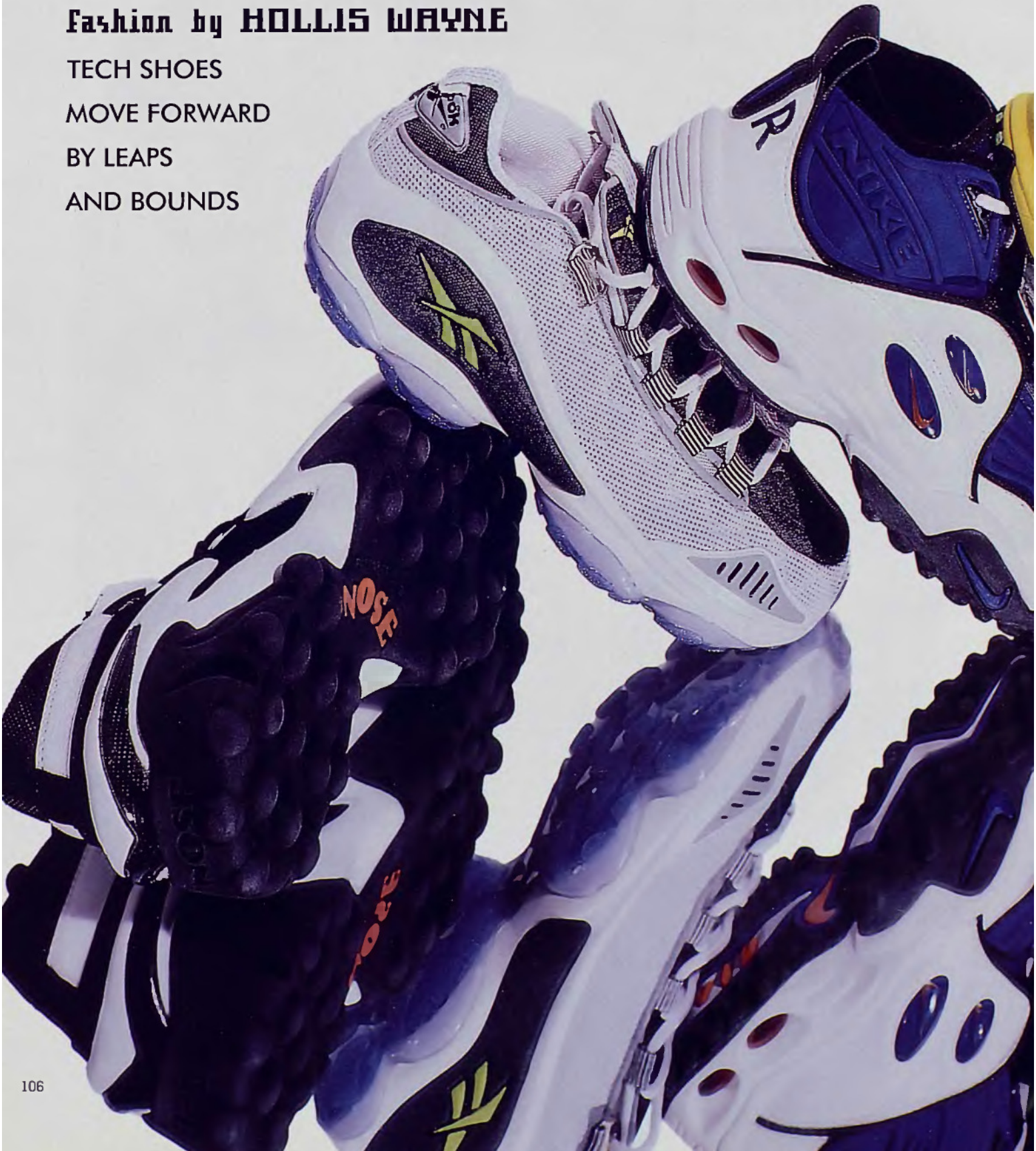
"I'm not a sheepherder. I just got fixed up on a blind date!"

HOT FOOTIN'

Fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

TECH SHOES MOVE FORWARD BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS

IN THE WORLD of sneakers, there is no such thing as looking back. There is only looking forward—or down, as with today's high-tops and air-cushioned runners. Never mind the swooshes and stripes. These days, manufacturers sell soles. They have made some truly remarkable advances in sneaker construction that will help improve your time or game. But they're not beyond appealing to your vanity to expand their share of the $6.9 billion sneaker business. That's why you'll see some of the wildest and most colorful designs on



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

the bottoms of the shoes. The only thing these partially hidden status symbols are missing is a Mylar treadmill. From left to right: The cross-trainer from Nose ($85) is from the Octopuss series. The rubber moon shoe–style bumps are for extended wear. Next, the DMX Run running shoe from Reebok ($110) features active air-flow technology. The motion of the runner alters the cushioning and stability of the sole in mid stride. Somewhat harder hitting is the Air Baker Mid training shoe from Nike ($100). The strap provides a snug fit and the polyurethane midsole works with a visible Air-Sole to cushion the heel. Tommy Hilfiger already owns a big chunk of the street, and now he wants the part you run on. Hilfiger's lightweight TH running shoe ($85) features a gillie lacing system. The Air-Sole cushion in Nike's Air Max Tailwind II running shoe ($120) is positioned for maximum heel support and visibility. Completing our lineup of air candy is the Silva Trainer from Fila ($90). Its Lego-like sole uses Fila's space-age technology at the heel and forefoot.

ON MARS *(continued from page 104)*

If life exists on Mars it won't be found growing on the surface. It'll be deep underground, or in rocks.

Consider how the times have changed. Project *Apollo* cost roughly $600 billion (in today's dollars) over eight years—about five percent of the national budget. But back then, Cold War logic compelled the sacrifice. That competitive urgency evaporated with the Soviet Union's collapse. America today faces a confusing world of shifting trade balances and Third World calamity. Zubrin would like to cut the $40 billion cost in half, as proposed in his book *The Case for Mars*, which sold out its third hardcover printing (a screenplay is in the works). He invokes the ghost of historian Frederick Jackson Turner, arguing that the American character needs a frontier. Zubrin sees space as essential to America's long-term spiritual survival. Such millennial thinking may inspire the next president, who will assume office in 2001. Al Gore is a forward thinker—Zubrin hopes there's a kindred spirit there—but he's covering his political bases. Gore and House Speaker Newt Gingrich have discussed establishing a Mars Prize—a $20 billion award to the first private organization to land a crew on Mars and safely return it to earth.

NASA has adopted Zubrin's plan as a reference point for its Mars planning. In a March press release, the agency announced that *Surveyor*, scheduled to be launched to Mars in 2001, will carry equipment to perform "an in-situ demonstration test of rocket propellant production using gases in the Martian atmosphere." The red planet is so close that Zubrin can almost taste it. When he presented his proposal in a speech to the National Space Society, the audience gave him a standing ovation, and the host lifted Zubrin's hand over his head like a winning boxer.

"It will happen in my lifetime," he says. "Oh yeah, absolutely. To quote Susan B. Anthony, 'Failure is impossible.' It's impossible because Mars is there. It's the frontier. It's staring NASA and America in the face. We would be less than true to ourselves if we didn't go. Whenever I speak to groups about it, people come up to me afterward and say, 'Why aren't we doing this? This is the sort of thing this country ought to be doing!'"

As much as Chris McKay admires Zubrin's engineering genius and promotional zeal, he thinks the Mars Prize and Zubrin's social science rhetoric are a little over-the-top.

"His parallel with the development of the American frontier is wrong," McKay says. "The story of the American West was one of conquest, not of a frontier in the sense of a place like Mars. Humans knew how to live in the Western U.S. long before the white man arrived. It was just a matter of killing off the natives and taking their land. Mars is nothing like that. Mars is a totally foreign, hostile environment."

Deprived of their dream to explore a new planet, McKay and Boston now spend much of their middle-aged careers going to the ends of this one. They are drawn to the most isolated, extreme locations on earth. McKay spends months every year in Antarctica, where he has discovered that the stress of living with a small group of people in confined spaces for long periods can be more difficult than even an extremely frigid environment. He, Boston and other scientists descended 1567 feet into Lechuguilla, the 90-mile-long New Mexico cave carved out by subterranean waters laced with sulfuric acid (Mars is thick with sulfur), rappelling down sheer rock walls, crawling through narrow tunnels—a trip Boston likens to "visiting another planet." And in the coldest, deepest, darkest places, they find life. Boston shows off electron microscope photos of organic material gathered from the sulfuric depths of Lechuguilla. McKay, in his California office, splits open a rock he brought back from Antarctica to show a faint layer of pale-green fuzz, algae thriving inside the stone.

"*Viking* was hopelessly naive in that respect," Boston says, remembering her disappointment at seeing no Martian giraffes. Since the 1976 mission, an entire field of biology has sprung up around "extremophiles," life-forms that thrive where, just 20 years ago, nobody guessed they could—inside boiling-hot vents on the ocean floor, in volcanic blast zones, in frozen rocks. If life exists on Mars it won't be found growing on the surface. It'll be deep underground, or in rocks—as with the controversial fossil tracings inside the Martian meteorite. "In my heart of hearts, I know those are traces of life," Boston says.

Ultimately, to find life on Mars will mean going there. Boston, who is now in her 40s, has given up hope of doing that herself. "When I was in my 20s, I thought I would be living there by now," she says wistfully.

Meyer works out every day to stay in shape, in case the opportunity arises. Emmart uses his computer graphics skills for scientific visualization at NCAR and is already dreaming of what comes after Mars. McKay is less sanguine. He says he doesn't remember telling anybody Mars could happen in just six years—"I'm not usually the optimistic one of the group." At this point he thinks the chances of it happening in his lifetime are slim.

But all agree it will happen. Exploration is a defining feature of humanity. One of the ways mammals differ from reptiles is in their compulsion to be on the move, to hunt for food, to size up their surroundings. Humans have always spread out to inhabit available space—spreading, in more misanthropic terms, like a fungus. For now, we must learn to live within earth's generous but finite limits. But is the outward adventure really over? In the long term, does humanity huddle here in its small corner of the universe and wait for the next asteroid impact, or for the eventual demise of the sun?

Ultimately, survival will compel our species to spread out. First to Mars, then beyond. The question for us is, do we want to be alive to see it?

"There's no urgency," says McKay. He is content to know that whenever the voyage is made, his fingerprints will be on it. "People forget that *Apollo* was in a race to the moon. The idea was to get there first. Getting to Mars is more like a marriage. It's a long-term project involving international cooperation. The object of a marriage is not to get to the end as fast as possible. Mars isn't going anywhere. When the circumstances are right, it will happen, and we'll be ready."

For Zubrin, greatness lies in more than being ready. His charisma has bound together the group's years of work and moved it to a new level of interest and acceptance. There are some in the Underground who grumble that Zubrin, who expropriated the phrase Case for Mars for the title of his book, is becoming bigger than the movement. But mostly, the group is magnanimous. Zubrin is good for Mars. His spirit is infectious. As he wound down his oration to the National Space Society, feeling that hushed hall of eager ears fully alive to his words, the former Brooklyn schoolteacher invoked the funeral oration of Pericles, telling the crowd that if America seizes its moment, if America builds the first extraplanetary colony in this generation: "Future ages will wonder at us, even as the present age wonders at us now."

our memorable bunny playmate is still the pride of new jersey

IT WAS 1969 and the Garden State was a different world. The Meadowlands was just a marsh, Atlantic City hadn't any slot machines in sight and Springsteen had yet to extol the charms of Asbury Park. But along came Helena Antonaccio—bona fide Jersey girl—who forever changed the way we feel about smokestacks and turnpikes. When Helena first made our acquaintance she had just lost out on a wig modeling gig. She wandered into the New York Playboy Club and asked about a job. The Door Bunny passed her on to the Bunny Mother, who interviewed her, and hired her on the spot. In the end, Helena had lost a hair job—but landed a hare job. From there, her move to our centerfold (June 1969) happened in, well, a hop.

When she was a Playmate (below), Helena began studying astrology. Twenty-eight years later (right), she's just as heavenly.

PLAYMATE REVISITED: HELENA ANTONACCIO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUNNY YEAGER

Cameras are still very much a part of Helena's world. She models for catalogs and posters, sells her pin-ups an the Internet, participates in Glamourcon and recently hooked up with veteran PLAYBOY photographer Bunny Yeager (above left) for this series of new pictures. "My career is blossoming all over again," Helena says proudly. "Then again, once you become a Playmate, you are special for life."

Deadly Morals *(continued from page 82)*

"The DEA agents show up like a blitz in their black jackets. They'll scare the you-know-what out of a doctor."

registered prescription forms that have multiple copies: The doctor retains one, the pharmacist keeps one and the third copy is sent to state health or narcotics-control agencies. Studies show that doctors in these states have decreased the amounts of Schedule II drugs they prescribe by 40 percent to 60 percent. Possibly, some of the drugs had been diverted and the crackdown was actually successful. But studies also have shown that doctors in these states increased their prescribing of less-regulated painkillers by almost the same percentages. These alternative drugs are often less effective in treating pain and can also be more dangerous to patients than are Schedule II drugs.

The scrutiny has led doctors to ration pain medicine and ignore pain—necessary restraint in a world of diversion, enforcers would have us believe. "Even if you treat a patient with a terminal malignancy, it's irresponsible to write a prescription for 500 Dilaudid tablets," says Dr. James Winn, executive vice president of the Federation of State Medical Boards. "If the patient dies three days later, in a legitimate family the rest should be flushed down the commode. But sometimes a family member picks them up. We have a major drug problem in this country, and a lot of it comes from doctors."

The DEA provides no detailed record of the amount of diverted prescription drugs it recovers each year. The agency also lacks comprehensive data on the origin of the medication it seizes. Thus, despite Dr. Winn's assessment, there is little evidence to suggest that the narcotics which originate in doctors' offices are the same drugs which wind up on the street. In fact, DEA officials concede that the majority of black-market narcotics originate from crime rings in foreign countries, where the drugs are manufactured illegally.

•

In February ODC director Gene Haislip retired after 17 years, leaving behind an agency known for its intimidation tactics. Haislip maintains that legitimate prescribing has not been deterred at all by his policies. "I don't believe doctors would not prescribe because of there being a government report any more than they would not make money because they have to report it on their income tax," he claimed confidently in a speech that outraged doctors.

Despite this shaky analogy, the IRS doesn't destroy your livelihood, it simply takes a portion of it. A DEA fine, or even a protracted state medical board investigation, can threaten your medical practice, your income and the well-being of your patients. A state board ruling nearly ruined Dr. McNiel's life. A family practitioner who ran an outpatient clinic in Mosheim, Tennessee, McNiel vividly remembers the day he was first targeted. "In 1992 an investigator with a badge walked into my office and said I was under investigation. She had a list of patients and said she wanted to look at charts. She dug around for a few days, then disappeared." As McNiel puts it, her visit "encased the office in ice."

Working for 15 years as a missionary doctor in Honduras and Nicaragua, McNiel had witnessed all kinds of injustices. But nothing could have prepared him for what happened next. More than a year later, he received an official envelope that contained a long list of charges: "The only thing it didn't include was rape because they didn't think of it. They make you out to be the scum of the earth. This is devastating to a person's self-esteem." The medical board brought charges against McNiel of nontherapeutic prescribing in the cases of ten patients, in addition to mentioning, without any explanation, "other cases too numerous to count." The board, seemingly making no effort to conceal its arbitrary methods, also proposed more than $20,000 in fines.

National data suggest that such administrative intimidation is widespread. In 1994 state medical boards took action against 434 physicians for prescribing in violation of state medical practice acts, according to the Federation of State Medical Boards. However, the DEA, which often works with state medical boards, pursued only six criminal cases against doctors in 1994, according to information obtained from a database of Justice Department files. Of these, only one doctor, from Puerto Rico, was found guilty.

The data from 1995 are similar. State medical boards took 392 actions against doctors for prescription violations. Only 11 cases were pursued by the feds that year, but there were no criminal findings. Two of the cases were dismissed because of minimal federal interest. The picture is the same at the state level. Last year in New York, the Bureau of Controlled Substances adjudicated 36 cases against doctors. However, 14 were civil cases, 14 had no charges issued and there was a smattering of warnings. Only one case was criminal.

Though these numbers seem small, each doctor works in a close-knit community. The flash of a badge can send shock waves through a hospital, or a state, and indelibly change prescribing habits. Some doctors in New York still shudder when they think of Dr. Ronald Blum, former deputy director of the Kaplan Cancer Center at New York University. In 1987 two state drug agents with guns and badges arrived at Dr. Blum's office. Though Blum was not arrested, the agents threatened to slap him with three record-keeping violations. Eighteen months later, he received a letter of warning and the investigation against him was dismissed. Nonetheless, Blum's "case" was used to bolster the statistics on state drug crackdowns.

The DEA, for its part, is quick to point out that its drop-ins on doctors are not arrests. An agency spokesperson explains: "It is important for people to realize that just because the DEA initiates an action, that doesn't mean there's criminal activity." Which is just the point.

A lawyer in Austin, Texas who has defended numerous doctors from overprescribing charges describes the agency's numbers game: "The DEA agents show up like a blitz, unannounced, in their little black jackets. They'll scare the you-know-what out of a doctor and get him to surrender his DEA registration. They get instant results for their own data, and they make a quick bunch of money for the government, a $25,000 fine. But the doctor is screwed, because he doesn't have his DEA number and can't reapply for a year. When he does, the medical board says, 'You gave up your DEA number. You must have done something wrong.'" It is a rare doctor who, when threatened with these sorts of grave charges, will refuse to surrender his registration.

The Mississippi medical board that heard McFadden's case makes it clear that it hails administrative citations as victories. "We are number one in the country for bringing the most disciplinary actions per 1000 physicians," says Dr. Thomas Stevens, the board's executive officer. "I'm not proposing that we're the best in the world. But it

"Oh—and look out for the shark!"

might be a sign that we do a good job." Zealotry aside, the board's complaint counsel, Stan Ingram, contends that the hearings are fair. "The board members trying the case play no role in the investigation and have little knowledge of the facts prior to the hearing," he explains. In fact, a board member who is McFadden's neighbor was permitted to recuse himself; thus due process was protected.

Nonetheless, McFadden's son-in-law, Sean Milner, a Jackson, Mississippi–based attorney, was appalled by the blatant conflicts of interest that riddled the hearing. For example, a state investigator collected the evidence and Ingram prosecuted the case; both are on the board's payroll. "It's the kind of justice you see in third world countries," Milner says. "The judges are the investigators. They hire the prosecutor. They sit as the jury, plus referee the match. How many cases do you think they lose?"

The board did not demonstrate that patients had complained. It presented no evidence that McFadden had harmed patients. The board did enter evidence that McFadden kept incomplete records. On several occasions, for example, he prescribed from home when his patients had crises, then failed to enter those prescriptions into his office records. Yet the board's medical expert, a neurosurgeon, never addressed recordkeeping. Instead, he debated one of McFadden's diagnoses, then testified that in his opinion, McFadden had treated his patients in good faith.

"I don't want to use the term witch-hunt, but I don't know how else to describe the Board of Medical Licensure," says a pharmacist who used to fill McFadden's prescriptions. McFadden has begun the arduous process of appealing the board's ruling.

It is now probably easier for a drug addict to buy black-market prescriptions on a street corner than it is for Dewberry to obtain a legal prescription for Vicodin. Meanwhile, there is no evidence that this policy has slowed real diversion, according to Dr. James Cooper, associate director of the clinical services research division at the National Institute on Drug Abuse. "It's misleading to say that diversion comes only from prescribing. The research data aren't available. No one knows the nature and extent of diversion from doctors' offices, thefts, forgeries and smuggling."

On paper, the DEA supports the use of opioids to treat pain patients. Its 1990 *Physician's Manual* states that narcotic analgesics have "a legitimate clinical use and the physician should not hesitate to prescribe, dispense or administer them when they are indicated for a legitimate medical purpose." In reality, the agency's crackdown has been so complete that obtaining legal pain medicine has become practically an underground activity. On August 10, 1996 the Virginia Board of Medicine revoked Dr. William Hurwitz' license, claiming he had overprescribed opioids. Many of his 220 patients, who suffer intractable pain and came from around the country to see him, have been unable to find new doctors. Several patients are being tracked by DEA agents; they speak to one another through Web sites. Two committed suicide because of the prospect of untreated pain. One recorded a final videotape, saying that his inability to find pain relief led him to seek death.

Dr. Hurwitz, 51, who obtained a law degree after he was first investigated in 1991, believes the state shouldn't interfere with a patient's right to treatment: "It is important to assess patient reliability. But I refuse to hold a moral screen over eligibility for medical care." Although some of his patients had prior addiction histories, he issued them prescriptions for clear medical needs. "I wanted to make sure that people were as functional and comfortable as possible," he says. "I felt the sheer force of numbers would protect us, by illustrating the need for pain treatment."

That illusion has been shattered. A dozen of his patients have contacted Dr. Jack Kevorkian in Detroit, who receives several hundred calls a week from patients suffering from intolerable pain. In April, Susan T., a registered nurse and a former Hurwitz patient, sent Dr. Kevorkian her final set of medical records.

Years ago, she had been vital and athletic. But searing pain in her legs and buttocks from a botched gynecological operation and a subsequent back injury left her unable to get out of bed. Her only relief came from Hurwitz, who had her up and walking with Percocet and morphine. Since his license was revoked, she has called more than 15 doctors. Most refused to treat her after she disclosed her connection to Hurwitz.

This experience led Susan to Kevorkian. She explains, "I'm pushing hard to get financial things in order, to set up a revocable trust and have my house cleaned out of extra stuff so my husband won't have to do it." Of course, she could take another patient's pain medication. But that would be diversion. "It's plain illegal and there's a line," says Susan. "Many things are worse than death. One of them is losing the last of your dignity."

Patients who need narcotics are often given less-regulated alternatives that are far more dangerous. Doctors who fear scrutiny rely heavily on anti-inflammatory drugs such as arthritis pills, which can cause internal bleeding, liver damage and ulcers. One study has shown that these alternative medications kill 17,000 pain patients a year. Comparatively, the death rate from narcotic painkillers is "vanishingly small," says Dr. Brian Goldman, a University of Toronto researcher who has studied prescription drug diversion. "There is no gastrointestinal bleeding, or kidney or liver failure. An accidental death could be from respiratory failure, but pain triggers you to breathe."

Despite these facts, says Dr. Goldman, "the underlying logic is that death is better than addiction. 'Narcotics can addict you. The alternative drugs can kill you. Therefore, we should prescribe those.'"

Doctors fear drug investigators—and with reason. A 1987 DEA study showed that in states with a triplicate monitoring system, only 21 percent to 35 percent of physicians bothered to order the required forms. They simply chose never to prescribe drugs that created added scrutiny. As Michael Troyer, director of the National Chronic Pain Outreach Association, puts it, "Doctors do not want to be identified as treating pain patients for fear of being investigated."

•

In 1994 the DEA tried once again to augment its weaponry against legal narcotics. The agency drafted legislation, the Controlled Substances Monitoring Act, that would have required physicians to use government-issued prescription forms for all controlled substances. The Department of Health and Human Services deftly quashed the plan, noting that the DEA had submitted no evidence that the scope of drug diversion required such "drastic action." This defeat signaled a subtle ebb in public opiophobia.

Support for pain patients has been growing, partly fueled by outrage over regulatory excesses. Since 1989 ten states have passed intractable-pain-treatment acts, supporting the medicinal use of narcotics for patients with severe pain. In Oregon, Republican state senator Bill Kennemer underwent a bitter personal experience that led him to sponsor what came to be known as the Compassionate Care Act. In 1990 his wife was diagnosed with terminal breast cancer, and she was in excruciating pain. After her third day on morphine, her oncologist said he'd have to

(concluded on page 165)

TONS OF YOU-ORIENTED STUFF

Men's Help!

Ten Steps to a COLON OF STEEL

There's a Light at the End of the Tunnel

Walking

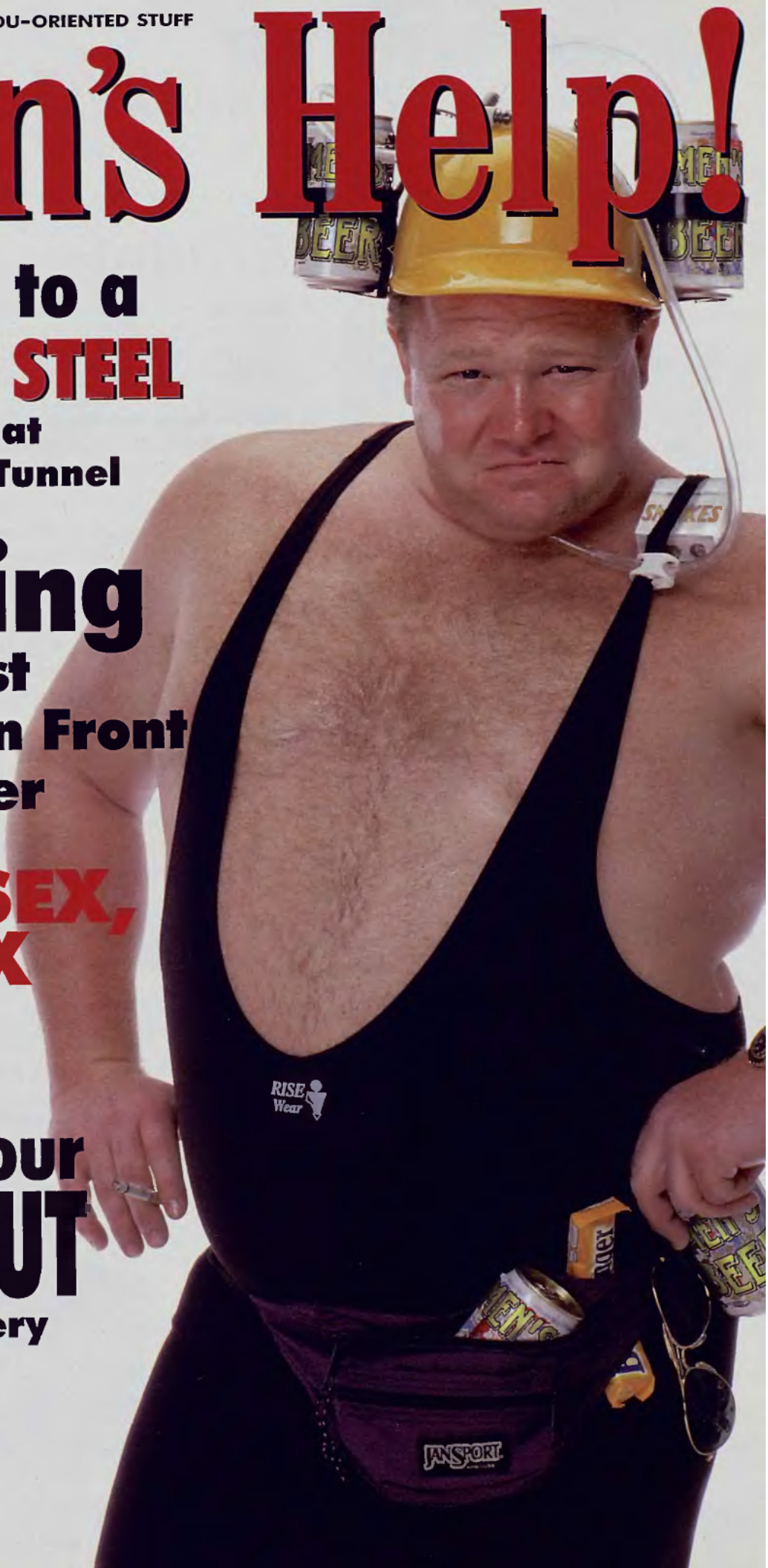
It's Not Just One Foot in Front of the Other

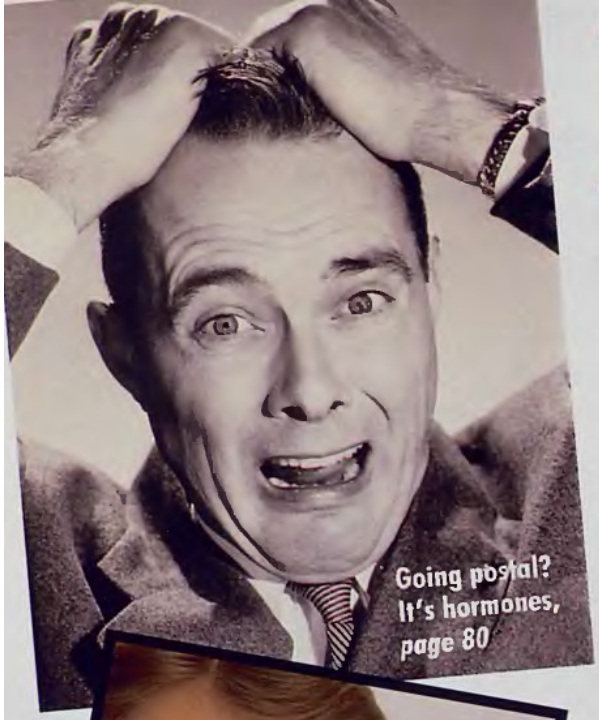
GOOD SEX, BAD SEX

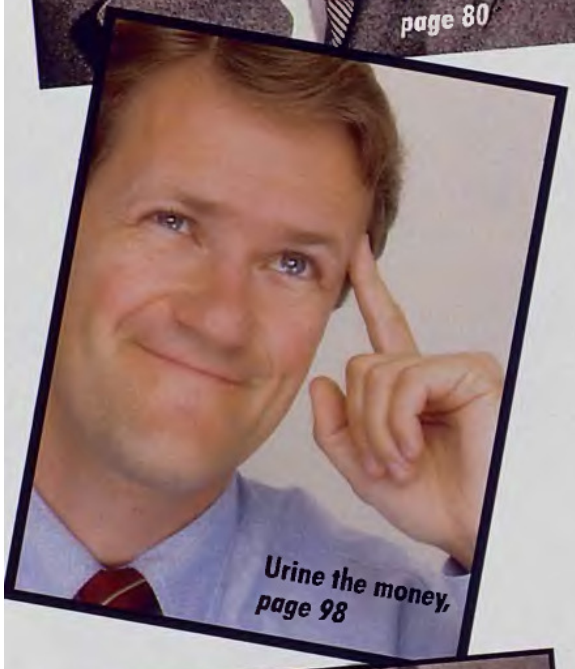
Like There's a Difference

The 24 Hour WORKOUT

How to Use Every Minute of Your Waking Day!







Men's Help!

WWW.MENSHELP.COM VOLUME 18, NUMBER 3

contents

27 Maleglans How to get to know her gynecologist, how to measure your total penis, eight new uses for your shoehorn, how to keep up with your trophy wife, how to choose the right wristband (or even the left one).

48 Erections During Gym Exercises Don't think "embarrassing gaffe," think "I must buy this Flexobar." How to get and maintain workout woodies, negotiating the stationary bike, the importance of the spotter and more.

54 The Absolutely Final Article We'll Run About Abs Also, the last time we mention fiber, our final word on ways to get laid and our last how-to piece about something you already do every day. Honest, we swear. Stop laughing.

76 Anal Attentive How to wipe your ass. It's as easy as, well, wiping your ass. Pro's tip: Raise the cheek that's on the same side as the hand that's holding the paper!

80 Pause Célèbre Menopause begins with "men." Science now says that guys go through it, too. That means we can blame *our* tantrums, foul moods and sexual indifference on it and otherwise use it to our advantage. More than 130 ways.

84 Travel What your luggage says about you, from "I am being deported" to "Please rip me off."

90 The Executive's Secret to Better Sex Pay for it! That way *you* decide when, and in which positions, and just what's "foreplay," and whether she dresses up as a Girl Scout or as Ellen DeGeneres.

94 The Hidden Benefits of Impotence "It's an ill wand that no one blows good." Some handy rationalizations for when your meat loafs.

98 Twenty Low-Stress Jobs You Can Do Traffic monitor, art-class model, aquarium guard, swami, queue placeholder, Wal-Mart greeter, scarecrow, lab-test urine donor, lieutenant governor and more.

142 Ask *Men's Help!* What it means when your proctologist cries "Eureka," where to get your Barcalounger detailed, how to get your nuts out of a vise (you'd be surprised—we hope—at how often we get asked), making the most of the morning erection.

Fold or wad? Both work! *page 76*

Men's Help!
maleglans

pick-me-ups
Zzzzzzowie

Tired and listless? Have we got snooze for you

Feeling sluggish and fatigued? Beset by recurring drowsiness? Maybe it's time to consider sleep. It's more than just practicing for death, you know. Millions use it to refresh and restore their vitality and spirit. With these basic guidelines, it could work for you, too.

Be regular. Establish a pattern, such as the same place and time each day; make a routine of it.

Nocturnal mission. Nighttime's the right time. The fact is, it's quieter then, and darker, and it's probably the slowest part of your day anyway.

Try lying down. Proved 90 percent more successful than sitting or standing.

On a bed. Softer than the floor, safer than the ironing board.

ménage à moi
Choking Your Chicken

It's a phrase you've probably heard hundreds of times, and each time you've asked yourself, "Where the hell's the fun in strangling a common barnyard fowl?" Obviously, you've misconstrued the meaning. For a clarification, we sought out someone with demonstrated experience in this area, Paul "Pee-wee Herman" Reubens, who had a promising show business career until he was caught in a Florida theater polishing his Oscar. He wouldn't take our calls, but we did later receive a cryptic e-mail message reading, "Don't waste a lot of time looking for a beak." Easy for *him* to be cocky. Meanwhile, we're as confused as you are.

sly tech
Working Stiffs

A buyer's guide to penile implants that will keep your pump primed and vice versa

Penile implants are the technological answers to several questions you may have been asking yourself lately. Here are some models that can help to pump (clap, clap) you up!

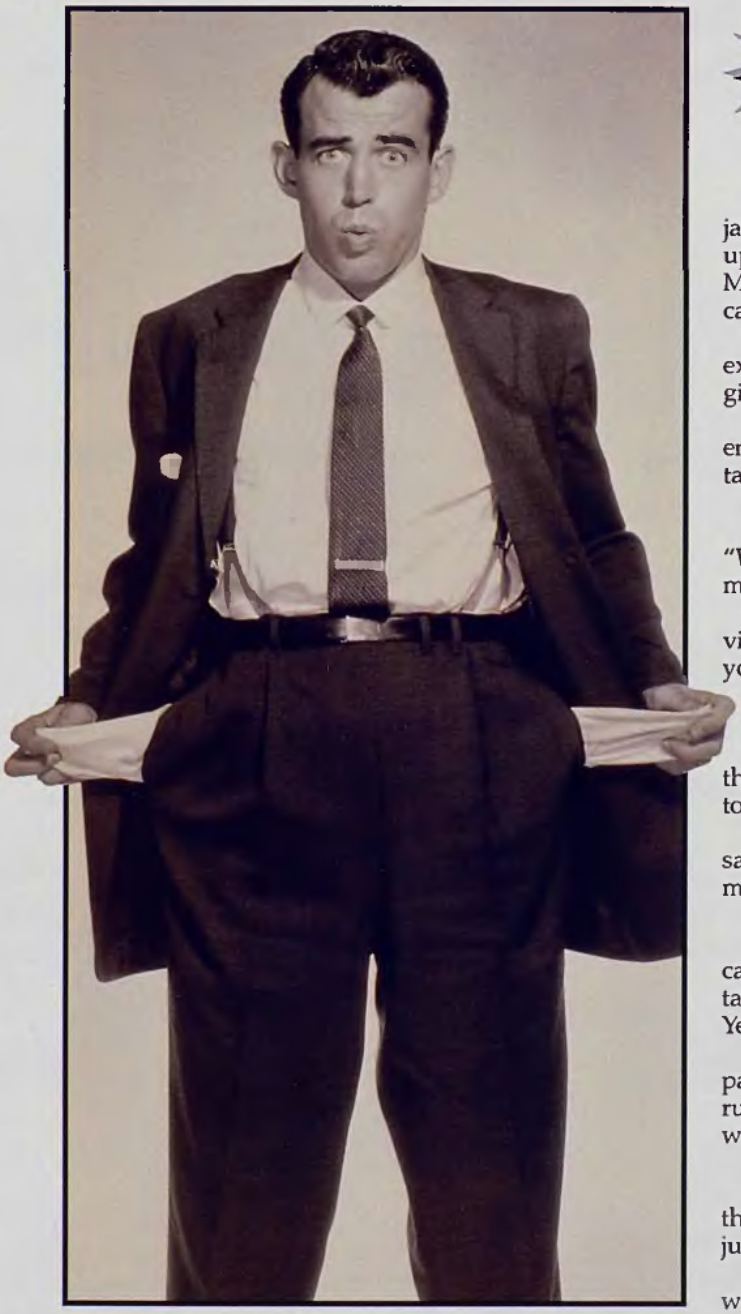
ErecTech M11 Gorge Master ($1500)
Known to aficionados as the Little Engine That Could, it's deceptively compact, with no unsightly bulge, numbness or shrill whistle when you hit the pressure release. This rig can take a wallop, if that's your idea of a good time, and the valve assembly is hardly noticeable, and rarely injurious, during foreplay.

Majac Wand 7100 Endure ($2500)
Nothing on the market provides a smoother ride than this "Cadillac of cockware," which can be programmed with expansion gradients for six different partners. Display panel shows pulse, blood pressure and coefficient of friction. Solar-power option available for outdoor types.

Pronghorn Labs "Big Jake" ($995)
Answers the age-old question, "What would you get if you crossed a penile implant with a jackhammer?" This mother will kick-start your sex life with an actual kick. Rechargeable power unit plugs into any household socket. The emergency release valve is fluorescent and the overheat warning doubles as a duck call.

working

Where There's A Will, There's A Raise



25

Twenty-five things you can do, say, wear, offer, threaten or desperately stoop to in order to increase the most widely accepted measure of your worth: your paycheck

Gaining weight? Stressed out? Marriage in trouble? Kids in jail? Unable to afford slick new workout equipment? Can't get it up? What you need is more money. As Dr. Mose Bettah of the Milwaukee Institute for Personal Evaluation says, "If money can't buy happiness, why the hell are we all working?"

"Where can I get more money?" you ask. Our answer, after exhaustive research, is: "From the same person who already gives you money: your employer."

It's called getting a raise, and like every other subject we've encountered, it can be reduced to just enough "insider" tips and tactics to fill a magazine article.

Pop the Question

Try *asking*. It works with "Would you pass the butter?" and "What time is it?" So why shouldn't it work with "Can I have more money?"

Location, Location, Location. Be in your boss' immediate vicinity when you ask. Make sure he or she can see and hear you and is awake and aware of your presence. Introduce yourself if necessary.

Locution, Locution, Locution. Phrasing is vital to getting your point across. Choose your words carefully. Wrong: "Tell the archbishop I've a muffin in my pants!" Right: "I would like to be paid more money."

Specify Money. A clever boss' promise to "increase your salary" may turn out to mean dinars, supermarket coupons or, most deviously cunning of all, celery.

Call Me Irresistible

Beguiling for Dollars. Be so darned likable that your boss can't say no. Dick Van Dyke as Rob Petrie—be like that. And take a dog with you. A yellow Lab. Who could turn down Old Yeller's owner?

Be a Brownnose. Before hitting on your boss, hit the tanning parlor until you're a nice walnut hue. It's one of life's essential rules: If you radiate health, youth and good looks, you can get what you want.

Call Me Indispensable

The Inside Poop. Be the only one in your office who can fix the toilet in an emergency. Arrange an occasional "emergency" just to confirm the point.

Do a Bang-up Job. Get your boss hooked on heroin. OK, this will take some planning. First, tell him it's a series of flu shots.

fitness

Ten Exercises You Can Do Without Appreciably Altering Your Schedule or Lifestyle

1 Walk on tiptoe whenever no one is looking. **2** Press down on steering wheel while waiting in KFC drive-through line. **3** Brush teeth with both hands. **4** Put ketchup on everything, always using a brand-new bottle. **5** Tape TV remote to a brick. **6** Use butter knife to cut steak. **7** Wear wrist weights when masturbating. **8** Push away from dinner table without using your legs or feet. **9** Always jog from TV to bathroom and back. **10** Hold toaster oven at arm's length while waiting for Pop-Tarts to heat up.

an hour-by-hour guide

HOW TO HAVE sex

IF YOU HAVE AN ERECTION AND SOME FREE TIME, YOU'RE TWO THIRDS THERE

The Bible tells us there's an appropriate time for everything. Legendary tippler John Barrymore had a motto: "It's always cocktail hour somewhere on earth." What's our point? Even though your body clock keeps flashing 12:00, the time is right for some form of sexual activity or another. Or another. Or another. (Repetition is everything.)

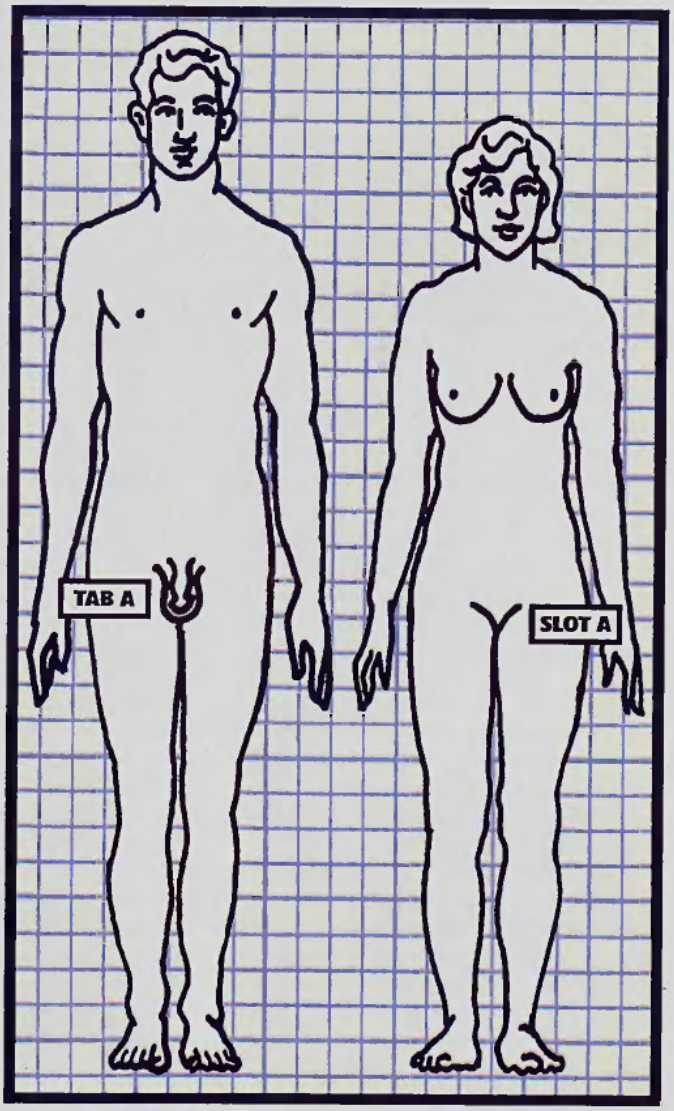
With that in mind, here's a daylong Libido Log to slip into your organizer for future reference. Properly used, it can give you endless hours of pleasure.

5:00 A.M. Gently awaken your beloved and romantically point out that both the sun and your manhood have risen. (A caution—this approach can backfire unpleasantly if you're just getting in from that "boys' night out.") Upside: You start the day feeling relaxed and good about yourself. Downside: During the throes of passion, you realize that she's still half asleep and has mistaken you for the gardener.

5:30 A.M. Shower together, sensuously soaping each other until nature takes its course. Upside: No need to worry about the wet spot. Downside: Oral sex leaves that Irish Spring taste in your mouth all morning.

6:00 A.M. While preparing your breakfast cereal, you handle the banana in such a salacious manner that your partner takes you down right there in the nook. Upside: The butter is already conveniently at hand. Downside: Your kids laugh so hard they spray cocoa out their noses.

6:30 A.M. While driving to work, you plug your "Car Jac" auto fellator into the cigarette lighter and complete your trip oblivious to the commuter nightmare. Upside: The miles seem to whiz by. Downside: Your moans of ecstasy awaken your car-pool passengers.



JASON ALEXANDER *(continued from page 74)*

"The follow-up will be about me and Larry Storch, saying, 'We were on TV. Can you give us some money?'"

"There's nothing I cannot imagine him doing," says Seinfeld of Alexander's life after *Seinfeld*. "I can imagine him joining Cirque du Soleil as an acrobat at some point, just swinging from ropes in some sort of leotard."

That is one of the few activities he has not pursued. Unlike George, who can't hold a job, Alexander holds many. "My wife has about had it," he says. "She's like, 'What *else* are you going to do?'" Besides his day job, he makes stage and concert appearances. He pitches pretzels. He hosts awards shows. During every *Seinfeld* hiatus, he makes a movie. In his most recent, *Love! Valour! Compassion!*, he plays a gay character—which explains the *Out* magazine cover showing Alexander with his hand down another man's pants. ("Not," as George once said, "that there's anything wrong with that!") "You hit and run, hit and run," he explains, "keep all your options open."

Unfortunately, his extracurricular activities have been more run than hit. Most of his films—*Dunston Checks In*, *The Last Supper*, *The Paper*, *North*—have been box-office duds. Though critically acclaimed, a television remake of *Bye Bye Birdie* (featuring Alexander in song-and-dance mode) went bye-bye in the ratings, losing its time slot to, among other things, a Valerie Bertinelli TV movie.

Alexander has also taken up directing, which he views as a way to "fade behind the scenes for a while" after *Seinfeld*, "to wash that impression out of somebody's mind." (He has a deal with Fox to develop and direct movies.) Again, however, his record is spotty. His feature debut, *For Better or Worse*, went to cable after a limited release. Although he defends the film—"I will maintain to my dying day that, though certainly a flawed picture, it is far more interesting and far funnier that most of the romantic comedies you've seen in the past two years"—the Hollywood buzz was not good. A *Variety* headline about the movie asked the question, MORE WORSE THAN BETTER?

Alexander claims he has reached a point in his career where he doesn't care about box office or buzz, only about doing the work. He says he'd be happy doing smaller "art" films such as *Love! Valour! Compassion!* "The great luxury of *Seinfeld* is that I need to make much less money to maintain a decent quality of life. And I have enough cachet that, as long as I do good work, there's always a job.

"Of course," he adds, "ten years from now the follow-up to this article will be about me and Larry Storch in a breadline, saying, 'We were on TV once. Can you give us some money?'"

Then the Georgian pessimism really kicks in. "Mel Brooks," he says, "had a line as the 2000-Year-Old Man—he said, 'Everything is based on fear.' That's exactly true. What keeps me going is the fear that everything will come to a stop—that this is just a flash in the pan. I always think this can go away. My confidence has decreased with my success."

GORGEOUS GEORGE

"Here's a bit of trivia," Alexander says cheerfully. "In the hair department of *Seinfeld*, Julia obviously takes the longest time—then comes me!"

"That is true," says Judy, the *Seinfeld* hairdresser, as she fiddles with Alexander's locks, or what remain of them. "And you're taking almost as long as Julia now."

At 1:30 P.M., after five hours of waiting, he has finally been called to makeup and hair. ("Then they want to rehearse the scene we'll shoot after lunch," he grumbles.) One would think Alexander's hair would require minimal attention. Yet Judy employs an arsenal of tools—brush, blow-drier, spritzer, spray—"to get some of the wave out," she explains, "so it doesn't look all floofy." Alexander says, "When I had hair, it tended to have a mind of its own. The remnants are still trying to do their own thing."

There follows a moment of silence, in honor of fallen follicles. Alexander has been balding since his late teens. "I blame it on the tight Jewboy perm I had when I was 17," he moans. "Went to a salon for a perm, and I swear the minute I did that I started losing my hair. My father is 85 years old, looks like he's 60, has a full head of black hair. I hate the man."

Now hairlessness is Alexander's stock-in-trade. He and his hairline are inextricably linked. In fact, when he tried a Hair Club for Men hair weave back in 1985, he watched in horror as his career screeched to a halt. "I couldn't get work," he says. "*Nobody* wanted me. Not even people who would eventually have put a wig on me. So I stopped. It would have been a matter of time until I couldn't afford the maintenance on the damn thing."

With or without a rug (and he says, "I look better with hair than without it"), Alexander has trouble convincing Hollywood that he's capable of transcending the confines of his body. Someday he wouldn't mind taking a crack at playing a hero, a romantic lead. But "every time I go near a leading-man's role I keep thinking, Boy, if only I had a little more hair and 20 fewer pounds," he says. "I was in consideration for *Nick of Time* a few years ago. The description of the character was a complete Everyman, an unremarkable guy in an extraordinary situation." His voice grows edgy. "So who played the part? Johnny Depp! Not exactly Everyman. When things like that get away from me, I become upset. I think I have something to contribute to a part like that, and no one will give me the chance."

BOY GEORGE

Alexander must have meat. At a Studio City trattoria near the *Seinfeld* studio, he scans the menu for steaks, chops or cutlets, the bloodier the better. "I'm on an all-protein diet. You don't know me very well, otherwise you'd find that dull. In fact," he admits, "I could be off by the end of the week. I'm on a different program every week." Among his friends, he is notorious for his diets. He has gone both macro- and microbiotic; he was once devoted to something called the Maximum Metabolism diet, taking pills to kill assorted pangs. "I am on the quest," he says, "for the elusive 20 pounds that just need an extra jump kick."

He has been "heavy," he says, almost since the day he was born Jay Scott Greenspan (Alexander is his father's first name) in Newark, New Jersey. He felt loved by his parents but "was always scared as a kid that I was going to get picked on or humiliated or actually beaten up by bigger kids."

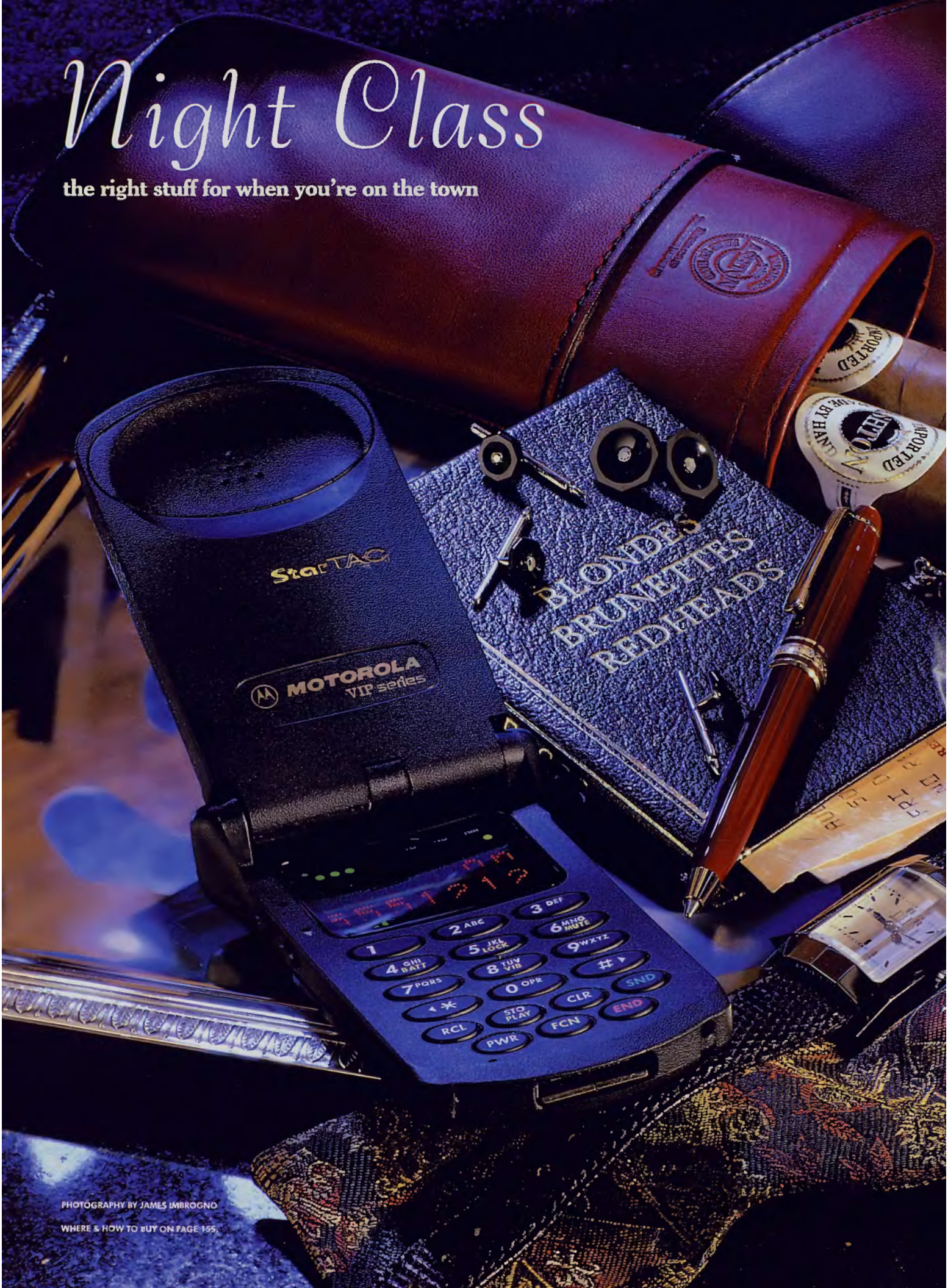
Then, like so many fat, funny kids, he learned the value of comedy as a weapon. "As a preemptive strike against kids I thought were going to be mean to me," he says, "I would quote large sections of material from comedy albums." His arsenal included Bill Cosby, Bob Newhart, Woody Allen and David Steinberg, plus "great old Jewish comics" such as Myron Cohen and Jackie Mason. In many cases, his playground riffs included "stuff that was way over my head. I did George Carlin's bit about how 'shit' is a synonym for marijuana—I had no idea. I was eight!" Did his ploy work? "Yes, it would head them off at the pass. Because I was funny, I was not taunted

(continued on page 157)

"Oh, I'm not a secretary. I'm a perk."

Night Class

the right stuff for when you're on the town



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155

WORK IS done, and it's time to get serious. Begin by rearming yourself for the evening hours with a cellular phone that does not make it look as if you're packing a brick in your pocket. Motorola's new Startac model is as thin and trim as a checkbook, and the Voice Now pager you're toting talks instead of squawks. (It's a guaranteed conversation starter in any bar.) The other items pictured here also speak for themselves. A leather-covered address book and a diminutive Montblanc ballpoint beat scraps of paper and a pencil stub any time. Smokes in a cowhide cigar case are ready to be lit with your new flame—a Dunhill lighter that looks like a million dollars but costs only a few hundred. A pocketknife always comes in handy, and the Swedish-made one we've chosen is small, elegant and tough. And don't forget to pocket the hot status symbol of the moment—an elegant money clip. (Ours is hallmarked sterling silver.) You'll want to fill it with crisp new Ben Franklins, of course.

From left to right: Motorola's new Startoc cellular phone is smaller than your wallet ond offers up to four minutes of digital recording time (onswering machine, memo or call), a vibration mode and the capacity to store up to 99 names ond numbers that can be accessed with a smart button (about $1500). Cowhide cigar case by Ashton holds three 7½" x 52-ring smokes ($80). Ingrained leother *Blondes, Brunettes, Redheads* address book by Asprey ($50). Atop the book: onyx, diomond and 18-kt. white gold octagon-shaped cuff links and stud set from Sulka ($2750); and a Mozart ballpoint pen ($165) that's only four inches long, by Montblanc. (A mechanical-pencil version is also $165, and a fountain pen is $265.) Alfred Dunhill's art deco–inspired Centenary wristwatch with a sweep second hand and black crocodile band ($1170) and o silver plate–ond–gold butane Dunhill lighter from Christofle ($360). Sterling silver Cartier key ring ($180). Eka of Sweden's enomel–and–gold plate pocketknife featuring a surgical-grade-stainless-steel blade and a bottle opener–screwdriver, from Nichols Co. ($53.50). Voice Now pager by Page Net receives ond repeots verbal messages sent by telephone to the palm-sized unit (obout $200 plus a small monthly service chorge). Sterling silver hallmarked money clip from Saks Fifth Avenue ($140). The silk bow tie–and–cummerbund set on which the products sit is by Sulka ($155). The silver-plated Beauharnais tray (bottom) is from Christofle ($500).

20 QUESTIONS

NORM MACDONALD

snl's smart aleck on why he admires bob dole, why comedy is better than manual labor and how he discouraged his stalker

He says he doesn't do well at auditions. So it must have been tough for Norm Macdonald to deliver a "Weekend Update" routine to "Saturday Night Live" impresario Lorne Michaels and "three or four other people who didn't laugh. They just sat there."

Macdonald did all right that time. He recalls, "For some reason, they let me have the job. That was excellent." Excellent enough to propel him to star status among the current "SNL" ensemble.

Macdonald insists he came late to show business. At 24, he doffed his work clothes, grabbed a microphone and began performing stand-up comedy at bars and clubs across Canada. He eventually headed south of the border to perform at comedy clubs in Los Angeles and to write for "Roseanne." ("She likes stand-ups and hates Hollywood writers.") His friend Adam Sandler put in a good word for him at "SNL," and Macdonald was hired as a writer shortly before the first show of the 1993 season. A year later he settled into the "Weekend Update" anchor's chair.

Warren Kalbacker met with Macdonald at his "Saturday Night Live" office in Rockefeller Center. Kalbacker reports: "Macdonald indicated he had an all-night writing session ahead of him but seemed in no hurry to tackle the coming Saturday's show. He showed me his new set of irons with graphite shafts and recounted a recent round of golf with fellow cast member Tim Meadows. He even quizzed me about New York–area courses. Looking for some advance "Weekend Update" tidbits, I peeked over his shoulder at the screen on his office PC. There was a golf course locator program on display."

1.

PLAYBOY: We notice you introduce *Weekend Update* with the qualifier "fake news." Has the public's knowledge of current events descended to a level where you wonder if viewers confuse reality and satire?

MACDONALD: It would be bad if more Americans got their news from me than from any other source. It was my idea to say "fake news"—as if you need to say that. When you do a parody, you're supposed to pretend it's real, so I thought it would be funny to say it's not real. Later I found out that when I did some harder jokes, the censors would say, "Oh well, if he says it's fake news. . . ." It turned out to be a disclaimer.

2.

PLAYBOY: Chevy Chase and Dennis Miller parlayed *Weekend Update* into, among other things, failed talk shows. Do you view the segment as a stepping-stone?

MACDONALD: I don't want to be a talk show host, that's for sure. I would find it hard to interview people because I find almost everyone uninteresting. Maybe I could do some bad movies. My favorite genre is road movies. Bob Hope and Bing Crosby weren't that talented as comedians. They were just kidding around, having fun. Same with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise. They don't make movies anymore in which guys just have a good time. I'd look for anything with talentless people, because I think I could do that.

3.

PLAYBOY: How does the *Weekend Update* chair rank on the comfort scale? Occasionally you seem antsy up there.

MACDONALD: It's nice, though they took my wheels away from me. Everyone else had wheels. It was so much fun to be on those wheels. I would spin around and keep moving. But then I'd wind up only half in the shot. One week they took away the wheels and I've never been able to get them back. I should, but the wheel guy has control.

4.

PLAYBOY: You told Bob Dole when he appeared one Saturday night, "I don't write much of the stuff around here." Were you backpedaling on your political satire?

MACDONALD: He said he'd seen some of the things I did about him on the show. I told him I didn't write a lot of that stuff. And I didn't. I disagreed with a lot of the things that slammed Dole. I like Bob Dole. He reminds me a lot of my dad. I like guys who aren't suited for their jobs. He's like that. He's not a politician. Politicians have to bullshit people and be disingenuous and be able to turn emotions on in a second. Clinton is the best ever. And Dole can't do that at all. He's self-effacing and really funny. I asked after the election how he was taking it. He said it didn't bother him at all, and that the night he lost he slept like a baby—woke up every two hours crying. I'm thinking of doing something with him, because he has some kind of odd peripheral show business career going on.

5.

PLAYBOY: Dole suggested shortly after the election that you and he get together for beers because you'd both have plenty of spare time. Have you two hoisted brews together?

MACDONALD: He's less available than you'd think, but he keeps asking me to come to Washington to talk with him. It seems like such a crazy thing to do. I'd have to show up and ask, "Is Bob around? It's me, that guy from the TV." If Dole had been elected, I could have slept in the Lincoln bedroom. I'm trying to think of a joke about Dole himself sleeping in the Lincoln bedroom. Maybe something about Lincoln being on vacation. I just can't put it together.

6.

PLAYBOY: What should we make of the framed photo of Richard Nixon hanging on your office wall?

MACDONALD: The picture is not meant ironically, that's for sure. I always thought Nixon would have been the best host for this show. He'd have been cool. We like to fight the liberal bias, though we want *Update* to be completely apolitical. It's said that the media is liberal. I don't have any sense of that. But I know comedy has this incredible liberal bias, so I don't do any jokes comparing Newt Gingrich to Hitler. I have no political point of view, and I don't write the political jokes. I don't like politics at all. I find it boring. I never read political news. Everybody is so obsessed with politics, with Clinton and Whitewater. Meanwhile, we could have heard about cloning years ago. People are really interested in *Hard Copy* stuff, in cloning and Michael Jackson. JonBenet Ramsey is big. I wanted to do a sketch about the girl who was runner-up to JonBenet and now gets to step in as America's Little Royal Miss. But we have to stay clear of that.

7.

PLAYBOY: You appeared, ever so briefly, in *The People vs.* *(continued on page 142)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

Beyond Dog

there's only one guy deals in the kind of product bobby and sheila needed—and he's a wacko. but then so is just about everybody in this evil little deal

fiction By Pat Jordan

The two waitresses stood in the shade of the service bar waiting for their drink orders. The brunette sneaked a drag of her cigarette and put it back in the ashtray on the bar.

The blonde said, "You gonna tell 'em, or me?"

The brunette glanced over her shoulder. The outdoor tables on the deck of the Mark Hotel's Chickee Bar were filled mostly with tourists drinking margaritas and rumrunners in the hot Fort Lauderdale sun. Some wore baggy shorts and T-shirts with PARTY NAKED on the front. Others wore cruisewear bathing suits from Bloomingdale's. They didn't talk much, except now and then to whisper to one another and point down below at the male and female strippers lying on the sand, wearing only G-string bikinis, their perfectly tanned bodies glistening with coconut oil.

"You mean the mutt?" said the brunette. "With Spike and the hunk?"

"Who else?"

A man and a woman were seated off by themselves at the far corner of the deck. Only their backs were visible to the waitresses. The man looked like a bodybuilder, hugely muscular and tanned, with a bleached-blond ponytail and narrow, dark

PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA

eyes. The woman was older, muscled, tanned and bleached blonde, too, with close-cropped hair that stood up like spring grass. She wore a G-string bikini and smoked a cigarette, very ladylike, limp-wristed, while with her other hand she stroked the fur of the dog sitting at her feet. The dog had reddish-orange–and–white fur and looked like a cross between a wolf and a fox.

The blonde waitress set down their drinks. Jim Beam, rocks, for him. Vodka, rocks, for her. The man handed her a twenty and told her to keep the change.

"Thank you, sir," the waitress said. She stood there, hesitating.

The woman ignored her. She sipped her vodka and said to the man, "What time is he supposed to get here?"

"Twenty minutes ago," said the man.

The waitress hovered. Finally, she said, "Excuse me." The woman glanced up, still stroking her dog. "I'm terribly sorry," the waitress said, "but it's against the rules." She pointed at the dog. The dog looked up at her with an eerily human expression. "No dogs, I'm afraid."

The woman took a drag from her cigarette and exhaled. "Really?" she said. She was older than she looked from behind, maybe 45, but attractive. The woman smiled down at the dog. "Did you hear that, Hosh? You're not welcome." She poured her glass of water into a tin bowl and put it down for the dog.

The waitress shrugged and returned to the service bar as a bald man with a big belly and a goatee walked toward the table. Sunlight glinted off his gold-framed sunglasses, his gold necklaces, his gold bracelets, his gold Rolex. His buttondown shirt was open to the navel, exposing his chest hair. Three beepers were hooked to his white tennis shorts.

"Hello, Sheila," he said, leaning down to kiss the woman on the cheek. He sat down across from Bobby.

"Hello, Solly," she said.

"A day late, Solly," said Bobby.

"I had things to do."

The dog raised up on his hind legs and put his paws on Sol's arm. "The Hosh!" Sol said. "How's my man?" The dog wagged his tail. When the waitress appeared at Sol's side, the dog sat down quickly, as if to be unobtrusive.

"I'll have a rumrunner, honey," Sol said. "And a hamburger."

"What are you, a fucking tourist?" Bobby said when the waitress had gone.

"Right," Sheila said. "With three beepers on his hip."

Bobby leaned across the table and said, "So, what's the big hurry, Sol, that you bring us out with all the tourists?"

"I thought I'd toss this one to you, Bobby. Some sandblasted types in Miami. I don't feature dealing with them." He grinned. "I figure you and the spics have something in common, you know. Men of color and all."

Bobby smiled. "What's the product?"

The bald man looked around at the tourists, studying them.

"Oh, Solly," Sheila said, "you're so fucking dramatic."

The waitress came back with the rumrunner and burger and Sol raised his eyebrows for silence. After she left, he said, "Do you mind if we get back to business?" Bobby nodded. Sol leaned toward him. "The spic needs a few pieces, Bobby, maybe a couple hundred. Small stuff, mostly. CZs. AKs. Uzis. They like that foreign shit. He says that he already got his big stuff—SAMs, Stingers—from some raghead in Boca."

"So why does he need us?" Bobby said.

"Because, fuckhead, he can't buy the stuff in Miami. He's a big-fucking-deal exile, on TV all the time, screaming how him and his compatriots are gonna take back their fucking island paradise by force. Building an army, he says, a lot of fat old spics in camouflage out in the Everglades, huffin' and puffin' through the fuckin' swamp, blasting gators with grenade launchers."

"So why doesn't he just come up here to get his product?"

"You know how spics are, Bobby. Like guineas in the Bronx. Hate to leave their stoop. Besides, a sandblasted nigger like him in Lauderdale, sniffing around for product, would draw flies. He needs a buyer. Someone knows his way up here, got contacts. Preferably a white man, he says." Sol grinned evilly and winked at Sheila. "What they call that, honey?"

Sheila looked startled, then smiled. "I think you mean irony."

"Irony, Bobby! You and him become asshole buddies, talk politics, maybe he can loan you some Stingers so's you can recapture the fucking Indian reservation. Dinner at his hacienda. Him and his wife, you and Sheila." Sol took a bite of his hamburger. "Know any Spanish?"

Sheila stubbed out her cigarette and looked for the waitress, to order another drink. When she turned back, Sol was sneaking a piece of hamburger to Hoshi.

"Solly! I told you not to feed him that shit."

"He's a dog, for Christ's sake. He eats meat."

"Yeah, well, not that stuff. It fucks up his stomach, so please, Sol? And another thing: Don't call him a dog."

"Jesus. He is a dog."

"No he's not. He's beyond dog."

"All right, all right." But the hamburger had already disappeared and Sol turned back to Bobby. "The spic expects you at his house tonight for dinner. Midnight. Them spics eat late. It's in the Gables." Sol slid a folded piece of paper across the table. Bobby unfolded it and looked at it.

The waitress appeared. "Another round," Sheila said. Then, smiling at Sol, she added, "And don't forget to put the little umbrella in his rumrunner, OK, honey?"

Sol ignored her and went on. "There's no number on the front gate. But you can't miss it. Big fucking concrete wall, razor wire on top. You know how they are. Makes 'em feel important. I told him to expect a Mr. Bobby Squared. Just announce yourself at the gate. They got this little box you talk into, they let you in."

Sol lowered his voice and leaned closer to Bobby. "One other thing. Don't pack. He's fuckin' paranoid." He smiled at Sheila.

"Very good, Sol."

"Par-a-noid, Bobby. Drives one of them ten-ton Bentleys that fucking bazookas bounce off. Guats patrolling the grounds with Mac-10s and guard dogs, big fucking mutts like in the movies."

"Rottweilers," Sheila said.

"Whatever. Dog shit everywhere. Wear your cowboy boots, Bobby. And don't pack. They'll pat you down at the front door, and you don't want to piss these guys off."

Bobby nodded. "What's my end?"

"All of it. It's a present. You always stood up for me." Sol's tone changed for an instant, not the wise guy now, but genuine. Then he went on talking, all business again. "The product will cost ya, maybe 75 large. The spic will give you a hundred. You keep the change." He leaned closer to Bobby and said softly, "Bobby, you know there's only one guy deals in so much product."

"I know."

"You ever met him?"

Bobby shook his head.

"He's fucking wacko. Old bastard thinks he's God. From the Old Testament—you know what I mean. Watch yourself." Absentmindedly, Sol broke off another piece of his hamburger and handed it to Hoshi. The dog wolfed it down.

"Jesus, Sol. What did I tell you? You're a fucking mule!" Sheila stood up. "Come on, Hosh." She walked off the deck onto the sand and headed toward the ocean.

"What'd I do?" Sol said.

"You pissed her off," Bobby said. He

(continued on page 146)

"Your reflexology's magic, Ruthy—my headache's completely cured!"

BIKER BABES

what frames, what headlights, what padded seats! and, hey, the bikes aren't bad, either

When she's not teoring up the asphalt on her hog, Denver denizen LeAndrea Rogers (above) is actually a softy whose favorite things include ice cream, funny jokes and puppies. Her goal: "To be the best mom ever." At left, cycle enthusiasts celebrate Bike Week '97 in Daytona Beach by crowning Hooters waitress Diane Sorrentino their favorite bikinied biker babe.

Being in Sturgis, South Dakota last August, we noticed a few motorcycle enthusiasts—more than 200,000 of them. Although we know the stereotypes of colorful, extravagantly barbered, gang-affiliated biker dudes, we also got acquainted with riders whose day jobs included lawyering, banking and investing other people's money. We realized that bikes are powerful babe magnets: Where there are bikes there is also a magnificent collection of women. And while the annual Sturgis Rally and Race confab is still the biggest rally in the U.S., Bike Week in Daytona Beach, Florida is coming up a close second. Daytona is where we recruited the women for this pictorial. We're going back to Sturgis this August, and we're taking with us Playmates bitten by the biker bug. In addition, the hot machine on the cover—a $40,000 custom Titan motorcycle—will be there, and you could win it. See details elsewhere in this issue.

CHROME
OIL

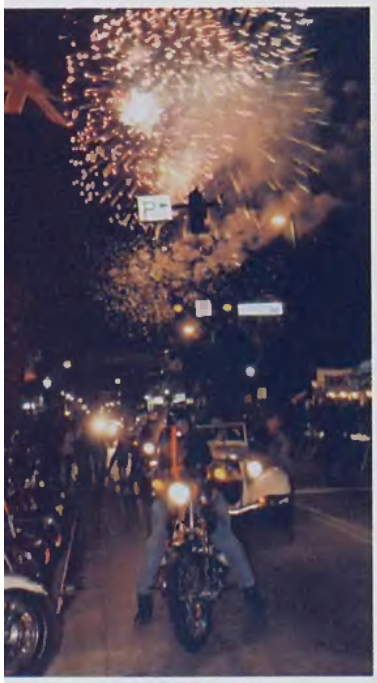
Baton Rouge rough rider Chris Archunde (opposite) not only enjoys stroddling choppers but also likes riding horses. The youngest of seven kids, Chris grew up on a ronch. "I'm a Cajun," declares Louisiana native Kim Shelton (right), a model now living in Daytona Beach. When she's not cycling or jet-skiing, Kim prefers the company of "people with positive, healthy attitudes." Californian Sherrie Rose (below) currently calls the road her home: She's traveling the country in a 1972 Winnebogo, writing a book about "odd, interesting people who have stories to tell." Above: A wildly lucky rider at Bike Week festivities finds himself delightfully double-parked.

Clearly, the folks at Harley-Davidson aren't shy about plastering their logo all over everything during Bike Week. But leave it to a passionate cycle babe (above left) to come up with the sexiest product placement yet. Above right: further proof that women make everything—biking included—look a lot more fun. When Florida's Vera Jane Kirby (below) isn't tending bar, she is dancing, traveling, riding Harleys—fast—or tanning naked on the beach. "In fact," adds the Kansas native, "I like to be naked anywhere." We like her attitude.

One of the big events of Bike Week is the procession of hot wheels down Main Street. But what's a parade without the occasional backseat driver (below left) eager to show off what's under the hood? Also on hand were swimsuit models peddling their wares (below right). Let's hear it for capitalism. Dancer Gina Severini (opposite) doesn't discriminate when it comes to speed. In addition to being a biker, she's also a wicked skater. "I'm Italian," she says of her boundless energy. "I'm determined to make the best out of life's opportunities."

Kawasaki
Ninja
PM 14

Emmanuelle Cyr (opposite) lives in Montreal, where she works as a personal trainer. Among her nonchopper passions are painting and nutrition. After sailing down the highway on the back of a bike, how do you decompress? If you're like West Virginian Sarah Uhrich (right), you curl up with a true-crime book. She's now studying political science at a Florida community college. Below, things get pretty hot in Daytona during Bike Week—on the ground and in the air.



Although she's jazzed by hogs, speedboats and sports cors, Marylonder Cindy Sue Rich (above) says music olso cranks her engine. A floutist, saxophonist and songwriter, Cindy wants to be a big-screen star. "I like anything with lots of horsepower," says Florida's Malysa Wyse (getting decorated, below). "Motorcycles, Nascar racing, monster trucks—you name it." Now the bod news, guys: Malysa's favorite cycle passenger is her dog (left). At right, a Bike Week celebront—and her wheels—cool their jets outside a motorcycle wash. Harley enthusiast Tracy Ann Bancroft (opposite) first rode a cycle as o high school exchange student in Germany. "After the first few moments of terror," she remembers, "I opened my eyes to the scenic German countryside, with the summer wind in my foce. From then on, I was in love." Off-road, Jersey girl Trocy, who's learning to box, is in grad school, studying biology ond biochemistry.

LONE STAR
WURLITZER

Above: Gloriously fromed by the Stars and Stripes, Bike Week riders exhibit their own brand of pomp and pageantry. Below: When Tylyn John first appeared as a Playmate (March 1992), she confessed a penchant for traveling the Pacific Coast Highway at blink-and-you'll-miss-her speeds. Happily, she slowed down long enough for this shot—one that captures all of her deliciously dangerous curves.

NORM MACDONALD *(continued from page 125)*

Everybody tells me the show was bad then and it's good again now. To me, that's insane.

Larry Flynt. Was that a plug for free expression?

MACDONALD: Miloš Forman asked me to be in the movie. He said he likes *Update*. He really liked the O.J. jokes. I said I wouldn't be any good. He said, "Come on. I'll get a role for you." I had this little part and he gave me a credit at the start of the movie. It was crazy. I have dinner with him sometimes. He's really funny. What's cool about him is that he has incredibly passionate ideas and opinions. These European guys are passionate about ideas. It's exciting when you hear a guy talk like that. You think, I should have some opinions of my own. Forman gets really passionate over freedom, which is cool, because I'm not passionate about anything. I don't know freedom. It means nothing to me. I was hardly in the movie, I just watched him direct. He had a complete vision for the movie and was in complete control. And his accent is great.

8.

PLAYBOY: During the 1994-1995 season, critics slammed the show. How did it feel to be kept on the job when most cast members were cleaning out their desks?

MACDONALD: It was my first year so I would have to have been really bad to be fired. I don't think it was a purge, because a lot of people were leaving anyway. Phil Hartman and Kevin Nealon had been doing *SNL* for years, stretching the limit of time you can do the show. The show was in a shambles because the critics were ripping it apart. It helped to have Lorne Michaels there, saying he had seen it happen before—the "Saturday Night Dead" headlines. It's just the nature of a show that's constantly changing. The cast has to change and the writers have to change. Everybody tells me the show was bad then and it's good again now. To me that's insane. Back then there was Adam Sandler, Chris Farley and David Spade, and they're the funniest guys I've ever met. So when somebody says that the show is much funnier now, it's not true.

9.

PLAYBOY: Didn't we hear you say before we started to tape that *SNL* executive producer Lorne Michaels is a sweet guy? Want to take this opportunity to brown-nose your boss?

MACDONALD: A lot of people think Lorne is a tough guy, but he's really a sweet guy. He has a hard time with confrontation, with firing people, which is odd for a man of power. All Lorne cares about is being funny. He'll fight the censors if he likes an idea. There are some things he thinks are tasteless. I did this joke in which I showed that picture of the girl running away from napalm in Vietnam. I said, "In gossip news, Woody Allen's dating again." Lorne told me not to do it and I told him he was wrong, that people would like it. Then I did it in dress rehearsal and there was this insane audience reaction that went on for two minutes: hate. I was completely wrong.

10.

PLAYBOY: When Kevin Spacey hosted *SNL* earlier this year, subtitles flashed on the screen describing him as a psycho who had twice stuck a gun in your mouth during rehearsals. We've seen Spacey play his share of weird characters. Give us insight into the offscreen Kevin Spacey.

MACDONALD: The subtitles were based on truth. He did stick a gun in my mouth, and when he pulled the trigger, out popped a little flag that said BANG! So it was blown all out of proportion. I'd like to start a show business feud with Kevin Spacey. It would be good for me. He's a dirty dog. What if he thinks this is serious? He'll hate me. Serious actors are often horrible hosts, and nobody knew Spacey was a gifted mimic. He can do impressions of anybody. It's great when you get a host who understands.

11.

PLAYBOY: Talk shows are a comic's stock in trade. Tell us a tale from the late shift.

MACDONALD: I feel loose on Conan O'Brien's show. He lets me do whatever I want. We have fun. I was on once and Conan asked where I lived in the city. I gave the exact address because I thought it would be funny. That was stupid. This guy showed up on my street. He was a stalker. I didn't know what to do, so I gave him tickets to the show. Then he came and sat close to the front. He was not laughing. He just had this odd look on his face. I realized this guy was crazy and that I had done the worst possible thing. I was doing *Update* and I kept thinking, Maybe he'll shoot. I was the most scared I've ever been. I didn't get killed, that was the good part. I think in the end, my stalker understood that he had been deluding himself and I wasn't as big a star as he had thought. He's stalking Matt LeBlanc now.

12.

PLAYBOY: *Saturday Night Live* premiered on television when you were 12 years old. Did you manage to stay awake for the entire show?

MACDONALD: My older brother and I always watched late TV, and we had our favorites. My friends loved Belushi or Aykroyd, but I loved Chevy Chase. The funniest thing to me about Chevy was that he'd do an impression of Gerald Ford that was no impression. It was just Chevy. That was the funniest thing I'd ever seen. Do an impression of someone and don't even try! My favorite show was Dean Martin's. It was huge. He'd have a drink and a smoke in one hand. He was in a sketch with Ruth Buzzi—they're supposed to be married and Buzzi is in this housewife getup. Then Martin, still wearing his tux from the monolog, with his drink and butt going, just plays straight to the camera. Buzzi's completely in character and he's just reading his lines. Then their neighbor shows up—it's Frank Sinatra. Dean Martin always made me laugh. He didn't care.

13.

PLAYBOY: You have more than a little experience with manual labor. Do Canadians actually don those plaid flannel shirts when they have heavy lifting to do?

MACDONALD: Everybody wore those in Canada. From the ages of 14 to 24, I would move from town to town in Canada, doing jobs that didn't pay much but were cool. I worked in a logging camp and in an oil field. I stumbled into comedy. In Ottawa, our nation's capital, me and my buddies used to go to this comedy club. I didn't understand why the audience was laughing because the guys onstage didn't seem that funny. So I said to myself, "This is great, I can do this." It's much easier than picking tobacco in Tillsonburg, Ontario, where you're bent over, your back hurts and they make you sleep on a bunk in a big barn. With stand-up, other than the hour a night when you do comedy, you're a drifter, almost like a serial killer, and you go from province to province and stay in bad hotels. I bombed most of the time. I was very unpolished, and I still am. I don't know why, but to me the funniest thing is trying to make people laugh and having them hate you. If you're a bad singer, they feel sorry for you. But if you're trying to make them laugh and you fail, they hate you so bad. Whenever I would bomb, I'd get happy. Comedy is about unexpected things. So if you're trying to make a guy laugh and he doesn't, that's funny, right?

14.

PLAYBOY: Does a round of golf relieve the pressure of doing sketch comedy?

MACDONALD: I'm really bad. I keep buying new clubs because I think that will help. I'm always right near 100. If you get a par and then a bogey, you've figured out golf. You'll be good the rest of

"No need to make small talk, Mr. Ludlow.
This is a whorehouse, remember?"

your life. Two years ago I was in a celebrity golf tournament. I'm standing there with these two guys, waiting for the fourth, and one guy says to me, "They haven't told us who our celebrity is." Like he thinks the fourth guy is going to be the fucking celebrity. It was really horrifying to identify myself. I was trying to give them my bio as we played, but they were obviously disappointed. Plus I stink as a golfer, so I wasn't helping their score. In the foursome ahead of us was Scott Baio, and they kept saying, "There's that guy Chachi." So then I made up a story that I knew Baio. I told them we'd all get together afterward. God, it was so humiliating.

15.

PLAYBOY: You and Adam Sandler are good friends. Tell us, is he really that way?

MACDONALD: Yeah. What is frustrating for Adam and those who know him is that because he does juvenile stuff, people think he's stupid. There are people in the comedy community who look down on him. They spend all their time acting hip and dressing in black and doing alternative comedy, whatever that is. Sandler, though, is the real thing. He knows what's funny and he knows what's hack. He does what's funny, but because it's silly, people put him in the same category as Pauly Shore. Which is insane. Sandler does smart juvenile stuff.

16.

PLAYBOY: What do you tell your four-year-old son you do for a living?

MACDONALD: I just tell him I do jokes, but I hope he doesn't think you can actually do that for a living. I tell him I'm on TV. He hasn't watched the show since Sandler left. He got upset. He liked Captain Jim and Pedro and Canteen Boy and Cajun Man. He liked all Sandler's stuff. He's boycotting the show and telling all his friends not to watch it.

17.

PLAYBOY: A couple of phone calls and a good word from a friend reportedly landed you a writer's job at *SNL*. Can you pass on some advice to aspiring comedians?

MACDONALD: There is this myth that if you go out and kill in the elevator—never take no for an answer—that you'll get a job. That never happens in real life. Lorne told me that no is a good answer and that an aspiring comedian should take that as an answer. I got lucky because I didn't have to audition. I can't perform without an audience. I need people laughing. I don't have the confidence that these actors have. I have no training. I did take improvisation classes for a while in Los Angeles. In one class a guy handed me something invisible. The way he was holding it I thought it was a grapefruit, so I cut it in half. And it turned out it was his baby that I sliced in half and put a maraschino cherry on. That was so humiliating.

18.

PLAYBOY: Your David Letterman turn was dead-on, despite the fact that the gap in your front teeth is on the bottom. Do you think Letterman regards your impression as the sincerest form of flattery?

MACDONALD: I talked with him afterward. He hadn't seen it, but he said, "Look, I trust you and I like you and I trust that it was all right." The problem was that Dole was gone. I had to do somebody. I don't consider what I did scathing. It's a straight impression. I am not Fred Travelina. I can't figure out voices. I can do Letterman because I've watched almost every show and I love him. We all do impressions of Letterman in some way, because he's invaded our consciousness so much that we're all doing ironic detachment. It shows how great he is. He's changed how people speak. I have problems with the Letterman thing. I don't like doing impressions more than once unless there's a reason. And Letterman is the funniest guy there is right now. We can't parody the guy because he's too hip. He's already doing a self-parody. He knows there's nothing you can do against him. Our show is not as funny as Letterman's show. I'm not as funny as he is. So I am very reverent with David Letterman.

19.

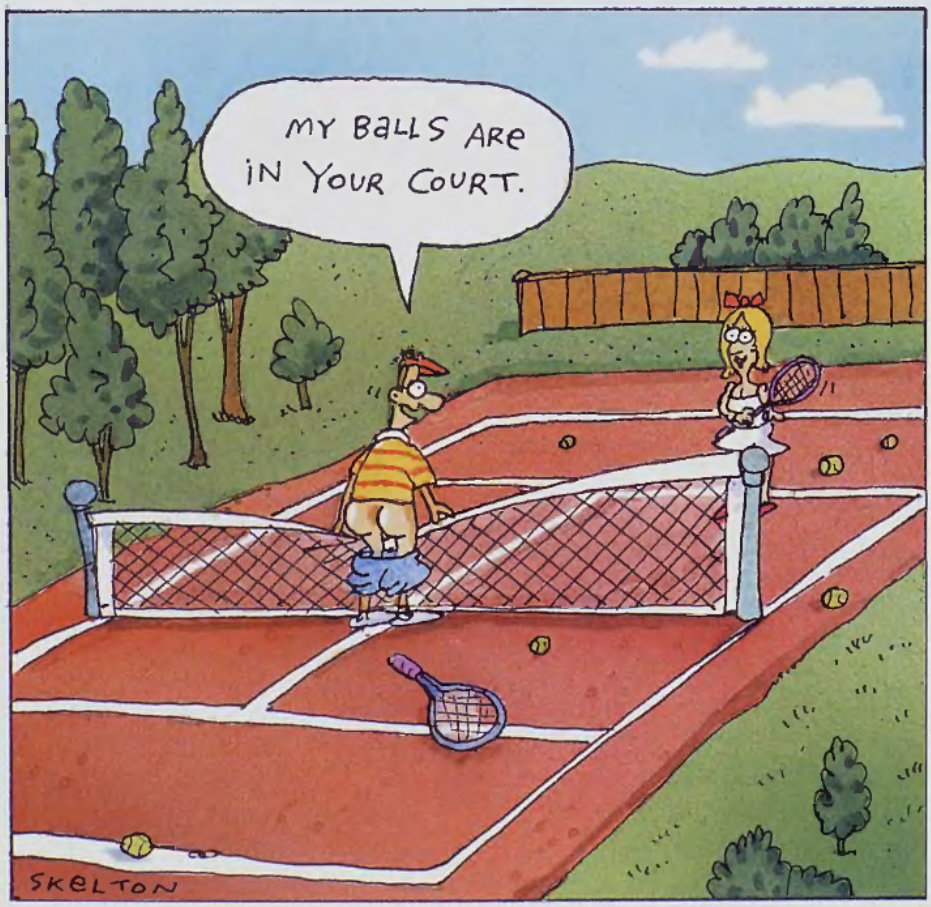
PLAYBOY: You're an avowed Howard Stern fan. In the spirit of the shock jock, would you care to comment on the size of your penis and share your opinion on lesbians?

MACDONALD: One thing about my penis is that it's the same size when it's soft as when it's not soft. I thought everyone was like that, but some guys told me, no, their penises are tiny when they're not erect. Mine, when it's flaccid, is average. It's six inches. When people hear that, they think when my penis is erect, maybe it's 14 inches. But it's exactly the same length when it's erect. It's just a different rigidity. I don't know why. As for lesbians, I don't like seeing women together. Isn't that odd? Every guy I know loves watching lesbians. I have to identify with someone in the scene. I have to see a guy. Two girls make it seem redundant. Maybe there's something wrong with me.

20.

PLAYBOY: You work in New York. Your wife lives in Los Angeles. Is separation by 3000 miles and three time zones conducive to a healthy relationship?

MACDONALD: It's good because you don't have to live with the same person all the time, every day, constantly. Who wants that?



LONDON CALLING

(continued from page 100)

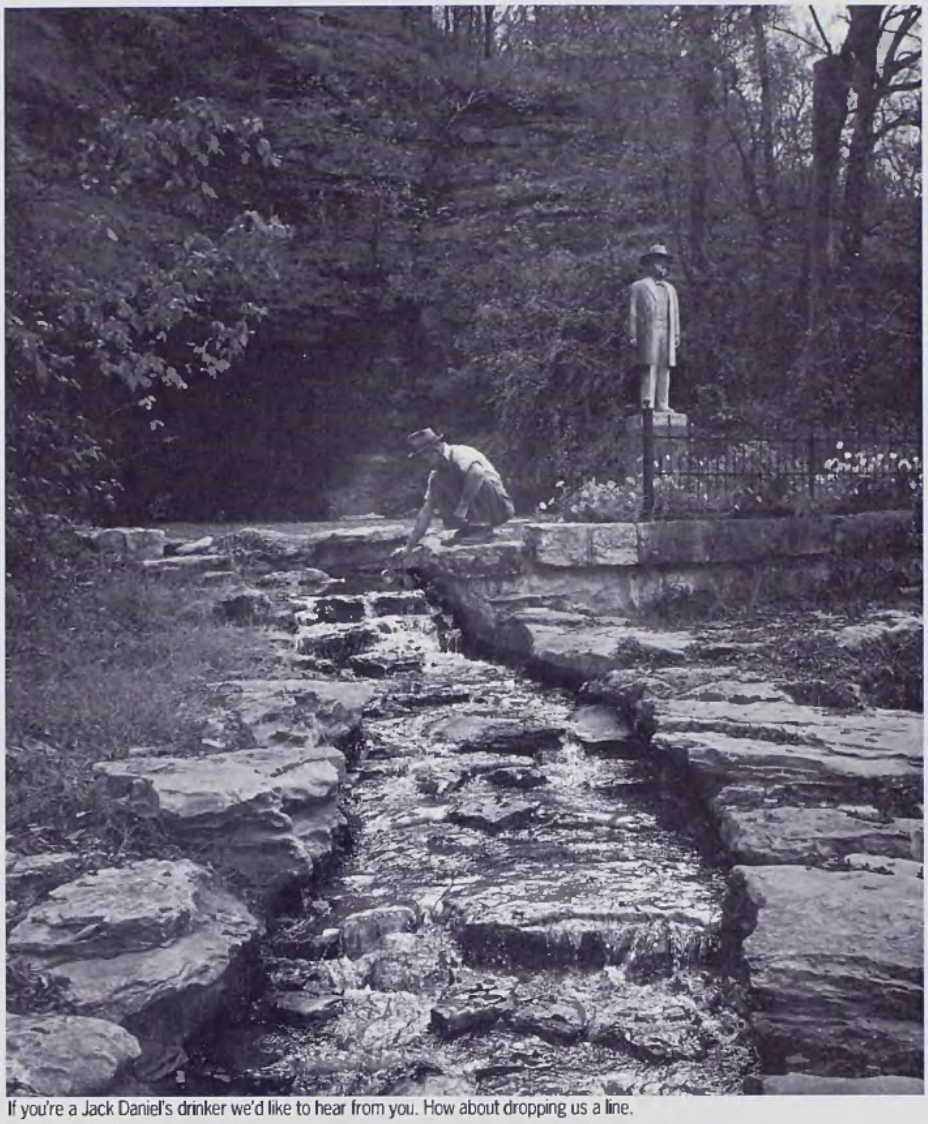
trip-hopper Tricky and jungle whiz Goldie over their onetime mutual Icelandic love, Björk.

In the U.S., the energy the French were trying to describe is called attitude—and London's rising stars have it. "These icons of our time are square pegs in a round hole," wrote *The Guardian*, referring to McQueen, the Gallagher brothers and artist Damien Hirst.

Thanks to odd licensing laws that once had all pubs and drinking establishments issuing last call at 11 P.M., London now, paradoxically, has one of the most vigorous nightclub scenes in the world. You may continue drinking if you pay to do something else: listen to jazz, go to a rock concert or dance. Or you can join a private club. So many clubs mushroom into and out of existence that when the gigantic Ministry of Sound celebrated its fifth birthday, it came up with the slogan "Lasts longer than a royal marriage."

For years the Brits have struggled with a well-known lack of national self-esteem, which is typically attributed to the loss of empire, to the Labor Party and to lingering economic scars from World War Two. The new generation has jettisoned the old self-deprecating attitude. Some credit the economy. (It's had three years of steady growth driven by London's strength as an international center of finance.) One magazine recently claimed Brits have only lately realized they can still do things well (e.g., make a good-looking—if not necessarily fine-tuned—car such as the Jaguar XK8). Still others point to the good showing in the 1990 World Cup. Some people say 1988 was the defining moment—when Hirst and a group of other unknown and marginalized artists staged their own art exhibit in a warehouse. Most film critics will argue that the baroness Thatcher's boot on those in the gutter actually inspired the kind of animosity that drives writers and directors (such as Danny Boyle) to show the harsh realities wrought by conservatism. (The subsequent success of the films is merely a windfall—no thanks to the Iron Lady.) Now Labor is in power again. Tony Blair is Britain's youngest prime minister in 185 years—Lord Liverpool was 42 when he took office in 1812—and the optimism of Blair's victory is still fresh.

Whether or not you decide to visit London, London will be visiting you. (We're not talking *Austin Powers* or other examples of Hurley-gone-Hollywood.) The brashness and independent posture of its stars are welcome antidotes to Tom Cruise–era handlers and spin doctors. Even if things fizzle, we'll have the boom to thank for the Spice Girls.



If you're a Jack Daniel's drinker we'd like to hear from you. How about dropping us a line.

JACK DANIEL'S WHISKEY is made with ironfree water from a Tennessee limestone cave.

In the Hollow we're never too hurried to pause for a drink from our Tennessee cave spring and give thanks for its ironfree water. You see, since 1866 this natural resource (and our charcoal mellowing process) have accounted for Jack Daniel's uncommon rareness. And, we believe, for its uncommon number of customers and friends.

SMOOTH SIPPIN' TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

RUBBER SOUL

(continued from page 103)

spaces—like being allowed to party in the dressing room of a strip club.

Safe sex, safe sex, safe sex. The 1996 Skin Two Rubber Ball was a benefit for Cruisaids, an AIDS research and relief organization. Always wear your rubber—it could save your life.

Favorite sights from the Rubber Ball:

- A skinny guy who'd wrapped his crotch in clear cellophane.
- A senior citizen in a red rubber body suit—including a hood. His outfit was so tight, he couldn't bend over.
- A pair of women upstairs at the photographer's booth. Both were dressed as Heidi (if Heidi were to wear a vampire cap and Vampirella canines). At first they were bending over and pulling their panties up the cracks of their asses. Later in the night they were naked and sweating and doing full-on dildo penetration shots for a crowd.
- A girl with her hair in pigtails that jutted from her head like stag horns. Lit candles were twisted into the ends of each tail. A woman standing next to me let the dripping wax fall on her nipples, one at a time.

Best rubber. A gorgeous model in a full suit of blue rubber from hood to toe. She had blue Mercury wings flashing down the sides of her face. She was quite possibly the most beautiful fetish woman I've ever seen face-to-face. She took fetish gear beyond camp and made it pure couture.

Standard uniforms. Expect to see a lot of men dressed as leather daddies, cops and soldiers. Little Bo Peeps, French maids and vampire vixens are legion. Also, the Goth look refuses to go away.

Be ready for beautiful people. I'm talking about the better of the hotties. These are not old swingers who show up at some sad nightclub. These people are fresh. They're doing it for a hot night out. It's not necessarily a lifestyle. Many of the men are clearly gay, which adds to the party atmosphere, but the girls are mostly hetero or bi. Most of them come in pairs or trios and leave their red-faced macho boys back home, parked on the couch in front of the football game. Then, in the safety of their companions, the girls proceed to get totally wild. If you hook up with one, her girlfriend may join in. (I found this out firsthand at the Los Angeles Fetish Ball and, even though they were both good friends of mine, it was still a pleasant surprise.) Any man who can play into the fantasy without being a sleazy Mr. Leisure Suit (even a naked one is annoying) has a chance to be a hero for his girl—or somebody else's. Your girlfriend or wife probably loves it. So go ahead and ask her. You not only will be rewarded for giving your lover a nasty little treat in private, but you will also be pleasantly surprised when you take the costume out for a test-drive in public. I dare you.

"We did find one lady with similar interests, Mr. Stewart, but she wants to be paid for them."

Beyond Dog

(continued from page 128)

followed Sheila with his eyes as she walked in the sand in that distinctive way of hers that always turned him on. She twisted the balls of her feet so that her small, high ass swiveled left and right. Bobby watched as she turned at the water's edge and began walking away. Hoshi trotted beside her, well away from the water. The only time he ever pissed and moaned was when they gave him a bath.

•

Sheila stared silently through the blacked-out windows of Bobby's black SHO as they drove south on I-95. Finally, Bobby said, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing!" she snapped, not looking at him. Then, turning to him, she said, "I'm sorry, baby. It's not your fault." She looked down at herself dressed in a beige silk pleated jumpsuit. She was wearing a matronly wig, brown flecked with gray, twisted into a bun at her nape. "It's this fucking girdle. Reminds me of my age."

Bobby reached a hand across the seat and placed it on her thigh. "I'm sorry, baby."

"That's all right, Bobby." She smiled at him as they passed the Miami skyline, the glass skyscrapers illuminated eerily by pastel lights, pink and green and blue. "I'm curious, though. Why do I have to wear a girdle?"

"You got your Seecamp?"

Sheila rummaged through her handbag and pulled out her chrome-plated Seecamp .32, six shots, double action only. He'd given it to her two years ago. "It's so pretty," she'd said when he handed it to her. "So tiny. It doesn't seem real."

"Now, stick the gun inside your girdle. The spic isn't going to pat you down . . . I hope."

She unbuttoned the jumpsuit to her navel and stuck the little gun into the front of it. "It's cold," she said. She moved her hips seductively. "Feels good, though."

When they reached Coral Gables they turned left, toward the ocean. Bobby slowed the car, pulled out Sol's piece of paper and squinted at the numbers on it, then glanced at the numbers on the houses. Mansions. Spanish Mediterranean, most of them. Some looked like English Tudors. The Anglos, Sheila thought. She looked up. An insistent breeze from the ocean rustled the leaves of the big royal palms lining the street, reflecting the white moonlight.

"We're getting close," Bobby said. Sheila appreciated the tall, wrought-iron gates and fences, the big circular driveways, the Rolls Royces, Benzes, Ferraris and BMWs, all illuminated by landscape lights. Another world, she thought.

"At dinner, baby," Bobby was saying, "you make sure to sit by me. Things start

to go bad, you'll know. You get up, go to the ladies' room to powder your nose. Take the Seecamp out, put it in your purse, come back, put the purse under the table, at your feet. A few minutes later, you drop your napkin, something, reach under the table, drop the Seecamp into my boot."

She smiled at him.

A few minutes later, Bobby muttered "Jesus" and stopped in front of a 12-foot-high concrete wall topped with razor wire. "You think this is it?"

Bobby announced himself at the call box and the big wrought-iron gate opened electronically. They drove slowly up the long driveway, past the palms and hibiscuses and frangipani. Two men, cradling Uzis, stood guard at the front, one of them leashed to an enormous rottweiler. The one with the dog hurried to Sheila's door and opened it, but when she reached out her hand he ignored it and reached for her handbag. On his opposite side, the dog strained at its collar. Sheila stepped out of the car and stared directly into the dog's eyes with her own cool blue eyes. It looked away and whimpered. Sheila reached down to stroke the fur behind its ears. "Nice boy," she said. The dog pulled away from her touch.

The other man gestured with his Uzi and Bobby got out and raised his hands over his head. The man patted him down as the big, hand-carved door opened. A pudgy little man in a white linen suit stood outlined in the light of the doorway. His tiny feet were in black patent leather Guccis and his long, black hair, flecked with silver, was greased and combed straight back from a soft, pouty face. His eyes were big and dark, like a child's.

"Senor Esquared," the man said, smiling. "Senor Rogers has told me much about you."

"Senor Rogers?" Bobby asked.

The man looked confused. "Senor Esol Rogers, your associate."

"Oh, yes. Senor Rogers. He has told me great things about you, too, Senor Medina."

The man grinned and nodded with satisfaction.

Smugglers, Bobby thought. They crave recognition.

The man who had searched Sheila's bag was now patting her down, running his hands down her back. Senor Medina frowned and snapped something in Spanish. The man yanked his hand away.

"Please excuse the precautions, senorita," Medina said to Sheila. "A man in my position. . . ." He shrugged.

"You're too kind, senor. But, of course, it's senora. Senora Sheila Doyle." She reached out a hand.

He shook the tips of her fingers. Then he stared at her for a moment, this tall Anglo woman. He said something in

Available Only From Adam & Eve!
Sexually Attract Women Instantly!
PHEROMONES
Formulated To Attract Women!
Adam Cologne–
Unlock her wildest sexual desires with this distinctive cologne designed to let you be your most seductive—without ever saying a word! Imagine beautiful women being drawn to you. With Adam Cologne, and the high-tech use of pheromones (powerful natural scents that attract the opposite sex), this fantasy can become your reality! These natural fragrances have been combined with a deep, musky scent you may choose to wear every day. But be warned: Adam & Eve assumes no responsibility for her (or their) actions!
Each spray pump decanter contains 25 ml. of cologne.
Introductory Offer!
Amazing Low Price!
ONLY
$14.95!
WARNING:
Adam & Eve Can Not Assume Responsibility For Her Actions!
Offer void in AL, AR, KY, MS, TN & UT.
Credit Card Customers Call Toll Free 1-800-274-0333
YES! Please rush my Adam Cologne in plain packaging under your money-back guarantee.
Clip and mail with payment today to:
Adam & Eve, P.O. Box 900, Dept. PB205, Carrboro, NC 27510
Adam Cologne #4616...$14.95 $
Delivery & Handling $ 3.00
Rush Processing Add $2.00 $
ORDER TOTAL $
Method Of Payment:
Check or Bank Money Order (SORRY, NO CASH OR COD'S)
Charge My:
VISA
MasterCard
American Express
Acct. No.
Exp. Date
Signature
Name
(Please print clearly. I certify I am 18 years of age.)
Address
City
State
Zip

She's the Tops!
Win A Trip To Our 1998 Supermodels' Photo Session
PLAYBOY'S BOOK OF
LINGERIE
Petra
Readers' Choice
1997 Model of
the Year
She's the cream of the crop, according to our 1997 Reader's Choice poll! Our readers' pick for the sexiest lingerie model in the world is simply stunning in this breathtaking new edition of Playboy's Book of Lingerie. With so many incredible images of gorgeous models dressed to thrill, this is like a dream with pages.
Book# PPFT9715 $6.95
Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover/NOVUS. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for book #PPFT9715 (Source code: 70161).
Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 70161, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.
There is a $2.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders.
Now you can subscribe to Playboy's Book of Lingerie. For just $39.95 ($49.17 in Canada—Inc. GST), you'll get six issues delivered to your door. You'll also receive Playboy's Sexy, Steamy, Sultry video free with your paid subscription. Order by Phone: Call 1-800-618-9977 and use your credit card. Order by Mail: Send check or money order to Playboy's Book of Lingerie, P.O. Box 3266, Harlan, Iowa 51593 (include special code HAP7000).
AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Spanish to his two men and barely perceptible smiles crossed their lips.

"*Gracias*, Senor Medina," Sheila said. "*Por los cumplimientos.*"

Medina looked startled. Then he smiled. "You speak my tongue, senora."

"*Un poquito.*" Sheila wiggled her fingers a bit.

"Come in, come in," the man said. "Welcome to my humble *campesino* house." He turned and walked inside.

Right, Bobby thought. A poor man's shack. Maybe five, six mil, not counting the half mil in electronic security.

Bobby followed Sheila through the door. She glanced back and whispered, "That's the only Spanish sentence I know."

Yeah, Bobby thought, but now the little bastard thinks we understand Spanish. Which couldn't hurt.

Medina led them into the living room, his tiny Gucci heels clicking against the white tile floor. The living room looked like the set for one of those born-again-Christian TV programs. Overstuffed lavender sofa. Two pink armchairs shaded with gilt. China figurines. Hummels. Expensive kitsch bought by people with no taste. Bobby looked for the big cross, but saw only a huge color photo over the marble fireplace.

"Ah, you noticed," said Medina, gesturing toward the photograph. "My wife, Lucinda."

"Beautiful," said Bobby. The woman looked about 35, heavily made-up, a puff of pinkish blonde hair like a halo surrounding her pretty, small-featured face, which wouldn't age well. She'd get fat, Bobby thought, and look like a plump pigeon.

Medina stepped through sliding glass doors to an outdoor bar alongside a heart-shaped swimming pool. His wife, sitting at the bar nursing a drink, looked up with a small jerk, as if frightened. She was maybe 20 years older than her picture, 20 pounds heavier. Just like a pigeon, Bobby thought, a plump pigeon in a flowing pink caftan.

Medina introduced them. Sheila flashed Lucinda her patented 8x10–glossy smile. Lucinda returned a quick, nervous little smile. A Nicaraguan bartender in white served drinks. Another servant appeared with a tray of caviar and toast. Medina snapped something in Spanish and one of the white-clad servants hovering in the darkness hustled inside. He returned with a long box, which Medina opened, showing it to Bobby and Sheila. Nestled on tissue paper was a replica of an Uzi machine gun, except that it was carved out of ivory.

"My good friends from the estate of Israel gave me this," he said. "In gratitude for my assistance. A little matter of a Hamas terrorist. He turned up in Miami trying to buy Cemtex. He was very foolish. Made the wrong connections. Poof!" Medina wiped the palms of his hands as if to clean them of blood. "It is lovely, no?"

"Lovely!" said Sheila.

"But at times, a patriot needs more than artifacts, eh, senora?"

Sheila smiled and nodded.

"Come, Senor Esquared. Let the women talk while I show you the grounds."

Bobby and Medina walked into the warm, humid darkness, leaving the two women at the bar. Bobby glanced back to see Sheila, smiling, trying to make conversation. The plump woman nodded nervously, like a toy bird dipping its head for water.

"I have lived in your country 30 years," said Medina as they walked across the huge expanse of lawn toward what looked like a garage. "But I am still a Cuban. My wife is a Cuban. My children. We will die only Cubans. Do you understand?" Bobby nodded. Medina went on. "Even here in exile I go to Mass every morning as I did in Havana, years ago, before that bandit destroyed my country."

He stepped into a dark mound in the grass and screamed, "Aiee! Fucking dogs!" He danced aside and wiped his shoe furiously on the grass.

When they came to the garage, Medina pushed a button to open the doors. The doors rolled up, a light went on and Bobby was staring at a beautifully restored, lipstick-red 1957 Cadillac Coupe de Ville convertible with white leather upholstery.

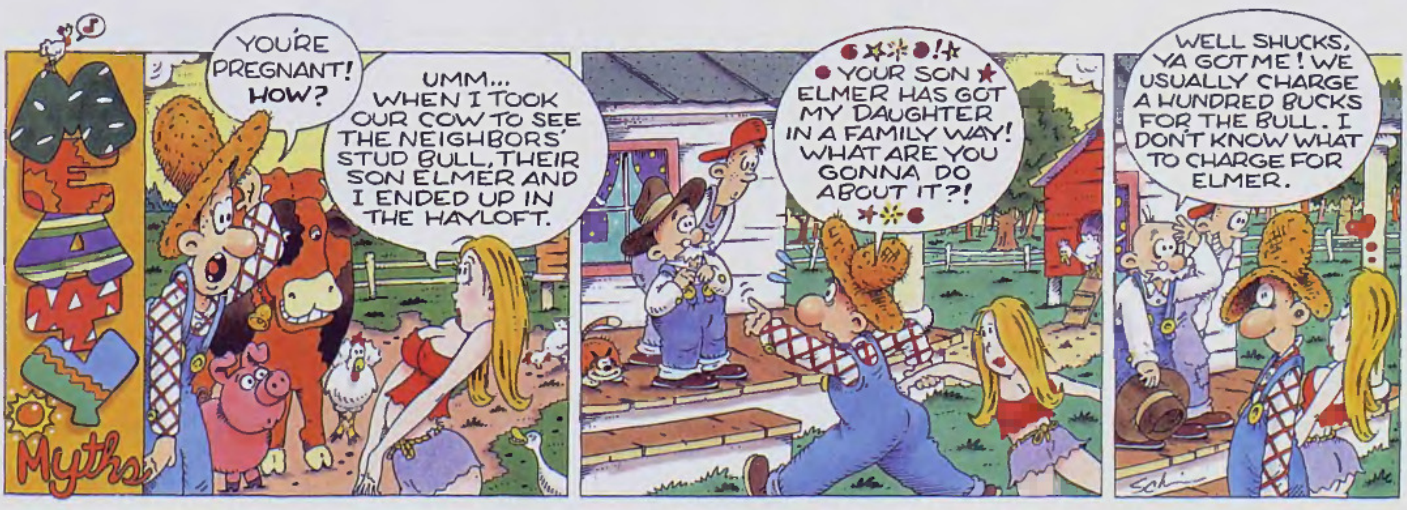
"Is beautiful, no?" Medina said, smiling at the car.

"Very beautiful," Bobby said.

The little man went over to the gleaming car, ran his hands lovingly along its fender. "It is the same model I used to ride through the streets of Havana," he said. "I found this one and restored it myself. A hobby of mine, mechanical things. It took me five years but that did not matter." He looked at Bobby. "Do you know what sustained me, Senior Esquared?" Bobby shook his head no. Medina said, "The knowledge that one day Lucinda and I will drive this car again through the streets of Havana, past cheering crowds welcoming me home from exile. I come here at night to stare at this beautiful thing. I see myself in it back in Cuba." He looked at Bobby. "I'd give it all up, you know. This house, the life, to return."

Sure you would, Bobby thought. A humble patriot. Not a fucking ruthless butcher. Not a guy who once, Sol claimed, blew a Cuban airliner out of the sky, 288 innocent people, some of them exiles from Miami, because he wanted to make a point. "You know what they call him?" Sol had said. "*El Loco*. The Crazy One."

"Don't misunderstand me, Senor Esquared," Medina was saying. "I am grateful to America. It's been very good to me. And it's made me rich. But a patriot needs something more. His roots. My roots are in Havana. My father is buried there. He was a great patriot. He fought that butcher, Castro, until my father was captured. I was only a boy. My mother and I were called to the prison to watch. We had to stand in the hot sun while they brought my father out in front of Castro. Castro made him kneel at his feet. He told him to bow his head, but my father refused. He looked up into that butcher's eyes and defied him to kill him man-to-man. And that coward, that bastard. . . ." Medina's fingers jabbed the night air, saliva forming in


Myths
YOU'RE PREGNANT! HOW?
UMM... WHEN I TOOK OUR COW TO SEE THE NEIGHBORS' STUD BULL, THEIR SON ELMER AND I ENDED UP IN THE HAYLOFT.
YOUR SON ELMER HAS GOT MY DAUGHTER IN A FAMILY WAY! WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?!
WELL SHUCKS, YA GOT ME! WE USUALLY CHARGE A HUNDRED BUCKS FOR THE BULL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO CHARGE FOR ELMER.

A Fuller Head of Hair in 2 Minutes!

It's Hollywood's best kept secret. With a scientifically advanced lotion-compound called COUVRé, nobody will ever notice that you are losing your hair. Whether you are thinning in the front, at the crown, or anywhere else, COUVRé will eliminate the problem— instantly. Simply dab COUVRé on with its easy-to-use applicator. COUVRé will darken your scalp to the color of your hair and visibly thicken your surrounding hair.

The special formulation also makes it highly durable and completely undetectable. And COUVRé comes in 7 different shades to match every hair color. It's not greasy or sticky, and won't rub off when a hand caresses your hair. It won't ever embarrass you when you are exercising, perspiring, or even swimming. But when you want to remove it, simply shampoo. With COUVRé, all you see is hair.

Works for thousands of men and woman. 4 months supply is only $19.95 plus $4.50 S&H. (CT res. add 6% sales tax). **Unconditional 30 Day Money Back Guarantee.**

Send check or money order, or Visa, MasterCard, Amx. or Discover. Give card number and expiration date. Enclose name, address and telephone number. Specify your hair color choice.

Hair Color:
__Black __Drk Brn.
__Med Brn __Light Brn/Blond
__Red/Brn __Grey
__Grey/White

SPENCER FORREST, INC. Dept. 189
10 Bay St., Westport, CT 06880
CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL FREE:
1-800-552-6809

WOMEN BODYBUILDERS
VIDEOS · PHOTOGRAPHS · MAGAZINES

You've seen these beautiful buffed women on TV and in national magazines, now you can order videos, photos and magazines directly from the world's largest producer of female bodybuilding material for 20 years, **Women's Physique World.** The sampler videos contain scenes from most of our full length videos. Marvel and Doughdee videos contain posing and working out.

Doughdee Marie

2 hr. W.P.W. Video Sampler	$39	Item: WPB1
4 hr. W.P.W. Video Sampler	$75	Item: WPB2
6 hr. W.P.W. Video Sampler	$99	Item: WPB3
Sharon Marvel: 2½ hrs.	$49	Item: WPB4
80 color 4"x6" photos	$49	Item: WPB5
Doughdee Marie: 2¼ hrs.	$49	Item: WPB6
100 color 4"x6" photos	$59	Item: WPB7
W.P.W. magazine: *18 back-issues ('94-'96)*	$49	Item: WPB8

GET ALL 5 (11+ hrs.) VIDEOS FOR A SPECIAL PRICE OF $189! *ITEM: WPB9*

HUGE CATALOG SENT FREE WITH ALL ORDERS.

Sharon Marvel

Credit Card Orders: by phone, call 800-320-7379 *(&3 phone processing fee)*; by fax, 800-215-8731 *(include expiration date and signature.)*
Mail Order: Make checks & money orders payable to W.P.W. and send to W.P.W., Box 443P, Hohokus, NJ 07423. *Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.* **NJ Residents:** add 6% sales tax. **Foreign Orders:** must send international or postal money orders. Foreign overseas add $7 for each item ordered for AirMail. PAL: add $10 per video if PAL conversion is needed.

Any of the above videos and magazines—plus hundreds of our other videos—can be purchased at the following Famous Sports Video Stores.
Store Prices May Vary.

FAMOUS SPORTS VIDEO STORES

- 32 W. 39th St, New York, NY (212)398-6690
- 2456 Chestnut St, San Francisco, CA (415)440-2510
- 3135 N. Broadway, Chicago, IL (773)248-7942
- 12433 Rochester Ave, West L.A., CA (310) 820-8939 *(intersection of Santa Monica Blvd. and Centinela)*
- 1299 E.Commercial Blvd, Oakland Park, FL (954)202-6200

his cheeks, spittle on his lips, as he raged on. "That pig bastard didn't have the courage. He turned to one of his henchmen, an American, a hired assassin, this big fucking gringo, and he handed him his *pistola*, a P-38, a Nazi gun, of course, and said, 'Here, gringo, you do it. He is not worth my time.' And the gringo shot my father between the eyes."

Medina stopped talking. Finally, he said, "Excuse me, Senor Esquared. I am a man of passion. You understand. For my people, passion is everything. Passion is the food that keeps me alive. Makes me remember my enemies." He smiled. "And my friends. Will you be my friend, Senor Esquared?"

Bobby dipped his head slightly, as if to bow, and stretched out his hand. "It would be an honor to be your friend, Senor Medina."

The little man nodded, took the tips of Bobby's fingers in his and held them a moment. In the moonlight, Bobby could see that his face was still dark from his outburst.

"Good, senor. That is good. I know I can trust you."

Yeah, Bobby thought. But can I trust you?

•

During dinner Medina hardly spoke, except to snap at his servants and once to whisper a few words to one of his bodyguards. The man backed off slowly, bowing slightly, turned and disappeared through the sliding glass doors.

Sheila looked quizzically at Bobby, but he shook his head and put a firm hand on her arm to prevent her from going to the bathroom. No sense taking chances. Senor Medina's mood had soured. The little bastard's mind was still back in Havana and he seemed to be tasting revenge with every morsel of food he jabbed into his mouth. His wife ate with her head down, the good Cuban wife. She must be terrified out of her wits, Bobby thought, the things she knows. Jesus, the poor old broad!

Bobby tried to make small talk with Senora Medina, but the woman just flashed her tiny, terrified smile and looked down again at her food.

When the silent dinner was over, Medina snapped his fingers and a servant appeared with a leather briefcase. Medina handed it to Bobby. "My grocery list, Senor Esquared. Do you think you can fill it?"

"No problem," said Bobby.

"It is a very extensive list, Senor Esquared."

"I can fill it."

"I have heard of only one man in your city who can supply such items. Difficult to contact."

"I have my sources."

"Yes, that's what I am told." The man was silent for a moment. Then he said, "You know, of course, this man, this man

JAMAICA • BAHAMAS
ANTIGUA • ST. LUCIA
Voted the World's Best
By Travel Agents Worldwide
3 Years in a Row!
Sandals
Love Is All You Need
THE CARIBBEAN'S #1 ULTRA ALL-INCLUSIVE LUXURY RESORTS FOR COUPLES ONLY.
Call Your Travel Agent or 1-800-SANDALS

Discover what you're missing!

Whether your game is pool or darts, don't miss our FREE bigger-than-ever Mueller Sporting Goods catalog. In it you'll find one of the largest and finest selections of billiard and dart supplies, gifts, custom cues and cases...all at low wholesale prices. You can shop and save right in the comfort of your own home, 24 hours a day!

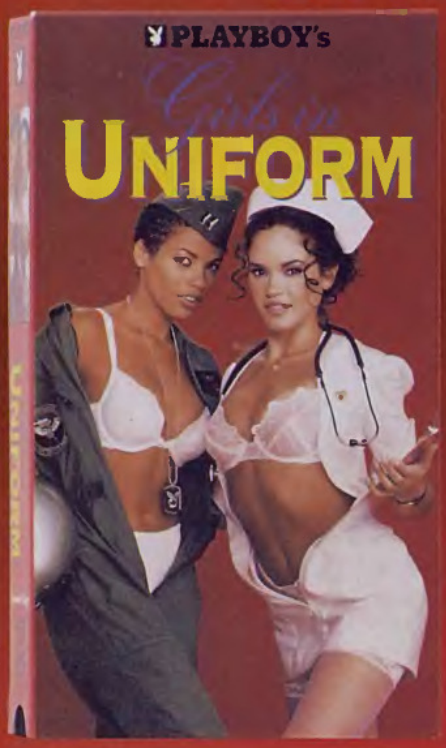
Send for, or call:
1-800-627-8888
Mueller Sporting Goods
Department 7
4825 South 16th
Lincoln, NE 68512

CIGAR LOVERS!!

Join our ever growing family of over 4000 International Cigar Club Members. Receive 4 - 5 premium handrolled cigars from around the world every month, along with our informative newsletter - all for only $11.95 per month (+S&H)

JOIN THE INTERNATIONAL CIGAR CLUB NOW!
1-800-729-9717

PLAYBOY's Girls in UNIFORM Video



$19.98
Video #PR1854V

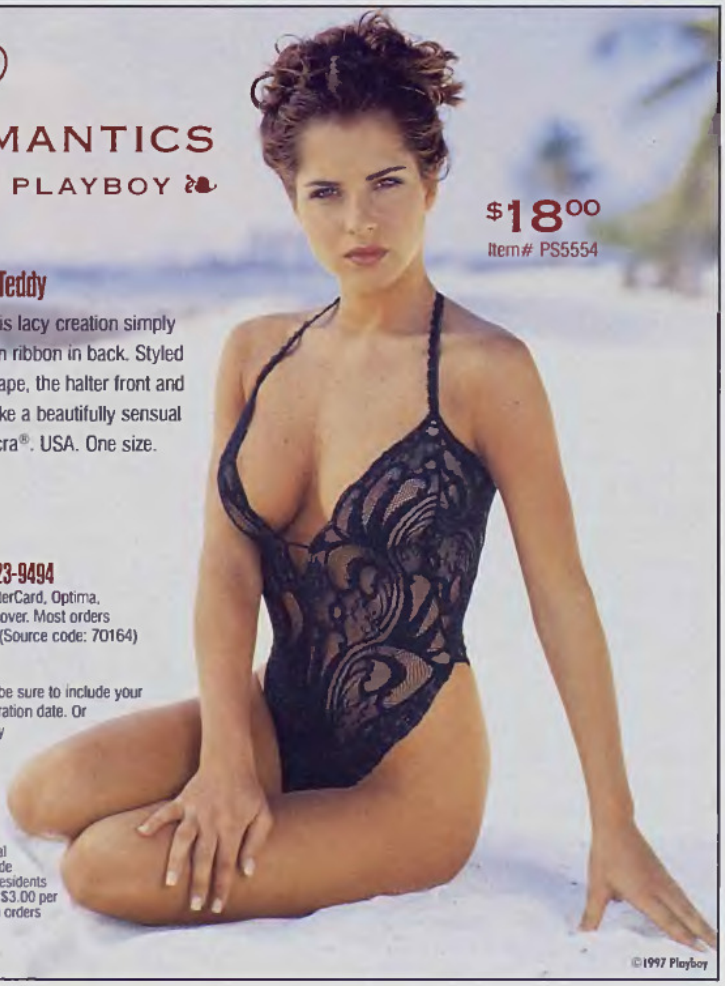
Don't you just love a woman in uniform? These uniforms were never meant to contain these sexy curves. Watch as a military pilot is "debriefed," a foxy forest ranger helps you pitch a tent, a sultry firefighter turns the hose on herself, plus seven more erotic adventures of girls in—and out of—uniform. 55 min.
Video# PR1854V $19.98

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover/NOVUS. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 70163)

Order by Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 70163, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

ROMANTICS BY PLAYBOY



$18.00
Item# PS5554

Black Lace Thong Teddy
Dramatic in black, this lacy creation simply ties with a black satin ribbon in back. Styled to accentuate her shape, the halter front and open thong back make a beautifully sensual statement. Nylon/Lycra®. USA. One size.

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 70164)

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, PO. Box 809, Dept. 70164, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1997 Playboy

with the guns, is not sympathetic to my cause."

"No?"

"I have heard this." He smiled. "I, too, have my sources. They tell me it is necessary you exercise, how do you say, discretion as to your buyer with this man."

"It is understood, Senor Medina."

"Good. Then how long will it take you?"

"Maybe a few weeks."

"A few weeks is no problem. More than that . . ." Medina shrugged. "So let us agree, two weeks it is."

Bobby reached his hand toward Medina. The little man took his fingertips. His fingers were cold.

"Agreed," Bobby said.

"A telephone number and a name are on the list. My associate Raoul. You will contact only him from now on. He will explain the details of the transfer of the groceries."

Bobby nodded.

"The dollars, of course, are there too."

"Of course."

"Would you like to count them?"

"It's not necessary."

"Good."

Later, as they drove back to Fort Lauderdale, Bobby told Sheila what had happened in the *campesino* hut, and, for the first time, he told her about Sol's warnings.

Sheila shuddered. "What a scary little man!"

•

Two weeks later, during spring break, a college student—a wrestler from the University of Pennsylvania—was strolling on Fort Lauderdale beach, taking in all the girls glistening in the sun a few yards from the Mark Hotel's Chickee Bar. His eye fell on a gorgeous one lying close to the water, on her stomach. A small red-and-white dog lay on the blanket beside her, sunning itself too. She had a perfect tan, a beautiful ass and short blonde hair like a crew cut. He paused a moment, looked down at his own winter-white body, then made up his mind.

"Excuse me," he said. The dog sat up, alert. "Excuse me!" he said more loudly. She rolled over onto her back, shading her eyes with the flat of her hand. He felt foolish. This woman was in her late thirties. "I'm sorry," he said. "I was just wondering what kind of dog you have." He smiled.

She looked at him with cold blue eyes and rolled back onto her stomach. The boy hesitated uncertainly, and then retreated.

It had been funny at first, Sheila thought. College boys hitting on her. Now it was a pain. She shaded her eyes again and looked up at the Chickee Bar, where Bobby was conducting business with a character called Machine Gun Bob. They sat at a table close to the sand.

Bobby was in his bikini, all tan and muscles, and Machine Gun was in his camouflage cutoffs and SS thunderbolt necklace, with swastika tattoos on his reddish-burnt skin. Fucking poster boy for Hitler youth, Sheila thought. She did not like Machine Gun.

She saw Bobby stand up and shake Machine Gun's hand. He came toward her now, his big body shaded by the sun at his back. Hoshi scrambled up to greet him and Bobby bent to ruffle the fur at the base of his neck. Sheila looked into Bobby's shadowed face, her eyebrows raised.

"It's all settled, baby," he said. "Tomorrow at midnight."

"I can't stand that guy," she said. "Just look at him."

Bobby laughed. "Yeah, they're all into that shit, those gun freaks. You should see his van. Nazi helmets, uniforms, medals."

"Yeah, well, it's spooky."

"Don't worry, baby. Machine Gun's OK. Just your average stoned Nazi surfer dude who deals in guns."

"He's a pig."

Bobby was losing patience. "Listen, baby. I need him. Nobody gets to the man with the guns without Machine Gun. And Machine Gun is coming through for us. For $25,000, what's not to like?"

•

The next evening as they drove west on State Road 84, Hoshi sat on the briefcase beside Bobby. Sheila sat by the passenger window, staring out at the gas stations, the ramshackle barbecue joints, the seedy country-and-western bars, their parking lots filled with trucks owned by rednecks who fancied themselves to be cowboys.

"Keep your eyes peeled for the diner, baby," Bobby said. "It looks like one of those old-fashioned Airstream trailers. That's where Medina's man will be with the van." He had already told her the plan. They would park at the diner, drive the van out to the ranch where the guns were, load them, return the van to Medina's man at the diner and drive back home with their cut. Twenty-five thousand.

Sheila absentmindedly began stroking the fur behind Hoshi's left ear. "Bobby," she said. "I still don't know why we had to bring Hosh. It could be dangerous."

"Hoshi's the burglar alarm." He glanced at her. "He's gotta earn his keep, too. Ain't that right, Hosh?" The dog looked at him and then out the front window. No dog's as smart as a Shiba Inu, Bobby thought.

Sheila reached into her leather satchel, felt the cool, chrome-plated Seecamp, found her cigarettes. She lit one and inhaled.

"Here, baby. Take the wheel."

She held the steering wheel while

DREAM WORLD...

You can cross over into a "Dream World" when you browse the pages of any *duPont REGISTRY* magazine. Look for the *duPont REGISTRY* at a newsstand near you. Subscribe by calling 1-800-233-1731 or visit our web site at: http://www.dupontregistry.com

duPont REGISTRY
Automobiles • Homes • Boats
• 813-573-9339 •

Remember Me?

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR & NEW GUESS SUPERMODEL
PLAYBOY'S
PLAYMATE REVIEW

Here's one class reunion you won't want to skip! Playmate of the Year Victoria Silvstedt and all the rest of the 1996 Playmates return in this incredibly sexy edition of Playboy's Playmate Review. These fantastic, never-before-seen photos from their centerfold shoots will make you glad you decided to attend.
Book# PQFT9714 $6.95

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover/NOVUS. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for book #PQFT9714 (Source code: 70162).

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 70162, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $2.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders. © 1997 Playboy

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Bobby reached behind his back. He withdrew a black CZ-75, racked the slide to put a round in the chamber and stuck the gun in his belt.

"I thought you trusted that Nazi surfer," Sheila said.

He glanced at her. "The only person I trust, baby, is you."

They drove awhile in the darkness, then Bobby said, "The gun guy's some kind of Aryan Nation guy, you know, those racists. Lives out in the woods with his pit bull and enough guns to start his own revolution. The Reverend Tom of the Aryan Mountain Kirk, whatever the fuck that means. Has all these skinheads and Nazis out to his ranch for midnight cross burnings, then a nice church supper prepared by the ladies." Bobby laughed. "The reverend hates niggers but hates spics even more."

"There it is." Sheila pointed ahead to a shiny aluminum diner set back off the road. Bobby turned into the deserted parking lot and reminded himself that the lot would probably be full of trucks when they returned with the guns. He drove around the brightly lit diner to the dark back parking lot and pulled in next to a white van.

"You wait here," he said, and got out.

Hoshi leaped up and followed Bobby with his eyes. "Good boy, Hosh," Sheila said, stroking his neck. A man got out of the van. She couldn't make out his face in the darkened lot, but he seemed tiny next to Bobby's bulk. He handed Bobby something and walked around to the front of the diner. Bobby waved for Sheila.

Sheila took the briefcase and her bag and got out. Hoshi jumped out after her. When she slid into the van's passenger seat, Hoshi stood outside. He began to bark and back up nervously.

"Come on, Hosh," Sheila said. But the dog kept barking and backing up, then lunging at Sheila. He took her jeans cuff in his teeth.

"What the hell's the matter with him?" Bobby snapped. "Get him into the fucking van."

Sheila grabbed Hoshi's collar and pulled him onto her lap. He squirmed. "What's the matter, baby?" she said.

"Hoshi, cut it out for Christ's sake!" Bobby snapped again. The dog stopped squirming but began to whimper, staring at Bobby. Bobby ignored him and held up the keys the man had given him. "One's to arm the engine burglar alarm," Bobby said. "The other's to arm the rear doors so they can't be opened." Bobby found the remote transmitter with a strip of white tape on it. He pressed the button and all the doors locked with a click, the front lights blinked and the alarm armed itself with a chirp. Bobby started the engine.

"What about the rear doors?" Sheila asked.

Bobby showed her the remote with the red tape on it. "Red for the rear. The back-door remote operates only with a full load in back. The little spic was very specific. *Muy importante* we arm the rear doors the minute the van is loaded with the guns. No sooner, no later. Fucking paranoid Medina." Bobby backed the van out of the space and drove around the diner. Through the diner's windows, he saw the little man seated alone at the counter, sipping coffee. "We come back with the guns," Bobby said, "we just hand the little spic the keys and we're home free."

"That's my baby on the left—the Lexus."

•

Fifteen minutes later, they were bouncing over a rutted dirt road so narrow that scrub bushes and small pines brushed against their windows. Off to the left, tiny green lights flickered and disappeared.

"Deer," Bobby said.

Soon they arrived at a clearing, then a small rise, more like a bump in the road, and then a hand-painted sign that said ARYAN MOUNTAIN KIRK, PASTOR TOM MILLER. A small, dilapidated, wood-frame cracker house was up ahead and beside it sat a Quonset hut–like barn of corrugated aluminum painted in green and brown camouflage patches.

Bobby parked the van a few yards from the front door and waited. A light came on over the door, and a huge, older man filled the doorway. He must have been 6'6", 300 pounds. "Jesus H. Christ," Bobby said. The man was mythic-looking, with a John Brown spade beard and combat boots and bib overalls that strained against his belly and chest.

"Wait here," Bobby said. "I don't come out in ten minutes, you start the engine and drive the fuck out of here."

She showed him her Seecamp. "You don't come out, I'm going in after you."

"Christ, Sheila. That little thing will only piss him off. A couple of shots from that would be like mosquito bites."

Sheila shrugged. "Whatever, Bobby. Sure."

Bobby got out of the van and the huge man approached, followed by a muscular white pit bull, about Hoshi's size. Hoshi flattened his ears and began to growl low in his throat.

A few words were exchanged, the men shook hands and then the huge man seemed to embrace Bobby. He picked the pistol out of Bobby's belt with thumb and forefinger, as if it were something rancid, and tossed it into the bushes. Then he put one of his massive arms around Bobby's shoulders and walked him toward the Quonset hut. It was the first time Bobby had ever looked small to Sheila.

The fur on Hoshi's back bristled, and he growled again. Sheila scratched his ears, but he paid no attention. "Everything's going to be all right, Hosh," she said as the two men and the pit bull disappeared into the hut.

•

Inside the hut, the Reverend Miller introduced his dog. "I call him Dog-Dog," he said, and reached down to pat his head. "He's a loyal guy. An Aryan, too." He winked at Bobby and smiled. "White race got to stick together, Bobby." He laughed. "You can go ahead and pet him. He won't bite. Not unless I tell him to."

Bobby stroked the pit bull's back, which was covered with scars. His ears

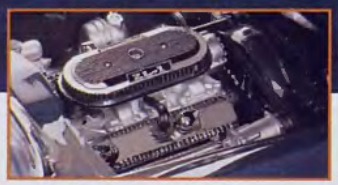
FEEL THE SHEER EXCITEMENT OF THE ULTIMATE

SHARK ATTACK!

Shown smaller than actual size
of 8" (20.32 cm) in length. Scale 1:24.

GM DESIGN

Franklin Mint Precision Models® in association with GM Design Center presents the one and only Mako Shark™, the car that set the standard for Corvette® styling for decades.



No one had ever seen anything like it. Developed in the early 1960s as an experimental, though fully operable dream car, the Corvette® Mako Shark™ outclassed its contemporaries at the 6th Annual International Automobile Show in New York. More significantly, it was to impact Corvette styling for decades. Now, you can catch Corvette's awesome Mako Shark, by placing your order for this sizzling die-cast replica from Franklin Mint Precision Models.

Assembled by hand from more than 100 separate parts, this extraordinary model features the unique "double-bubble" removable transparent hardtop, external side pipes, sporty interior, complete with a full instrument panel, and an awesome re-creation of the powerful Big Block 427 ZL1 engine under the hood.

Operating features include doors, hood and trunk that open and close, and steering and road wheels that actually turn. Hand-painted.

Hand-polished. Sparkling with real chrome plate, it's the shark you must catch. Just $90, in monthly installments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint Precision Models purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

Franklin Mint Precision Models
Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001

Please mail by August 31, 1997.

Please accept my order for The Corvette® Mako Shark™.

I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. I will be billed for my model in 5 equal monthly installments of $18.* each, with the first payment due prior to shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax and a one-time charge of $4.95 for shipping and handling.

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY.

ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE # (_____) _____

18255-26-001

Official General Motors Licensed Product. CHEVROLET, the CHEVROLET Bow Tie Emblem, Mako Shark, Crossed Flags Emblem, VETTE, CORVETTE and body design are trademarks of General Motors Corporation and used under license by The Franklin Mint.

Franklin Mint Precision Models® Simply Miles Ahead.

were clipped for fighting and his eyes were mean and yellow.

"Bobby Squared, huh?" the reverend said. "What kind of a name is that?"

Bobby thought for a moment, decided to chance it, looked up into the huge man's eyes and said, "It used to be Robert Redfeather, when I was on the reservation."

"It did, huh? You should have kept it. Indians are a noble race. They should never have let us in. Ruined the whole damn neighborhood." He threw his head back and roared with laughter. "Come on. Let's see what I got for you."

The Quonset hut was hot and smelled of mildew and hay and horseshit and, strangely, gun oil. A card table was stacked high with pamphlets and books: *Letters From the Mountain Kirk*. *The Turner Diaries*. *The Brotherhood*. *The Order*. The reverend palmed a copy of *The Holy Book of Adolph Hitler*. "What a great man, eh, Bobby?"

"If you say so, Reverend."

The man winked again and then, with a vast gesture of his meaty arm, motioned toward the far end of the hut, where Bobby saw a barren altar with a wooden pulpit and behind it not a cross but an enormous Nazi flag pinned to the wall.

"The faithful love that shit," said the reverend. "Hitler, swastikas, burning crosses. Keeps 'em happy." He shook his head mournfully. "But so what? If that's what they want, fine, I'll give it to 'em."

"Where were you ordained, Reverend?" Bobby said.

"Where?" The man glared. "Where? Right fucking here. I came out here one night and ordained myself." He crossed the room and unlocked a door to the right of his pulpit. "I'm my own fucking god, Bobby. After you."

Bobby stepped into a smaller room filled floor to ceiling with cardboard boxes. They were stamped in black letters: BRNO, PRODUCT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA; ISRAEL MILITARY INDUSTRIES; LLAMA GABILANDO, PRODUCT OF SPAIN; NORINCO, PRODUCT OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA; BERETTA, PRODUCT OF ITALY. The reverend opened a box stamped NORINCO and held up an AK-47. "I believe this is what you're looking for?" He racked the slide, aimed the AK at Bobby's forehead and pulled the trigger. *Click*. He threw back his head and roared again, his booming laughter echoing off the aluminum walls. He tossed the AK to Bobby and began to open other boxes, producing CZ-75 pistols, Uzis, a Llama .45.

Bobby handed back the AK. "Everything but the Llama," he said. "My man doesn't like those spic guns."

"A man after my own heart. Here, let me show you something." He went over to a closet and opened the door. Ten big tins labeled SURVIVAL CRACKERS were stacked on the floor. The clothes rack was lined with satin Ku Klux Klan robes in several colors. "I got red, I got green, I got yellow." The reverend touched them. "Robes for every occasion. Formal, casual, beachwear. They love it. But this"—he pulled a box from one of the upper shelves and held it out to Bobby—"is what I wanted to show you." He opened the lid and gently parted the layers of tissue paper.

It was a Cuban flag. Three blue stripes, two white stripes, a white star in a red triangle. The flag was soiled and ripped in places, blackened with gunpowder, stained with dried blood. The reverend watched Bobby as he looked at the flag, then he, too, looked at it.

"I fought for this flag," he said, tapping Bobby's arm for emphasis. "I believed in it. It was the only thing I ever believed in. I carried it into battle in the Sierra Maestra, and into Havana after we routed Batista. I was mobbed, like a god. The people shouted, "Gringo! Gringo!" I could have had anything I wanted. Anything! But I only wanted the revolution to work. They were good people. I became an outlaw in my own country for them."

He spat on the floor. "And how did that bastard Castro repay me? He waited until we cleaned the Batista forces out, then he came in two days later, the conquering hero. He pinned a medal on my chest in the middle of Havana, with a couple hundred thousand people screaming, "Gringo! Gringo!" Fidel bent over and whispered in my ear, 'You think you're bigger than me, gringo?' So he put me in charge of the execution squads. The dirtiest fucking job, to humiliate me. I told him the Batistas had fought bravely, that we should let them into the revolution now. But he wouldn't listen. I went around the countryside with a firing squad. A shit detail."

The reverend shook his head. "But I only once pulled the trigger myself. Fidel was going to shoot this poor little bastard himself, with the guy's wife and little kid watching, the worst thing you can think of. They made the guy kneel in front of Fidel, but the bastard had heart. He looked right into Fidel's eyes and told him to pull the trigger. Fucking Fidel tossed me his gun and told me to do it. I'll never forget it. A chromed P-38, a Nazi gun. Fidel was never a Communist. He was a Nazi." The reverend's eyes went blank. "So I shot him, poor guy. Two weeks later, Fidel put out a

"He says they've never come in contact with anyone from the outside world before—except on the Internet."

warrant for my arrest. Treason." He slammed the lid on the box and shoved it back into the closet. "I took a slow boat to Miami."

When he turned back, Bobby saw with surprise that there were tears in his eyes. "After that, I didn't give a shit. Fuck 'em all. I'll arm everyone. The Jews, Hamas, the IRA, the Ulster Defense Force, both sides. Let 'em kill each other off. God can sort 'em out." He smiled. "So you see, Bobby. I don't give a shit who these guns are for, as long as they're not for spics. Spics like to kill their own. They enjoy it."

•

When Bobby and the huge man came out of the Quonset hut, pushing a dolly loaded with boxes, Sheila sighed with relief. Bobby signaled for her to back the van up to the hut. She did, and heard the van's back doors open and the thud of boxes dropping. As she lit a cigarette, she saw the pit bull sitting outside her door, staring up. Hoshi climbed onto her lap, put his paws against the window and growled. "It's all right, Hosh," she said. "It's all right."

When the van was loaded with the boxes, the doors slammed and Sheila opened the window to hand Bobby the briefcase. Bobby counted out a wad of bills and handed it back to Sheila. He shook the man's hand.

"Good to do business with you, Reverend."

The reverend nodded. "You, too, Robert Redfeather."

Bobby opened the driver's side door and Hoshi leaped out. "Get back here," Bobby yelled, but the dogs had already squared off. Before he could reach them, they sprang, snapping and snarling, their teeth flashing. The pit bull, less agile, lunged at Hoshi like a clumsy boxer, but Hoshi pranced sideways, avoiding the lunge and snapping at the pit bull's rear haunch, drawing blood. The pit bull reared back, faked to the left and caught Hoshi by the scruff of his neck, also drawing blood. Three quick shots rang out, kicking up dirt at the dogs' feet, and they separated, startled and whimpering. Both eyed Sheila, who now held her Seecamp steady at the pit bull. Bobby scooped Hoshi into his arms, while the reverend fell to his knees and hugged his scarred warrior, crying, "Dog-Dog, Dog-Dog, are you all right?"

Dog-Dog writhed in his grip, straining to get at Hoshi, but Bobby already had him in the van with the door closed, snarling at the open window. Sheila pulled Hoshi onto her lap and hugged him while Bobby started the engine and drove off.

"Is he all right?" Bobby said.

Sheila pressed a handkerchief against his neck. "I think so. It's just the skin."

Bobby glanced in his sideview mirror at the reverend, still on his knees and

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 24–25, 28, 30, 76–79, 106–107, 122–123 and 167, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED
Pages 24–25: "DVD Update": **DVD players:** By *RCA*, from Thomson Electronics, 800-336-1900. By *Toshiba*, 800-631-3811. By *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. By *Pioneer Electronics*, 800-PIONEER. By *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **DVD software:** From *Warner Home Video*, www.dvdwb.com. From *MGM/UA*, *New Line Video*, *Image Entertainment* and *Polygram*, at select software and video stores. By *Columbia/Tristar*, from Critics' Choice Videos, 800-367-7765. From *Lumivision*, 800-776-LUMI. By *Playboy Enterprises*, from Critics' Choice Video, 800-367-7765. "Head—and Shoulders—Above the Rest": **Headphones:** By *Recoton*, 800-742-3438. By *Emerson*, from Jasco, 800-654-8483. By *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. "Wild Things": **Digital camcorder** by *Hitachi*, 800-241-6558. **Car security system** by *Mobile Security Communications*, 888-222-6721. "Multimedia Reviews & News": **Software:** By *Interplay Productions*, 800-INTERPLAY. By *Acclaim Entertainment*, 516-656-5000. By *Ubi Soft*, 800-UBI-SOFT. By *Fox Interactive*, www.foxinteractive.com. By *Live Interactive*, www.liveentertainment.com. By *Psygnosis*, 800-438-7794. **Software** by *Corel*, 800-455-3169. "Cyber Scoop": **Video** from *Manga Entertainment*, 312-751-0020.

STYLE
Page 28: "Buckle Up": **Initial belts:** By *J.M. Weston*, 212-535-2100. By *Nicole Farhi*, at Charivari, 212-333-4040. By *DKNY*, at select department stores. By *Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Sport, 212-434-8000. By *Calvin Klein*, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's. By *Dolce & Gabbana*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. By *Hermès*, 800-441-4488. By *Hugo Boss*, 305-864-7753. By *Vivienne Westwood*, at Mac, 415-892-6674. "Hot Shopping: Philadelphia": *Inferno*, 215-627-5489. *Neo Deco*, 215-928-0627. *Time Zone*, 215-592-8266. *Trash and Vaudeville*, 215-238-8817. *Ishkabibbles Eatery*, 215-923-4337. "Chemical Balance": **Shampoo and conditioner:** By *Aubrey Organics*, at health and specialty stores. By *Barracuda*, 800-547-8664. **Additive** and **demineralizer** by *Malibu 2000*, 800-622-7332.

TRAVEL
Page 30: "Wayfarer's Haul": **Magazine** by *Travltips*, 800-872-8584. **Newsletter and trip info** from *Freighter World Cruises*, 800-531-7774. "Road Stuff": **Swiss Card** and **pocketknife** by *Swiss Army Brand*, 800-442-2706.

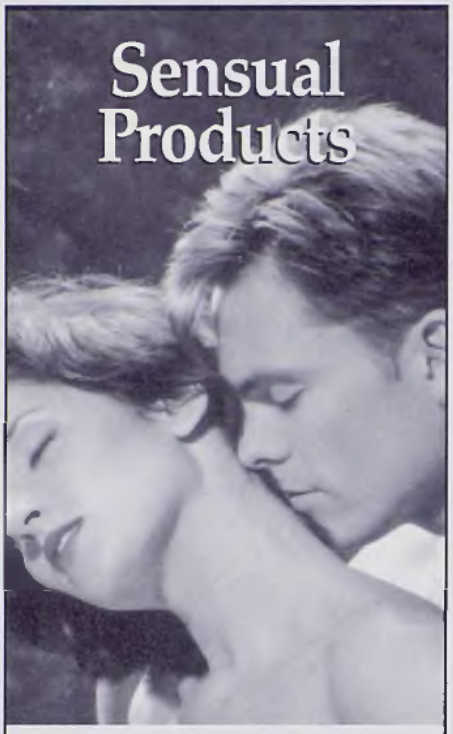
LONDON COOL
Pages 76–79: **Suit, shirt** and **tie** by *Paul Smith*, 212-627-9770. **Jacket and pants** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Marshall Field's, 312-781-1000. **Shirt and tie** by *Ted Baker*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 212-753-4000. **Jacket, pants** and **shirt** by *Patrick Cox*, 212-759-3910. **Shoes** by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. **Belt** by *Hugo Boss*, at Moda, 412-681-8640. **Suit, shirt** and **tie** by *Timothy Everest*, at Barneys New York, 212-826-8900.

HOT FOOTIN'
Pages 106–107: **Sneakers:** By *Nose*, 800-221-6627 or 800-276-6673. By *Reebok*, 800-648-5550. By *Nike*, 800-344-6453. By *Tommy Hilfiger*, at department stores. By *Fila*, 800-717-5757.

NIGHT CLASS
Pages 122–123: **Cellular phone** by *Motorola*, 800-331-6456. **Cigar case** by *Ashton*, 800-3-ASHTON. **Address book** at Asprey, 212-688-1811. **Cuff links, stud set, silk bow tie** and **cummerbund** at Sulka, 312-951-9500. **Pen** by *Montblanc*, 800-995-4810. **Wristwatch** by *Alfred Dunhill North America Ltd.*, 800-860-8362. **Lighter** by *Alfred Dunhill of London*, at Christofle, 312-664-9700. **Key ring** from *Cartier*, 312-266-7440. **Pocketknife** by *Eka of Sweden* from Nichols Co., 802-457-3970. **Pager** by *Page Net*, 800-864-2366. **Money clip** from *Saks Fifth Avenue*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Tray** at Christofle, 312-664-9700.

ON THE SCENE
Page 167: "Only Way to Go": **Humidor** by *Ashton*, 800-3-ASHTON. **Sunglasses** by *California Design Studio*, at fine optical shops. **Binoculars** by *Bushnell*, 800-423-3537. **Travel bar** at Asprey, 212-688-1811. **Alarm clock** by *Swiss Army Brand*, 800-442-2706. **Walkman** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **Color TV** by *RCA*, from Thomson Electronics, 800-336-1900.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 5 STEVEN BARBOUR, TED BETZ, BENNO FRIEDMAN, DAVID GOODMAN, RON MESAROS, ROB RICH (4); P. 12 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 20 STRAND RELEASING; P. 22 KEVIN HEES/SHOOTING STAR; P. 23 © 1996 PARAMOUNT PICTURES; P. 24 RICHARD FEGLEY; P. 28 GEORGE GEORGIOU, © 1957 WARNER BROS.; P. 30 GEORGIOU (2); P. 34 NATHAN BILLOW PHOTOGRAPHY (2), SEACYCLE/WATER BIKE; P. 44 DAVID L. RYAN/THE BOSTON GLOBE; P. 45 AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; P. 61 ARNY FREYTAG; P. 68 LAURA D. LUONGO (2); P. 83 GIDEON BACHMANN; P. 100 BETTMAN ARCHIVE, GEORGIDU (4), NIELS VAN IPEREM/RETNA; P. 101 GARY BOAS/RETNA, ADRIAN BRDDKS/REX USA LTD., STEVE DDUBLE, GEORGIOU, PAT/ARNAL/STILLS/RETNA, GAVIN SMITH/RETNA; P. 102 GEORGIOU (2); P. 103 FEGLEY, GEORGIOU (3); P. 109 POMPEO POSAR; P. 115 FEGLEY; P. 116 STEVE CONWAY, GEORGIDU, SUPERSTOCK (2); P. 117 ARCHIVE, GEORGIOU (3); P. 118 SUPERSTOCK; P. 132 PHOTOGRAPHED AT EASY RIDERS, MOUNT PROSPECT, IL.; P. 134 PHOTOGRAPHED AT U.S. BEER CO., CHICAGO, IL.; P. 137 JIM TILLER; P. 140 FREYTAG; P. 141 FREYTAG, TILLER; P. 163 PATTY BEAUDET (4), DON BRONSTEIN; P. 164 ART FOXALL, JOHN HARRINGTON, WAYDA (2); P. 170 FEGLEY, GEORGIOU; P. 172 RICHARD SINGER, WAYDA. COVER CHROME HEARTS, NEW YORK, NY, 212-327-0707. P. 115 BODY SUIT COURTESY OF RISEWEAR, 800-525-9655. P. 124 STYLING BY PAULA FOX FOR BUTLER REGHANTI, GROOMING BY NANCY SPRAGUE FOR ONE. P. 131 MOTORCYCLE FROM A&M CYCLES, ROSEMONT, IL. P. 135 MOTORCYCLE FROM WOODFIELD KAWASAKI, HOFFMAN ESTATES, IL. CLOTHING BY INTERSPORT FASHIONS WEST, INC., TUSTIN, CA. HELMET BY KAWASAKI MOTORS CORP., SANTA ANA, CA. P. 136 CUSTOM PAINT BY ALCALDE CUSTOMS, MORTON GROVE, IL. P. 138 TATTOO COURTESY OF WAYNE BARUCHI/WIZARD OF INK, CHICAGO, IL.



The Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue of Sensual Products $4.00
The price is applied to your first order.

Discover a wide array of sexual products for giving, receiving, and enhancing your pleasure in our new Xandria Gold Collection Catalogue or the Toys For Lovers video.

Trust our extensive experience.

For over 20 years, the Xandria Collection has delighted both men and women. We select only the finest products from around the world—products approved by our advisory board of professionals in human sexuality.

Trust our 100% 3-Way Guarantee:

1. We guarantee your **privacy.**
2. We guarantee your **satisfaction.**
3. We guarantee **product quality.**

Make every night an opportunity for ecstasy.

Send for your catalogue today and we'll apply its $4.00 price to your first order. You have nothing to lose, only a new world of sexual enjoyment to gain. **Order today.**

The Xandria Collection, *Dept. PB0897*
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988

Please send me by first class mail the following:

❑ **Xandria Gold Collection Catalogue.** $4.00.
Fabulous 40-page toy catalogue plus a $4.00 coupon good towards your first purchase.

❑ **Toys For Lovers Video.** ~~$19.95~~. Now $9.95!
Discover how to enhance your pleasure beyond your wildest dreams. Over 50 products premiered.

❑ **Send both!** A $23.00 value. Only $11.95.

Payment: ❑ Check or Money Order ❑ MasterCard or Visa (circle one)

I am an adult over 21 years of age.

Signature required _____

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Xandria, 165 Valley Dr., Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.

hugging his dog. "That poor old bastard."

They drove in silence for a few minutes until they were back on State Road 84, heading east. Sheila inspected the bites on Hoshi's neck. "The bleeding's stopped. You're OK, aren't you, Hosh?" The dog licked her face.

"Tough guy, eh, Hosh?" Bobby smiled. "Bit off more than you could chew this time. Why didn't you kill him, Sheila? The dog, I mean."

"He's a dog, Bobby. Only people deserve their own executions."

"Yeah, well, a couple more minutes, maybe Hoshi would have had his own execution."

"Then I would have killed the dog."

•

At two A.M., they pulled into the diner parking lot, now crowded with cars. Cowboys filled the tables at the windows, having breakfast. Bobby drove around to the back and parked the van next to his SHO.

"The spic's inside. Raoul," he said. "I'll be right back."

"I'm going in, too. I want to clean Hoshi in the ladies' room." Sheila looked down at her own shirt, soaked with blood. "And myself."

Bobby grabbed the briefcase and Sheila hoisted Hoshi into her arms.

Inside the noisy diner, she brushed through the crowd back toward the ladies' room. A waitress stopped her. "You can't bring a dog in here, honey," the waitress said.

"Watch me."

Meanwhile, Bobby looked for the spic. I'll never find that bastard with all these rednecks, he thought. They were all dressed up like cowboys, talking loud, letting out rebel yells and eating with their hats on. Some of the rednecks glanced at him, a big, muscular guy with a briefcase and a ponytail. "Faggot," one of them muttered.

"Honey," Bobby said to one of the waitresses. She balanced a tray of eggs and grits on her arm. "Did you see a little Latin guy in here?"

The waitress blew a wisp of hair off her eyes. "I got time to look for spics?" She brushed past him.

Another waitress told him, "Baby, I ain't seen or heard nothing since 1967. I thought I was deaf and blind till I seen you standing there."

The third waitress remembered him. "A couple hours ago. Nervous little guy. Had a quick coffee, made a phone call and split."

Bobby wondered if maybe the rednecks had scared him off. He decided to check for messages. "Where's the phone, hon?" he said to the waitress.

She pointed to the end of the diner. "By the little boys' room."

The telephone was next to an open window that faced the back parking lot. He dialed his own number, and it began to ring. Through the window, Bobby saw his SHO, then the white van, the white van with all those guns in it, the white van with nobody watching it, no alarm turned on. "Shit," he muttered. He dug the keys from his pocket while the phone still rang, found the remote with the red tape on it, held it out the window and pressed the button.

The van's rear lights blinked twice, the alarm chirped and then the whole thing exploded. The rear doors blew off, the side panels blew off, the guns blew out of the van in pieces, engulfed by flames and black smoke, and scattered all over the lot. The van was in flames, twisted grotesquely out of shape, and the whole left side of his SHO was caved in. Glass was everywhere, metal gun parts, van doors and the bumper.

"Jesus fucking Christ," said Bobby.

He dropped the phone, rushed out and almost bumped into Sheila, wide-eyed and scared, still holding Hoshi. "Bobby! What happened? Are you all right?"

He grabbed her hard by the arm and half-dragged her out of the diner. The cowboys and waitresses were already outside. Bobby led Sheila through the crowd toward the highway and started walking very fast along the side of the road. In the distance, he could already hear the sirens of police cars and fire engines. They walked in the darkness until Sheila jerked him to a stop. "Enough! What happened?" She put Hoshi down.

Bobby looked back at the smoke billowing above the diner. "It was a setup," he said. He told her about the reverend's story. "I should have figured it out. Medina knew who I was getting the guns from. He set us up. Medina didn't give a shit about the guns. It was revenge he wanted. 'Be my friend, Senor Esquared,' yeah. Friends or enemies, it made no difference to him. The reverend was right. They kill their own."

They started walking again, with Hoshi trotting at their feet. When they came to a pay phone, Bobby called a taxi. They waited, Bobby, Sheila and the dog. Bobby reached down and stroked the fur behind Hoshi's ears. "I should have listened to you, Hosh," he said. The dog's tail wagged.

When the taxi arrived, Sheila got in first and Hoshi jumped in beside her. When Bobby got in and shut the door, the cabbie, a Pakistani, turned and said, "No dogs."

Bobby looked at Sheila. "You see a dog in here, baby?" he said.

"Nope." She smiled and shook her head.

Bobby smiled at the cabbie in the rearview mirror. "We don't see any dog, Mr. 7-Eleven. Just drive."

"The lead guy came at me, and I smashed into him. I thought, I don't care if I die; this is enough."

much. But it wasn't funny that was coming from me—it was *pirated* funny."

When he was 13 his family moved to Livingston, New Jersey. Feeling like he'd been given "a clean slate," he fell in with a gang of junior thespians. In his first show, *The Sound of Music*, he heard the sound of his future: "I knew at that point that I had found my thing. I felt very powerful up on that stage, at a time when I did not feel powerful in any other part of my life."

By the time he was 13, he was "deadass serious" about theater, traveling six towns away to take tap-dancing classes. To get his parents to pay for voice lessons, he swore he was studying for his bar mitzvah. He knew the scores to two dozen Broadway shows: "When everybody was listening to the Beatles, I was listening to *Fiddler* and *The Fantasticks*." He was a natural and starred in countless shows. At 14 he had an agent and a manager. At 16 he appeared on a PBS pilot.

Improbable as it sounds, his teenage role model was William Shatner. "He's the guy who cemented my determination to be an actor," he says. "I didn't want to just copy him, I wanted to *be* him. And for years, until I got to college and started training, I basically did him—I played Nathan Detroit as Shatner and Fagin as Shatner and Oscar Madison as Shatner."

Mostly, he waited anxiously for the future. "I always wanted to be older than I was. I kept wishing I could get this phase over with; I knew my time was going to come." Livingston, New Jersey was not the place for it. "It was a very sports-oriented town, and because I was always on the stage, somehow I was perceived as a pain in the ass. A couple of kids were looking for a confrontation, and I was always avoiding it. I was a chickenshit kid." So he signed up for karate classes. One day, a brown belt under his belt, he confronted his tormentors. "The lead guy came at me, and I smashed into him. I thought, I don't care if I die; this is enough. The next thing I knew I was sitting on this guy's chest with his ears in my hands."

How did that feel? "Fabulous," he says, hacking merrily at his rack of lamb. "That's my touchdown for history."

BECOMING GEORGE

Life on the *Seinfeld* set is not unlike *Seinfeld* itself. There is nonstop activity, yet nothing seems to get accomplished. During the lulls, there is much talk that focuses on . . . nothing. No minutia is too minute; there is discourse about cars, toothpicks, the length of Farrah Fawcett's nipples. In the makeup room, I overhear this impassioned exchange:

JASON: What is candy corn? I know what it is, but what *is* it?

WOMAN: It's just sugar.

JASON: How can it be just sugar? It's gotta have something else in it.

WOMAN: A little bit of flavoring, maybe.

JASON: [*Agitated*] Sugar isn't chewy. There's gotta be *something*!

Finally, at three P.M., after seven hours of waiting, Alexander is called to the set: "Jason, they're ready for you in New York." He heads over to the New York street, a block-long stretch of storefronts with generic names such as Wine & Liquors or Bar & Grill. Built especially for *Seinfeld*—in gratitude for Nielsen conquests—the street is, Alexander says, the cause of today's delay: "It's like a kid with a new toy. We have cranes, we have dolly tracks, and everybody goes 'Ooohh.' Simple little scenes become these extravaganzas."

Today's extravaganza enlists 50 extras, a crane and a dolly. As we join the action, Kramer is crawling, bloodied and bruised, along the pavement—it's a long story—while Jerry and George discuss the vagaries of condom use.

They rehearse the scene. Then, cameras ready to roll, Alexander puts on the glasses—and suddenly the brow furrows, the shoulders slump imperceptibly, the Jersey whine is uncorked. He becomes George Costanza.

GEORGE: [*Perturbed*] Why do they have to make the wrappers on those things so hard to open?

JERRY: Probably so the woman has one last chance to change her mind.

The scene is repeated, and repeated. Between takes, Richards stays sprawled on the pavement while Seinfeld and the director huddle. Alexander sits on a car bumper and talks with the extras. After seven takes he grows impatient. "Come on, that's it!" he says with mock indignation. "It's realism, it's comedy—what more do you want?"

But there will be one more take. Once again Richards crawls. This time, however, Alexander and Seinfeld unzip their pants and straddle him in the street, ready to reenact the squeal-like-a-pig scene from *Deliverance*. "Kramer," Seinfeld says ominously, "I guess this just isn't your lucky day."

There are gales of laughter from the crew. "You fuckers!" Richards booms, bounding to his feet.

"OK," shouts the assistant director, "we are moving to the stage. Jason,

"No, I wouldn't respect you if you slept with me on our first date. That's why I'm only asking for a blow job."

you're done."

"There's a little something for the blooper reel," Alexander laughs. The idea came to them five takes back: "I said, 'Why don't we, like, piss on him before we walk off?'" And Jerry said, 'No, but I've got an idea.'"

Walking back to his office, Alexander describes the prevailing mood on the *Seinfeld* set as "juvenile. Very laid-back, very silly, very casual, nobody takes anything too seriously. It's not particularly hard work; it's always enjoyable. We usually wind up cracking each other up. We do the show in two days and we bullshit for another two days. The job is still just an amazing time."

After eight seasons together, the cast remains on friendly terms, even if families and careers now take up more of their time. "We've never been a group that hangs a lot," he says. "Somebody once said that if we were all in high school together, the four of us would probably not be friends, because we're very different people. It's a strange little bastard stepfamily. But somehow it all works."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

"I'll be home in time to give Gabe a bath," he says as the sun sinks slowly over the *Seinfeld* soundstage. But before he departs, he sits on his couch and talks. The conversation turns again to fear.

In 1981, when he was 22, Alexander made his Broadway debut in Stephen Sondheim's *Merrily We Roll Along*. On opening night, he nearly keeled over. Diagnosis: stage fright. "It felt like an out-of-body experience," he recalls. "There was another me that was looking at me doing it and going, 'What are you doing? You know, you're in front of people!' Acting took on a significance it never had before. Before it was just a joy. Now it was something I was going to be judged on. It freaked me out, and it continued to freak me out."

The stage fright lasted nearly a decade. Eventually a therapist helped him regain a "carefree attitude" about acting. During his Tony-winning stint in *Jerome Robbins' Broadway*, he recited this mantra every night: "Strength. Courage. Conviction. Joy."

Now the stage fright is gone, but he still sees a therapist. What does Alexander work on? "So many things," he says. "I spent a lot of my life being fearful, and the flip side of fear is anger. When you're made to feel afraid, you feel diminished, and as soon as you recognize that, you get pissed off. I didn't deal with my own anger well; I didn't deal with other people's anger well. Therapy has given me the outlets to change the way I deal with that.

"Humiliation—in my therapy this was a big thing. To be embarrassed was, I felt, the worst thing that could happen to a person, worse than being stabbed to death. I was in constant fear of that. It was pretty defining, because everything I was doing in my relationships was either rising above that fear or reacting to it.

"And what's interesting is that my response was to create a persona that I don't think I've dropped yet. This confident, cocky attitude, which I never really had. This bravura that covers the fact that most of the time I feel a little overwhelmed. The real me is more thoughtful, more somber, more quiet. The real me is a quiet little guy who might be better off doing things besides being in show business."

Fear? Cockiness? Humiliation? Maybe Alexander is George Costanza after all.

"I don't know where George comes from," he says. "Where the fuel for the fire comes from I'm not exactly sure. You know, everybody has insecurities and moments of feeling like the world's biggest schmuck."

Surely it's more complicated than that. "I'm not George," Alexander once said, "but I could have been." In other words, George is Alexander without the talent, without the success, money or therapy.

There are times, he admits, when he actually envies George. "When George feels something strongly, he's pretty in-your-face," says Alexander. "Whereas I don't look for confrontation. I sometimes feel like, Who am I to start a conversation, or make my feelings known if I have a different point of view? George has a lot of gumption. He has a lot of traits that I admire—in a neurotic sort of way."

But after eight years together, the time approaches when Jason Alexander and George Costanza must part company. This thought has Alexander musing aloud about how he'd like to say goodbye to his alter ego. "We all kid around about how to end the show," he says. "I think I can probably tell you this because there's no way in hell they're going to do it, but we thought this would be an amazing way to end it.

"Two episodes before the last one, everyone's fortunes are turned," he explains. "Elaine and Jerry get back together and fall madly in love. Kramer discovers God and becomes a preacher. George hits the lottery for 80 million bucks.

"The second-to-last episode is the wedding of Jerry and Elaine. George is the best man, pays for the whole shebang. Kramer the preacher marries them. Then we all get into the chauffeured limo to take Jerry and Elaine to the airport for their amazing honeymoon—and we have a blowout on the Verrazano Narrows Bridge and crash and fall to our deaths.

"The final episode is four coffins. Every character who has ever been on the show is at the funeral talking about how they never liked us and how horribly we had treated everybody in life: 'They were such annoying people!'

"That," he concludes, "is a series finale. There's no tenth anniversary reunion show after that one!"

"The History Channel again?"

PLAYBOY ONLINE

The world's best-selling men's magazine is now the hottest hub in the digital world.

Just a click and you get:

- Sexy images of the world's most beautiful women.
- Fascinating excerpts and photos from current and classic issues of *Playboy*.
- The buzz on Playboy TV and video here and abroad.
- Cool stuff to buy for material guys and girls.

Check out why we get more than 5 million hits a day at

http://www.playboy.com

Playboy. A hit. As always.

One Call Will Give You Over 300 Places To Get Help.

There are more than 300 joints in the human body. And at any time, one or more of them can be affected by arthritis.

If you have arthritis, or if someone you love has arthritis, call the Arthritis Foundation.

You'll get information on ways to cope, where you can go for help, and how to get your hands on all the facts you need.

ARTHRITIS FOUNDATION®

Your source for help and hope™

1-800-283-7800

BILL MAHER

(continued from page 60)

MAHER: It has more to do with the fact that my father was very funny; he got a lot of laughs around the house. Many of my comedian friends had funny fathers or mothers. One generation of amateur funniness seems often to be followed by a kid who takes it to the next level.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents like the idea of their son being a comedian?

MAHER: I always wanted to be a comedian, but I never told my parents. I was too shy to do that and afraid that if it didn't work out I'd look like an idiot.

PLAYBOY: What kind of a child were you?

MAHER: Out of it. Too serious. Very shy. I had friends, but I had a hard time making friends. I vividly remember sitting with my father on the front porch of a house we rented on the Jersey shore. It was dusk and all these kids were playing in the street. My father said, "Go over there. Introduce yourself," and I just couldn't do it. "Hi. I'm a kid." I couldn't do it. Some kids can. I felt like I was letting him down. I looked like a pussy. I didn't have friends, and I was stuck on the porch. It was pathetic. But I still can't approach strangers. The truth is, the desire to become famous is an attempt to solve that problem: When you're famous, you don't have to do it anymore. Everybody already knows you. I finally came out of my shell a little bit in my senior year of high school. Until then, my ambition to perform had been a secret. Then, on the recommendation of a teacher, I emceed a couple of talent shows. I got laughs. I don't think I've ever in my life had a rush like that, and I've never been that high again. You can't lose your virginity twice.

PLAYBOY: Did you plunge headlong into performing at comedy clubs?

MAHER: Not then. I graduated and went to college. I got real itchy about doing comedy in my last year or two at college because I could see what was looming on the horizon, which was life. That was probably the tensest time in my life, that transition from school to having to actually do something.

PLAYBOY: How was college?

MAHER: I hated Cornell. It's a sucky place.

PLAYBOY: Were you a nerd?

MAHER: As much as you can be an arty nerd. When I headed off to Cornell, I remember thinking and planning: *I can be different. I don't have to be the guy I was in high school who wasn't in the cool group and who wasn't good with girls. I can be somebody new.* I thought, *It's a fresh start.* But, of course, when you get there, you haven't shed your skin. You can't walk into a phone booth and come out Superman. You're still the same schmuck.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever figured out why you were a schmuck?

MAHER: Just astrology. It's in my chart, in

75 CONDOMS BY MAIL

ONLY $9.95

Adam & Eve offers you a full line of high quality condoms with discreet, direct-to-your door delivery.

Our deluxe 75 condom collection offers you the unique luxury of trying over 14 world-class condom brands including **Gold Circle Coins, Saxon Gold, Trojan, Lifestyles, Prime,** plus some of the finest Japanese brands.

As a special introductory offer, you can get the ***Super 75 Collection*** (a full $29.95 value if purchased individually) for ONLY $9.95. That's a savings of over 60%! Or try our 38 Condom Sampler for only $5.95. Use the coupon below to claim your savings now!

Money-Back Guarantee: You must agree that Adam & Eve's condoms and service are the best available anywhere, or we'll refund your money in full, no questions asked.

VISA & MasterCard orders Call Toll Free

1-800-274-0333

24 Hours A Day / 7 Days A Week

Adam & Eve

P.O. Box 900 • Carrboro, NC 27510

CLIP AND MAIL WITH PAYMENT

Send Check or Bank Money Order To:

Adam & Eve, Dept. **PB206** P.O.Box 900, Carrboro, NC 27510

☐ ***YES!*** *Please rush my CONDOM COLLECTION in plain packaging under your money-back guarantee.*

CODE#	ITEM	QTY.	PRICE	TOTAL
#5554	Super 75 Collection	_____	$9.95	_____
#6623	38 Condom Collection	_____	$5.95	_____
			Postage & Handling	$3.00
			RUSH Processing - $2.00	_____
			TOTAL	_____

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

my nature.

PLAYBOY: So you believe in the soul, and you believe in astrology.

MAHER: Oh yes. I think it's just a science that's misinterpreted like any science when it's given to you in small bits. If someone printed only one or two lines about physics in the newspaper, that would look stupid, too.

PLAYBOY: While you were growing up, which comedians influenced you?

MAHER: When I was old enough to look up to people and seriously think about what I wanted to do with my life, Robert Klein was it. He was it for a lot of comedians in my generation. Not Lenny Bruce. I'm sorry; it escapes me. He never made me laugh. Robert Klein did. I also loved Alan King. Steve Allen. I loved Dean Martin. I used to watch his show with my mother. I loved him and I loved the delight he gave her. I wanted to be that cool. Johnny Carson was huge. I used to watch him every night I could, sneaking on the television at 11:30. I wanted to be a famous comedian. I wanted to be Carson. At 12, I fantasized about having a talk show. Why they would let a 12-year-old host a talk show, I don't know, but I pictured myself with one. When I lay in bed at night thinking about a way to get girls to like me, that's what I imagined.

PLAYBOY: And the girls responded?

MAHER: Oh, yeah. It sure worked for Dean Martin. When women are asked, "What do you like in a guy?" the answer is, "a sense of humor. If he makes me laugh, he's got me. I don't care what he looks like if he makes me laugh." You wonder why Moe, Larry and Curly didn't get more women. I guess it has its limits.

PLAYBOY: After you finished college, you finally tried stand-up. Were your parents in the audience?

MUG SHOTS © Glenn McCoy
I THINK MY GIRLFRIEND IS TRYING TO GET PREGNANT.
THE OTHER DAY I CAUGHT HER POKING PINHOLES IN ONE OF MY CONDOMS.
BOY, YOU TALK ABOUT PAIN!

MAHER: Oh, no. I would never have let that happen.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MAHER: It would have been mortifying and I stunk. Also, I was too dirty. To this day, I won't let my mother see me live. The show's OK, and I can't stop her from seeing the HBO specials, but I wouldn't feel right if she were sitting in the second row and "fucking up the ass" and "pussy" came out of my mouth.

PLAYBOY: You wrote a book about those early days in your career.

MAHER: The characters in *True Story* are composites of the people I knew. None are the ones who became successful. When the book came out, people were all over me with, "Who is this one, really?" "Is it Roseanne?" "Is that Jerry?" I hate to disappoint you, but none of them are anyone you would know.

PLAYBOY: At that time, could you have chosen the people who were going to be successful? Would you have picked Jerry Seinfeld?

MAHER: I definitely would have picked Jerry. He was always better than the rest of us. Everybody else was sloppy. We were kids. He was never sloppy.

PLAYBOY: Who else was around who became successful?

MAHER: Rita Rudner. Gilbert Gottfried. Sandra Bernhard. I remember when she was making *The King of Comedy*, and we were all like "Oh, wow." We were making pancakes. She was out doing a movie with Robert De Niro.

PLAYBOY: How about Roseanne?

MAHER: I got to know her later.

PLAYBOY: Is she a friend?

MAHER: Roseanne and I aren't speaking at the moment. We booked her on the first ABC show—needless to say, an important show. She canceled a couple of days before. I caught up with her about a month ago and asked her why. She said it was deliberate, to punish me because I had made jokes about her marriage when Tom Arnold was a guest. I raised the points that, first of all, the jokes weren't really at her expense, and second, I can't muzzle my guests. Finally, I said that someone who has lived her life in the press and publicized every intimate fact of it oughtn't to chastise others for making jokes about her personal life; it's a little hypocritical. She didn't see it that way. She's bitter about the marriage, and she's made many jokes about him—very cutting ones, about his small penis and everything! I don't remember anything he said about her being nearly so vicious.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that comedians are more troubled than people in the general population?

MAHER: Some are. Richard Lewis' onstage persona is an exaggerated version of a neurotic guy who, in his case, thank God, has found a way to channel it into a multimillion-dollar business. There also are comics who are completely sane

and rational. Does Jerry Seinfeld strike you as cuckoo? Steve Martin? Andy Kaufman was cuckoo. Don't get me started on Woody Allen. I guess there is a higher percentage of cuckoos among comics.

PLAYBOY: Who among the new generation of comics do you like?

MAHER: I don't know any of the new kids working the clubs these days. I like Bob Odenkirk and David Cross on *Mr. Show*.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of David Spade, Chris Farley and Adam Sandler?

MAHER: I've always loved Adam's standup. His act eludes me—I just don't get the singing. I don't know if that's a generational thing, because I know he's huge on college campuses. Spade and Farley make me laugh. Even Beavis and Butt-head can be funny. They were talking about Paul Simon and one said, "You mean that African dude who used to be in the Beatles?" That was a great example of how a little learning is a dangerous thing.

PLAYBOY: What about the new *Saturday Night Live* crew?

MAHER: Norm Macdonald does some really funny stuff, but I wouldn't know the rest of them if I fell over them. I don't mean to kick people when they're down, but *SNL* has earned its reputation for being a hit-and-miss project.

PLAYBOY: When you finally appeared on Carson's show, were you terrified?

MAHER: Of course. Jerry Seinfeld came with me. I had on these tight pants and it kind of looked like my dick was a little too bulgy. I said, "Jerry, what do I do with my dick?" And he said, "Try to get it sucked after the show."

PLAYBOY: Were some late-night shows harder to do than others?

MAHER: *The Tonight Show* was always the easiest to do because its crowd was the most excited, and Johnny was the most supportive. You could really kill on that show. Johnny made the audience feel like, "Here's my son. Please like him the way I do." *Letterman* was much harder. You didn't get the feeling that he was with you. Letterman made the audience feel like, "Here's a guy who might be looking to take my job one day; don't feel any special need to laugh at him." Jay, when he started, wasn't that way. He was easier. Jay is a state-of-the-art stand-up comedian. They are both very funny. But the big difference is that their shows are scripted, though not word for word. From my days as a guest I know they do a preinterview with you. They want to know as much as they can. Then they'll say, "I'm going to ask you this, and you'll say, 'Blah.'" There's nothing wrong with that, but it's not what I want to do, and it's not what I want to watch, either. I'm not interested in seeing celebrities talk about their latest projects or tell little rehearsed stories.

PLAYBOY: Once you were making it big as a comedian, did your social life improve?

MAHER: I had my comic friends. The club itself was a great social gathering place. It was a party every night.

PLAYBOY: With lots of drinking and drugs?

MAHER: I used to throw back a few, though I was never a huge drinker. My body just doesn't allow me to be. Drugs? I mean, I was never really into a lot of hard drugs. I smoked some pot.

PLAYBOY: More recently you got a DUI.

MAHER: Yeah. It makes you very careful. It's like playing with five fouls. It was four years ago, but you're on probation for seven years. I don't want people on the road who are impaired, but I was not impaired when I was stopped. I was speeding, which was stupid, but I was far from being drunk. I see people doing things that are much more distracting. I see women putting on makeup, drivers blasting music, talking on the phone. All that impairs concentration a lot more than a drink or two. I think they're moving toward zero tolerance; that's what they told us in driving class. By the year 2000 you will not be allowed to drive with any alcohol in your blood, which means that you won't be able to go to dinner and have a glass of wine. I don't know if that's the kind of world we want to live in. Naturally we don't want anyone to be killed by a drunk driver, but we

GIRLS OF SUMMER!

KALIN OLSON, MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S BIKER BABES

ELLEN K., HOT D.J.

1-900-740-5588

$3/min. 18 yrs.+

OR CALL 1-800-949-6000

M/C, VISA, AMEX

KALIN, ELLEN K., the BIKER BABES, and the beach house Playmates are waiting to share the summmer heat, romance, private voicemail and more with you. Join the party and get wet & wild — Playboy style! Call them at the Playmate beach house today!

PLAYBOY SUPER HOTLINE © 1997 Playboy. A product of Playboy. 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago IL 60611. Not available in OR.

can make the world so safe that no one has any fun. We're all alive, but we're all bored to death.

PLAYBOY: At what point did the appearances at comedy clubs and on talk shows lead to other work?

MAHER: I did some movies. Two of them, *Pizza Man* and *Cannibal Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death*, are ones audiences never let me forget. And I did some TV shows. It was the combination of the failure of these movies and TV shows that led to *Politically Incorrect*.

PLAYBOY: How so?

MAHER: The roughest time of my career, outside of the first year when I was terrible at what I was doing, was the early Nineties, when I had exhausted the acting avenue. I did another sitcom in 1991 that was very bad. I was 35 and some of my friends were making it pretty big. Jerry. Paul Reiser. Roseanne. Garry Shandling. For me, it was like, Am I going to get my ticket punched? It was a tremendous load on my mind because I'm just not the kind of person who couldn't make it. It would be too tough for me to never do the *Playboy Interview*, to think all that would pass me by. I was 35 years old and still doing sets at the Improv and not wanting to go out for sitcoms anymore. I wrote screenplays. I wrote that book. But what was I going to do? I guess it was my destiny that I had to try everything until I came back around to the thing that was the most perfect for me.

PLAYBOY: Was *PI* a tough sell?

MAHER: Comedy Central was the kind of place that was willing to take a chance on something new. But I still had to pitch it and push it. They bought the first batch of 24 shows. I had to move back to New York, which was a big price for me because I don't like living in New York and also I was in a relationship. I had just bought a house for us and we moved into it, and then I had to go back to New York. That didn't help the relationship and, in fact, it hastened its demise.

PLAYBOY: Was it worth it?

MAHER: Yes, absolutely, because I would not have been good for her or anybody else if I hadn't made it in this business. I would have been a bad guy, or a dead guy.

PLAYBOY: Is the show on ABC different from what it was on Comedy Central?

MAHER: No. Nothing is different in terms of what we can or can't say. At least not yet. The people who might worry about what we're saying must fall asleep before we come on.

PLAYBOY: How has cable changed the face of television?

MAHER: Thank God for cable. Without Comedy Central, no one would want me now. But for all 1200 channels, I'm surprised there's not more experimentation and innovation. There is little innovation even on the smaller channels because, let's face it, they're in a tough, competitive world. They're out there trying to get ratings and ad dollars and subscriptions like everybody else.

PLAYBOY: Are there exceptions?

MAHER: Sure. There's some great innovative stuff. Comedy Central put on *Mystery Science Theater* and *Dr. Katz* and *Absolutely Fabulous*, and HBO has *Mr. Show* and *Larry Sanders* and some other great stuff. But it's surprising to me that the big stations don't do more of what they did with my show, which is cherry pick from the smaller stations. I don't know of any other show that went from cable to network like mine did. You would think it would be more common, that they would use the cable stations as a farm team.

PLAYBOY: Is *Larry Sanders* next to be snapped up?

MAHER: *Larry Sanders* couldn't survive on regular TV; it's too good.

PLAYBOY: What does that say about your show?

MAHER: That it's not that good! And I'm going to keep it that way. I'm no fool.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've reached this level of success, could you handle the cancellation of *PI*?

MAHER: Yeah. First of all, if the show went away, I wouldn't go away completely now. You become enough of a something so that you can get something else in the business. But even if it all went away, I'd be OK. I have scratched the big itch.

PLAYBOY: Is your success an impediment to a serious relationship?

MAHER: I'm not looking for a serious relationship, but I'm not closed off to one, either.

PLAYBOY: You once got close to marriage; you were engaged.

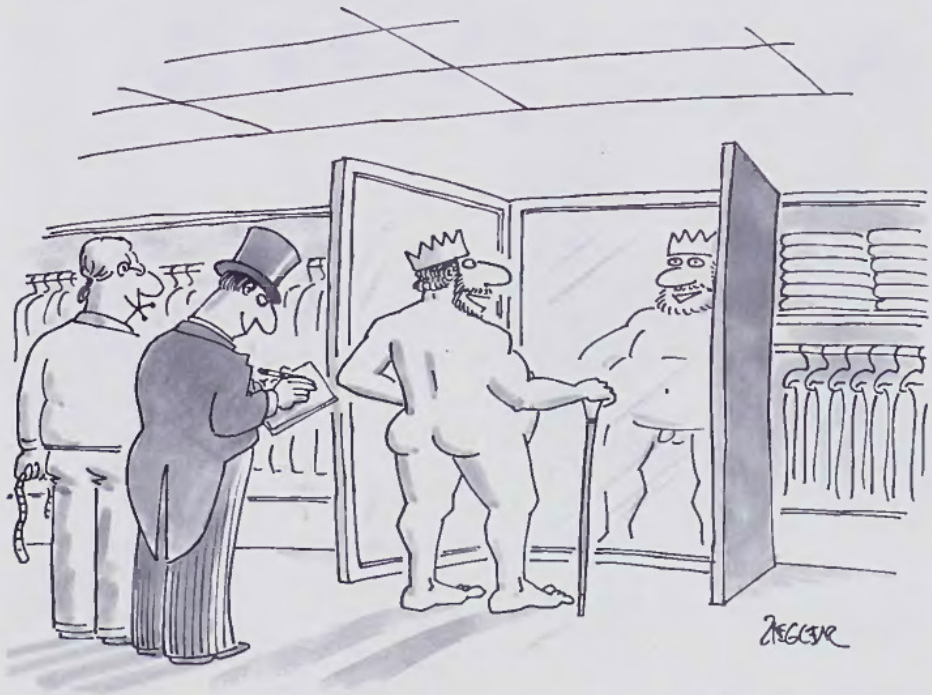
MAHER: I've gotten close a few times. I was engaged once, and I was with someone for five years, until the end of 1993. I think some people don't get married because they never meet the right person, but some people meet the right person and still don't get married because the institution itself doesn't fit very well. I think I'm in that group.

PLAYBOY: What is it about marriage that doesn't fit you?

MAHER: I just like to do whatever I want to do whenever I want to do it.

PLAYBOY: Is it that you are unable to be monogamous?

MAHER: I don't think that's the most important part of it. I've been monogamous before. If you're really digging somebody it's not hard. It's more that my life moves very fast, and I don't have time to be considerate to someone in the way they deserve. When I'm with someone, be it casually or seriously, I am very considerate. But I don't want to be with someone for one minute when I can't be that considerate. If you're married, you have to be. Women might say they would accept that, but they really wouldn't. The truth is, I don't understand marriage. It seems—at least in many of the instances I know about—a particular hell where you become emotionally dependent on the very person who increasingly bores and annoys you. Is that a pretty politically incorrect thing to say? Well, it's true.



"Wow! The emperor likes these new clothes. Have a set of them ordered immediately for every chick in the kingdom."

PLAYMATE NEWS

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

Artist and bon vivant LeRoy Neiman has been associated with PLAYBOY and cigars for as long as we can remember. He has chronicled stylish good living in his paintings—of celebrities, sporting events, resorts and nightclubs—and has smoked a potent cigar everywhere he has gone. Now Playboy by Don Diego is offering the LeRoy Neiman Selection cigar in a limited-edition box designed by the artist. The 5000 painted and hand-numbered boxes are going fast. Neiman hit the road in April and May to sign them in Las Vegas, New York, Beverly Hills, Chicago, New Orleans and Louisville. Celebrity cigar enthusiasts, including Andre Agassi, Sugar Ray Leonard and Milton Berle, showed up along the way for a sample stogie. The next thing you know, the Feminin will be lighting up.

Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar. Ask Miss April 1995 Danielle Folta (left) and Miss August 1995 Rachel Jean Morteen, flanking Neiman at the New York party. Would they take a light from Uncle Miltie (Berle)? Neiman does as he leans over the cigar box he illustrated. For your own box, contact Alfred Dunhill (or other tobacconists) in most major cities.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — AUGUST

Christa Speck—Miss September 1961 will be 55 on August 1.
Betty Blue—Miss November 1956 will be 66 on August 14.
Carol O'Neal—Miss July 1972 will be 49 on August 18.
Ola Ray—Miss June 1980 will be 37 on August 26.
Barbara Moore—Miss December 1992 will be 29 on August 21.

TYLYN JOHN:
"Now that I'm in my 30s, I feel more confident. I can't wait for my 40s. Women are like fine wine. They get better with age."

PLAYMATES 101: FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS

Who is depicted on the initial offering of Playboy stock?
Willy Rey (February 1971)
Who fantasized about making love on a space shuttle?
Pia Reyes (November 1988)
Who was interpreted by 11 artists?
Ann Davis (September 1960)
Who was saved in a car mishap by her breasts?
Petra Verkaik (December 1989)
Who was photographed by her filmmaker husband?
Eve Meyer (June 1955)
Who was the last Playmate with staples?
Venice Kong (September 1985)

Ann Davis

PLAYMATES STRIKE A POSE: Fashion designer Cesar Galindo swathed eight Playmates in sophisticated gowns and watercolor pencil skirts and sent them vamping down the runway in his spring New York fashion show. At right, Miss October 1994 Victoria Zdrok strides down the catwalk. Danielle Folta (below, first row at left), Stephanie Adams, Victoria, Anna-Marie Goddard, Mariena Corwin, Julie Lynn Ciolini (second row, left), another Galindo model, Rachel Jean Morteen and Lynn Thomas wait their turn.

PLAYMATE NEWS

OFFICIAL CENTERFOLD GROUP

You may be confused about the proliferation of PLAYBOY centerfold alumni associations. Now there is an official one, coordinated by Miss March 1973 **Bonnie Large**. For information on how to become a charter subscriber to the *Playboy Playmate Newsletter*, write to her at Box 3827, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

PLAYMATE TRIVIA

*** Favorite Movies ***

Gone With the Wind
Doctor Zhivago
The Godfather
Camelot
The Sound of Music
The Graduate
Romeo and Juliet
Casablanca
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

CAROL TUBER-MALLISON

THE TAX MAN COMETH. On April 15 at post offices from coast to coast, Playmates eased the minds of many with neck massages. Miss January 1997 Jami Ferrell (left) and Miss February 1995 Lisa Marie Scott relieved stress for taxpayers by distributing tax forms throughout Washington, D.C. in silk-screened gowns that were fashioned after the 1040 form.

FAN MAIL

I won tickets from *The Edmonton Sun* to the World of Wheels hot rod show, where I met Miss September 1995, Donna D'Errico, and her rocker husband, Nikki Sixx. Over a sea of heads, you couldn't miss Donna's big smile and sexy eyes. She graciously signed her PLAYBOY pictorial for me and her page in my copy of *The Playmate Book*. Even so, I can't help feeling jealous of my friend who accompanied me to this event. I won the tickets but he won the trophy, in the form of a kiss from Donna that made the cover of *The Edmonton Sun*.—David Reeves, reevesd@enr.gov.ab.ca

I think Raymond Benson is greedy and shortsighted with his list of the ten Playmates he'd like to take to a desert island (*Playmate News*, May). He's greedy in that he wants to take ten and shortsighted in that he would probably be dead before he got to number five. I'd like to take one Playmate—Janet Pilgrim. I guess that dates me, but I don't care one bit.—Gerry Sprout, Gcsprout @aold.com

VICTORIA COOKE:
"British sculptor David Wynne chose me as his model for the sculpture at the entrance of Playboy's Atlantic City casino. I posed for six weeks while he told me stories about the Beatles."

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Pamela Anderson Lee and I got arrested in Kingman, Arizona while we were shooting her July 1992 pictorial, *Getting Kicks on Route 66*. She changed her shirt at a railroad crossing and a police car showed up. Some guy down the road had complained that his wife had been looking out the window, saw a woman's naked breasts and would never be the same again. By the time we got to the police station, the chief was offering us a police car for the shoot and the charges were dropped. —RICHARD FEGLEY, PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer

I took Anna Nicole Smith out to dinner on one of her first nights in Los Angeles and she kept calling me ma'am. She wanted to be a star, like Marilyn Monroe. Anna bought one of Monroe's houses. She could impersonate Monroe. She knew every song Monroe ever sang and all her movie roles.—MARILYN GRABOWSKI, West Coast Photo Editor

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

LEROY NEIMAN

Miss July 1996 **Angel Boris** will play an android named Zowie in the film *Pale Dreamer*. . . . Miss August 1993 **Jennifer Lavoie** is shooting *Game Day* with **Richard Lewis**. . . . Playmate of the Year 1996 **Stacy Sanches** is doing a poster for the **Dennis Rodman** doll. We know who has the better legs. . . . London's *Daily Mirror* voted Miss December 1992 **Barbara Moore** one of the world's 100 most beautiful women. . . . Artist **Karla Conway**, Miss April 1966, surprised Hef with an original painting of a Playmate for his birthday in April. . . . Miss April 1977 **Lisa Sohm** owns a multimedia production company. One of her favorite projects was an award-winning video narrated by Barbara Eden, *Secret Suffering*, that Lisa produced for the Children's Justice Center. The center helps educate professionals in the detection, treatment and prevention of child sexual abuse. . . . Miss June 1985 **Devin De Vasquez** has written a pilot loosely based on her life that **Keenan Ivory Wayans** is pitching to Fox TV. . . . Miss August 1987 **Sharry Konopski** was one of many Playmates who appeared at Glamourcon in Los Angeles this past spring. The next Los Angeles Glamourcon will be held September 13 and 14 at the Wyndham Hotel at LAX. . . . Miss September 1959 **Marianne Gaba** has a son who is a professional golfer. He recently made her a grandmother—between putts.

Hef greets Sharry

"How can you be happy when you're in that much pain?" asks Dr. Katherine Hoover.

take her off it: "'It's addictive,'" Kennemer recalls the doctor saying. "I looked this guy in the eye and said, 'What does it matter?' He said, 'I'll lose my license if I don't cut her off from morphine.'

"If you can't eliminate the pain, you have to medicate it," says Kennemer, who forged an alliance between the Oregon Catholic Conference, Citizens for a Drug-Free Oregon and the Oregon Right to Die group.

•

As patients secure their rights, doctors have also been emboldened to launch counterattacks. In 1994 the Florida Board of Medicine went after Dr. Katherine Hoover, charging that she had overprescribed controlled substances to seven patients. After a two-year battle in which Dr. Hoover acted as her own lawyer, the appeals court chided the medical board for being "overzealous" and dismissed its case as "founded on a woefully inadequate quantum of fact."

Hoover had moved to West Virginia to run her family's farm and practice medicine. Given the Florida imbroglio, she was rigorous about documentation. She required her patients to sign a contract about the risks and benefits of narcotic pain relief, and she committed them to using a single pharmacy and not misusing their medication. However, it wasn't long before she heard from the West Virginia Board of Medicine.

The State Department of Health and Human Resources had filed a complaint with the board regarding Hoover's treatment of five patients whose pharmacy records had been singled out for review. The complaint alleged that she had prescribed in excess of her peers. Hoover points out, however, that she is the only internist in the area committed to pain management. Who, then, are her peers?

Hoover is defending herself once again. "I am not pretending to be a lawyer. I'm doing all of this because I'm a doctor," she says.

She has filed a $10 million suit against the State Department of Health and Human Resources and the West Virginia Board of Medicine, charging them with extortion, conspiracy to defraud and discrimination under the Americans With Disabilities Act. "Patients have a constitutional right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," says Hoover. "How can you be happy when you're in that much pain?"

Several doctors are now considering following her lead and filing lawsuits against their medical boards for discriminating against pain patients. As Frank McNiel puts it, "A lot of the people hurting are not the ones who live on Functional Street. You've had three surgeries, you're on disability, you're broke and living in a trailer. You don't look like Mr. Yuppie, OK?" McNiel knows that if doctors want to treat pain patients, they may have to fight a court battle to do so.

In 1995 the Tennessee Board of Medical Examiners determined that McNiel had violated several provisions of the Tennessee Medical Practice Act and had a "co-dependent" relationship with his patients. The board labeled him an "impaired" physician, forced him to surrender his DEA registration and mandated he join a co-dependents' support group. After a prolonged hearing process that resulted in more than $100,000 in legal bills (which his malpractice insurance paid until the verdict came in and he was fired), his attorney's advice was simple: Put your head in the guillotine and let them drop the blade. However, McNiel appealed.

Justice was served this past March. A state appeals court reversed and vacated the ruling, stating in its decision: "The conclusions of the board and its judgment are without necessary support of material and substantial evidence." McNiel succeeded in blowing up the board's opiophobic logic that when it comes to drugs, no proof is required: *We would not accuse you if you were not guilty.*

Despite his victory, McNiel still awaits a knock on his door: "I have a moral obligation not to ignore patients who come to me," he says. "But I'm terrified every time I write a prescription."

"The NRA called, Senator. They want more bang for their buck."

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE PREMIERE

PLAYMATE HOSTS

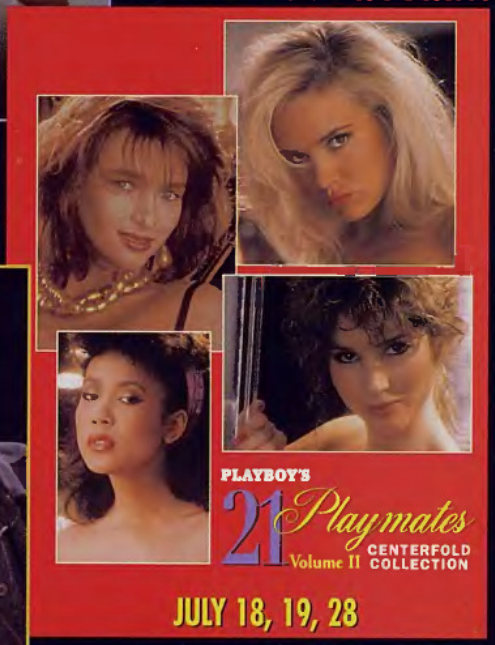
Daphnee
Lynn Duplaix
Miss July

Kalin Olson
Miss August

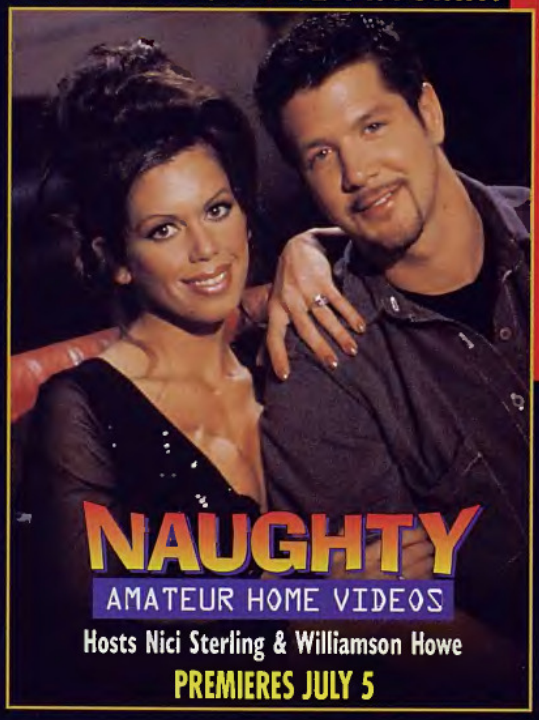
more than you ever imagined...

Where there is heat, there is fire—especially in July on Playboy TV! First, an innocent PI is lured into protecting a heavenly body from her lethal, mobster husband in the Playboy Original Movie, *Fallen Angel*. And hard labor was never this hot as a pair of stir-crazy and sex-craved curvy convicts rub up against the warden in *Bad Girls: Lust Confined*. Then don't miss *Two-Timing Heart* where the wife of a cheater takes revenge and gets it on with...everyone! Yes, Playboy's done it again: *21 Playmates Volume II: Centerfold Collection*, so many beautiful women, so little time... But there's time enough to catch Juli and Doria's hottest adult call-in show in history, *Night Calls*! So get fired up with Playboy TV's year-round, 24-hour summertime inferno of excitement!

ORIGINAL PROGRAM



PLAYBOY ORIGINAL PROGRAM



ADULT MOVIES

PLAYBOY TV™

Visit our website:
www.playboy.com

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DirecTV, PrimeStar or AlphaStar dealer.

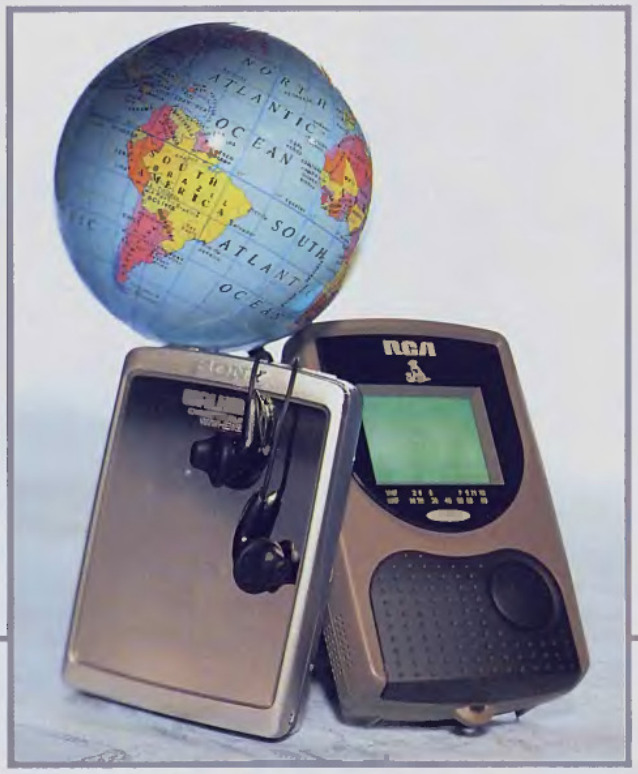
©1997 Playboy

erotic entertainment at its best

ONLY WAY TO GO

Whether you're heading to Pittsburgh or St. Petersburg, don't leave home without your creature comforts. A portable humidor filled with great smokes takes the bumps out of the long and winding road, while a flask of your favorite nightcap eliminates the guesswork about what's stocked in your hotel's minibar. Sony's 50th Anniversary Walkman and RCA's 2.2-inch color TV are no bigger than your hand, and Swiss Army Brand's clam-cased travel alarm is about the size of a billiard ball. Bound for Jamaica's Hedonism II or St.-Tropez? Bushnell's fogproof 7x24mm Elite binoculars are compact enough to slip into your shorts or robe pocket. Not that you might be thinking of checking out the topless end of the beach, of course.

JAMES IMBROGNO



Left: Talk about slick. Sony's mirror-finished 50th Anniversary Walkman (about $300) looks fantastic and delivers about 40 hours of sound on one AA battery. RCA's 2.2-inch color TV with an electronic signal-seeking tuner offers great video-to-go for only $110.

Below: Ashton's cowhide-covered travel humidor can hold up to 24 smokes in perfectly humidified conditions ($395). On the humidor is a pair of Dakota Smith antique pewter–colored steel glasses with light blue–tinted clip-on sunglasses ($175). Bushnell's 7x24mm Elite binoculars are both compact and fogproof (about $480, including a case).

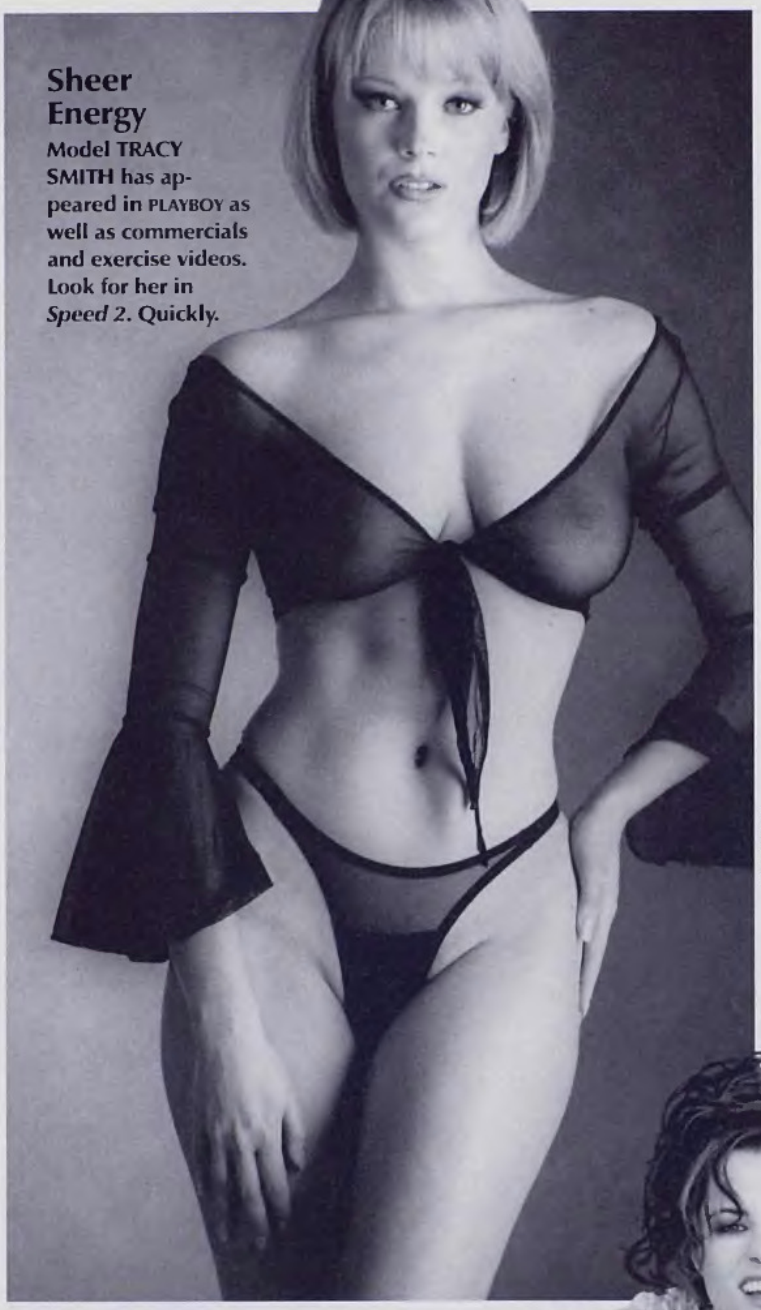
Above: To toast the midnight hour or the morning after, take along Asprey's bridle-hide travel bar, which holds three pewter-and-glass flasks like the one shown here ($275). Sitting atop the flask is Swiss Army Brand's travel alarm clock with a face cover that doubles as a stand ($65).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.

GRAPEVINE

Sheer Energy

Model TRACY SMITH has appeared in PLAYBOY as well as commercials and exercise videos. Look for her in *Speed 2*. Quickly.



© ANDY PEARLMAN

Dressed for Excess

SALMA HAYEK, lately of *Fools Rush In* and *From Dusk Till Dawn*, told an interviewer that she's waiting to meet a man with more balls than she has. Where do we sign up?

JIM SHEA/GALELLA LTD

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

That's Waco, Not Wacky

Picture six guys from Chicago who play country punk, and you have the WACO BROTHERS. Get *Cowboy in Flames* for ditties from the likes of Johnny Cash and Bo Diddley, and have a beer on them.

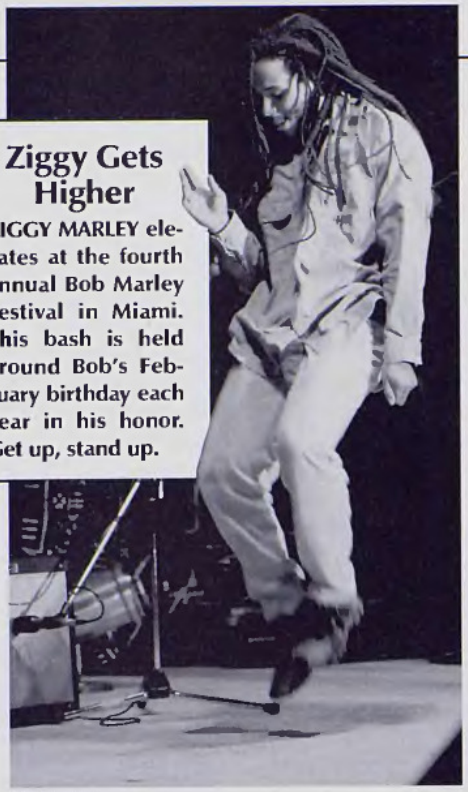
PAULINE ST. DENIS/CAMERA PRESS LTD./RETNA

Posey Coming Up Rosey

PARKER POSEY, the "it girl" of independent movies, has appeared in 17 low-budget productions since *Dazed and Confused*. But there is nothing low-budget about Posey's work in *The Clockwatchers* or *SubUrbia*. Parker shines.

Ziggy Gets Higher

ZIGGY MARLEY elevates at the fourth annual Bob Marley Festival in Miami. This bash is held around Bob's February birthday each year in his honor. Get up, stand up.



VINCENT APOSTOLIS

Suddenly, There's More of Brooke

***Suddenly Susan*'s BROOKE SHIELDS reveals more of herself than usual. Although her comic side gets a workout on her show, we're happy this dress is no laughing matter.**

KELLY JORDAN/GALELLA LTD

RANDALL CANADA

Kymberlee Busts Out

Beauty KYMBERLEE WEIL has launched a modeling career, and we're jumping on the bandwagon. Currently on an athletic scholarship at a college in Hawaii, Weil is starting pitcher on the women's softball team. Batter up.

LATHER UP, Y'ALL

Evan Butts has some advice about washing up. First, bathe with a friend. Second, be sure to use Southern Suds, a line of "Olde Soapes and Bodye Treates" he and his wife manufacture in Humble, Texas. The soaps are all-natural and contain more glycerin (for extra moisture) than most brand-name cleansers. The body treats (bath salts and oils) come in such masculine scents as Bayou Brace, Island Breeze, Manor Muske and Spice. The Mint Julep smells good enough to drink. Prices: $4.25 per bar, $23.25 for 16 ounces of oil and $23.25 for 32 ounces of bath salts. Gift sets are available for $32.50 and $41.75, and include a copy of the *Thumbnail History of Soap*. (Did you know that "a form of soap was used by the Romans about 3000 years ago"?) Call 281-852-2242 to order.

SMOKIN' TUNES

Milton Berle says, "There are few things I enjoy more than a fine cigar and a good song." It's appropriate, then, that Uncle Miltie wrote the liner notes for all four CDs in Hip-O Records' *Cigar Classics* series. *The Standards*, *Urban Fire*, *Cool Smokes* and *Smokin' Lounge* cover more than 70 years of music, from Peggy Lee and the Gap Band to Dizzy Gillespie. Price: $12.98 each. Call 213-653-4987.

PROFESSOR PLUM NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD

When Miss Scarlet does it in the ballroom with a lead pipe, she does it with style. That's because she's part of the Franklin Mint Collector's Edition of Clue, a connoisseur's makeover that will dazzle you with its gilt-edged game cards, gold playing pieces and mini pool table in the billiards room. There's even a booklet containing suspects' bios and the mansion's history. The hardwood gameboard (22⅝"x 22⅝"x 3⅛") has nine three-dimensional rooms filled with historical artifacts and furniture, some coated in 24-kt. gold. And it's all covered with glass, so you can play whodunit without damaging Colonel Mustard's favorite rug. Price: $555, payable in 15 monthly installments. Call 800-THE-MINT.

CRASH-TEST DISNEY

Automobile safety testing may conjure up images of crash dummies and broken windshields, but when Disney and General Motors are involved it becomes "the fastest indoor-outdoor thrill ride in the world." Test Track, Epcot Center's new auto test–simulator ride, whizzes you up hills, around hairpin turns and along straightaways at 65 miles per hour. You'll also blast through areas of arctic cold and desert heat. Buckle up, Goofy.

BULLDOGGING IT

Detective Bulldog Drummond was the kind of British hero who arrived at a crime scene behind the wheel of a roadster. A set of eight black-and-white Drummond films made in the Thirties is $79.95. (John Barrymore co-stars as Inspector Neilson in some of the films.) One tape with two movies, such as *Bulldog Drummond in Africa* and *Arrest Bulldog Drummond*, is $29.95. All are from Home Vision Cinema, 800-826-FILM. In *Arrest*, the detective is on his way to a party when he "runs into a ruthless spy with a death-ray machine."

ALEX WALD

TREAT YOUR GOLF COURSE RIGHT

Ever since the Scioto Country Club in Columbus, Ohio banned its members from wearing metal-spiked golf shoes, more than 1400 courses in the U.S. have followed suit. Duffers who don't want to buy two pairs of shoes should try the Difference, waterproof Gore-Tex footwear by Etonic. The soles are equipped with a replaceable nonmetal DSS-1 spike system that can also accommodate plastic and metal spikes. Price: $130. Call 800-638-6642.

PEG O' MY HEART

Cross Bones in Kalamazoo, Michigan is a sportswear and beverage business based on buccaneers. For those into pirate duds, its line of T-shirts is extensive, with many of the designs (e.g., Black Patch Dark Brew) reflecting the company's other interest—pirate-inspired beers. Peg Leg Ale is available only in Michigan, but that will change in the fall. The T-shirts are $18 in sizes medium through 2X. Call 616-385-3800. (Other pirate paraphernalia to keep your timbers from shivering is in the works.)

JOHN SCHMELZER

MAKING BOOK ON DRINK

Books on liquor keep getting livelier. F. Paul Pacult's *Kindred Spirits* is a $16.95 guide to the "distilled spirits and fortified wines" featured in his *Spirit Journal* newsletter. *Classic Cocktails of the Prohibition Era* by Philip Collins contains photographs and recipes for drinks from the Twenties ($14.95). *Shaken Not Stirred* by Anistatia Miller and Jared Brown is "a celebration of the martini" ($10). And *Cocktail Hour* by Jess Brallier and Sally Chabert serves up a "mixer of quips and quotations" about imbibing ($12).

MARTIN MATJE

OLIVIA'S WORLD

For almost 20 years the name Olivia De Berardinis has been synonymous with pin-up art. Now the Tamara Bane Gallery and Publishing House at 460 N. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210 has released *Olivia: Catalogue Raisonné*, a collection of her finest cheesecake painted between 1980 and 1995. A 9″x15″ hardbound edition is $100 ($125 for a signed version). Call 800-325-2765 to order.

NEXT MONTH

PAM

JUNGLE WEDDING

PRO FOOTBALL

JENNY

PAM ANDERSON LEE AND **JENNY MCCARTHY** ROCKETED TO FAME AFTER DEBUT APPEARANCES IN PLAYBOY. TALK ABOUT LAUNCHING PADS. CURL UP AND ENJOY OUR TRIBUTE TO **BLONDE AMBITION**

FALL PREVIEW—WE HAVE THE SCOOP ON WHAT'S COMING UP, INCLUDING DUDS AND DUDES, THE COOLEST CARS AND THE HOTTEST GEAR. DROP BY OUR DREAM PARTY WITH **TÉA LEONI** AND **WILL SMITH** FOR A VIBRATING EGG AND A CHOCOLATE MARTINI

SEX ON THE WEB—WHO BETTER TO SUGGEST 25 GREAT SEX SITES ON THE WEB THAN THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR, **CHIP ROWE?** POINT AND CLICK TO THE WORLD OF FUN FETISHES, SEX TOYS AND HOT CHAT

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST—PIGSKIN PROGNOSTICATOR **DANNY SHERIDAN** IS BACK WITH HIS UNCANNY GRIDIRON SAVVY. FIND OUT WHO'S GOING TO WIN AND WHO'S GOING TO CHOKE (PLUS A BONUS ON POINT SPREADS)

SPORTS BABES—WHAT DO A GOLFER, A JOCKEY AND A ROAD RACER HAVE IN COMMON? GORGEOUS BODS, BOUNDLESS ENERGY AND THE ABILITY TO KICK YOUR ASS. DARE TO COMPARE IN THIS GO-GIRL PICTORIAL

FRED GOLDMAN—THE AVENGING ANGEL DURING THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY WANTS TO MAKE O.J. PAY FOR HIS SON'S DEATH. BUT WHAT DROVE THE MAN TO GIVE UP HIS LIFE TO SETTLE THE SCORE? A PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **JOE MORGENSTERN**

JUNGLE WEDDING—A GROUP THAT SETS OUT FOR A RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE HAS ONE PROBLEM: ITS MEMBERS HAVE MORE MONEY THAN BRAINS. FICTION BY **JOSEPH CLARK**

CHRIS FARLEY—THE LARGER-THAN-LIFE FUNNYMAN DISHES ABOUT HIS NEW FLICK (*EDWARDS AND HUNT*), HIS OLD SHTICK (PHYSICAL GOOFBALL) AND HIS *SNL* CLIQUE (DAVID SPADE, CHRIS ROCK, ADAM SANDLER) IN *20 QUESTIONS* BY **DAVID RENSIN**

CHRISTOPHER WALKEN—AN OSCAR WINNER FOR *THE DEER HUNTER* AND HOLLYWOOD'S BUSIEST (AND CREEPIEST) BAD GUY, WALKEN HAS BEEN THERE, DONE THAT. **LAWRENCE GROBEL** GETS AN EARFUL IN SEPTEMBER'S INTERVIEW

PLUS: CATCHING UP WITH 1985 PMOY **KAREN VELEZ,** WAY COOL ELECTRONICS, THE RETURN OF THE PIPE, AND A FRIENDLY MISS SEPTEMBER, **NIKKI ZIERING**

100's, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
SPONSOREO BY
KOOL
CIGARETTES
27
HONDA
Firestone
NGK
SPARK PLUGS
KLEIN
TOOLS
Now it's our turn.
© 1997 B&W T Co.

Another beer there Chief?
Sure.
Another beer there Chief?
Sure.
Another beer there Chief?
Sure.

The vanilla and cinnamon spiced rum that just won't stand for the status quo.